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# TOWER LIGHT



OCTOBER, 1936



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*Cover and illustrations* .....GEORGE HORN

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# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

S. T. C.  
COLLEC.

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

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## A Challenge

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things."—thus speaketh the scriptures. This philosophy is just as true today as it was in the days of old, and it is a truth particularly applicable to college students. In this country we attempt to prolong infancy and extend it into the college years. Play periods and athletics take care of the play spirit, but when college students attempt to study as if they were children, having to be led every step of the way—when they assimilate as they did in childhood with no greater power than they had in the early high school grades—when they are careless in work habits, slow in reading comprehension and lag behind as if they expected to be coddled like babes—then a college suffers. A college is strong only in so far as its students are strong, and unless a student has a contribution to make to all of the ideals and ideas for which the college stands, ideals and ideas suffer. This is true of character as well as of knowledge.

So I challenge each person who reads this TOWER LIGHT issue who is a member of the student body at the Towson State Teachers College to take stock of his contribution. Is it that of an actual child, or is it that of the more mature adolescent student? Remember the words: "But when I became a man I put away childish things."

LIDA LEE TALL.

## Looking Forward

COLLEGE is the highest type of formal introduction into that great game we call life. As the debutante is launched on the sea of society at a certain age, so after a period of time do we hope to enter the portals of some higher institution, both for the benefit of ourselves and for posterity.

It has often been said by learned men that a college is as strong as its weakest student, and this statement can be applied to our own Maryland State Teachers College as well as others.

We, of this college, are training to enter a profession. That is, we expect to enter the educational field fully equipped to meet and help satisfy the demands of future generations for knowledge. The faculty of the school is most eager to impart to us what they have gleaned from long years of training and research work. We should be just as eager to accept and apply this knowledge.

When one contemplates seriously the purpose of our training, one cannot help thinking how responsible we are for the well-being and advancement of our population. On our shoulders rests the burden of teaching the child how to meet life with a frank, open mind and how to bear the brunt of responsibility and hardships with fortitude. In other words, future civilization depends in a measure on us.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you", is a saying of the ancients that is still as true as it was long ago. Rewritten in an educational vein it could be stated: "Learn from others as you would have others learn from you." Give your instructors your undivided attention. Listen with an open mind to all that they have to impart. It's not wrong to question an individual's statement, but above all, be open-minded and accept his statement if he has data with which to prove it.

In this scientific and curious age more and more intelligent teachers are needed to meet the demands of our children. Politics, the Industrial World, and World Relations are all very closely interwoven in the lives of the American people. The world is growing smaller and more closely related, while our knowledge of all phenomena is ever increasing. We are more closely connected with the doings of the entire human race than we ever were before. The environment into which each generation is born is becoming more and more complex. Therefore, a wider and richer curriculum is required and more intelligent and eager teachers are necessary to supply it.

JR. 6.

## Preparedness—A Cause of War

A COMMON and dangerous fallacy thoroughly believed by a great majority of people is that preparedness prevents war. These citizens believe that a strong army and navy acts in the same way as a police force. This analogy is completely false and misleading. The work of the police is entirely constructive. It tries to protect life and property and prevent all types of destruction. Armies and navies exist only to destroy and kill everything that man holds worthwhile. It is as logical to say preparedness prevents war as to say the law should require every man to carry a loaded gun in his pocket to prevent quarrels and shooting. Armaments are no guarantee of peace. If they were, then the highly prepared nations of Europe would be the stronghold of peace, while the undefended, fortless, four thousand mile boundary between United States and Canada would have the constant menace of war. The opposite is true. You don't and can't get peace by preparing for war.

Militarism has not prevented one war but has been among the chief factors causing every war. Let us see what actually happens when nations prepare. A nation fully arms itself, supposedly for peace. Immediately another nation, fearful of the first nation's arming, increases its own war budget. Thus begins the competition in armaments. This rising pyramid continues and soon induces suspicion, jealousy, and strained relations between countries, until at last at the slightest pretext there is—War. Was not one of the major causes of the World War due to this fact, the competitions of armaments? Is not the war tension in Europe today due to the same cause? Germany arms; France retaliates and increases its war force. Japan builds more submarines; Russia, in fear, builds more aeroplanes. America has also entered this vicious circle. The day after Congress passed the Vinson bill which set a new high for our war budget, Japan increased its war budget. Due to this tragic universal race in armaments, the world is closer to war today than it was thirty days before the World War, according to Senator Nye.

Looking at this problem from another angle, it is hardly possible to imagine the tremendous cost of armaments. Of the American budget of several billions of dollars, 70% is spent to pay for past wars and preparation for future wars. This means the U. S. government spends 70 cents out of every dollar for purely destructive purposes, while only 30 cents is spent to fight poverty, disease, and ignorance. The United States spent more during the World War than has been spent for education since the beginning of our country. There are over three-fourths of a million people in the U. S. suffering from that dreadful disease,

cancer. The price of one submarine would finance the work of the Cancer Research Institute for 100 years. \$20,000,000 would wipe out all slums. Militarism, therefore, causes increased taxes and a higher cost of living—but no increased security.

Milton, the great poet, summed up this subject of preparedness beautifully when he said, "For what is war but endless wars still to breed."

SIGMUND SHPRITZ. Soph. 3.



## City

Noise!

Roaring horns and screaming brakes,  
Shrill whistles wildly blown,  
A train which blasts through a musty hole,  
And the whir of cement being thrown

Dirt!

Torn paper and filthy streets,  
Dust careening toward your eyes,  
An apple squashed by a rolling truck,  
And gum flung to the walk

Sorrow!

Ragged man and unclean hags,  
Men disfigured and scarred,  
A woman bending o'er a drunken man  
Her sagged face streaked with tears

Joy!

Laughing children and singing men,  
A dancer swinging round,  
A girl who walks alone at night,  
Living's a joy she's found

FRANCE E. FANTOM.

## The Modern Arabian Nights

MANY thousands of years ago in ancient Bagdad, the beautiful and virtuous Scheherazade doomed on the morrow to lose her head, wove with all her cleverness the weird and fantastic tales of the Arabian Nights. And the Sultan resting on his elevated couch, as was the custom of those Eastern monarchs, listened; and each night thereafter for a thousand and one nights, he beheld, unfolding and passing before him, the amazing creations of this maiden's imagination.

Today television becomes the modern Scheherazade; and as we turn its dial, even as Aladdin rubbed his Wonderful Lamp, we are carried away as if on a magic carpet, to behold wonders which even Scheherazade in her wildest fancies, could not imagine.

What causes this wonder mechanism to operate is beyond the comprehension of any layman. In 1842, Joseph Henry discovered that an electric current passing through a coil of wire surrounding a needle magnetized that needle. This very simple fact which seems so trivial and unimportant to us, is indeed the basic principle of Radioactivity and led directly to Marconi's invention of radio telegraphy and later to our modern broadcasting and receiving stations. With the advent of the talking drama, a challenge arose to all scientists and inventors of the world. If the silent screen could be made to speak then shouldn't it be possible for the radio, a sound instrument, to transmit pictures as well? The new problem was attacked with vigor, although technically it was found that the two subjects had little relation. One involved the study of sound waves along electric wires which was comparatively familiar; and the other, the transmission of radio light waves through the ether, of which little was known. After many trials and failures, transmission of light and shade by radio waves was successfully accomplished; television became a fact instead of a possibility.

From 1930 until the present, enormous strides have been taken toward its perfection; only a month ago in Great Britain a station was instituted to broadcast regular television programs available to any who might be interested. In its wake, no doubt, will follow many more improvements, and with them the manufacture of a popular-priced instrument for receipt. As a result of these facts, I think it is safe to predict that television not only is a reality but in the future will surpass all known forms of entertainment for us Sultans.

BERNARD BERNSTEIN, Fr. 4.

## "Those Who Dare"

THE November wind tugged at his coat. Soft flurries of snow, which at first had been a caress, now were blades of ice which stabbed his chapped skin. His legs were numbed by walking. He had not had a hitch for miles. A coupe shot up the hill, passed him, slowed down, stopped.

"Want a lift, buddy?" yelled the driver.

"You bet!" cried the walker as he climbed into the car.

"I'm going as far as Butte to get a doctor. My little boy has a terrible cold. I'm afraid it might turn into something worse. You can go that far with me, if you like," said the driver.

"Thanks a lot Mr.—Mr.," hesitated the walker.

"Hughes is the name, Robert Hughes," said the driver. "What's yours?"

"My name's Joseph Rawlins," said the walker, looking at the other's face to see if anything registered there.

"Rawlins. Rawlins? I've heard that name before. You're not 'the' Joseph Rawlins of the Trans-Northern, are you? You're not the Rawlins whom the papers have been panning? The one who lost his——".

"Yes, go on and say it. Lost his nerve in that snow storm. It was my plane that crashed and killed those people. The investigators said that I lost my nerve but I tell you it was ice on the wings. Everywhere I go people stare and say, 'That's Joseph Rawlins.' I can't get a job any place," said Rawlins.

Robert Hughes looked at Rawlins for a minute and then he said, "It's strange but somehow I believe what you say. I might need a pilot if my son gets worse. If you will stay awhile maybe you may have a chance to prove what you are made of."

Time had passed while they were talking. The car shot around a corner and came to a stop in front of a brownstone house. Hughes entered and within several minutes emerged with the doctor, who climbed in beside Rawlins. The car sped toward its destination. In half an hour it pulled up before a house which was situated beside a small flying field. Hughes and the doctor got out.

"Won't you come in, Rawlins? We shall see what the doctor says. We may need your services," said Hughes as he quietly opened the door.

Rawlins got out of the car, looked up at the sky and shuddered. If he was called on, could he face again that driving wind, that pound-

ing snow? He shook himself as if he were shaking off something fear-some and walked into the house.

There lying on the bed was Junior, his frail body racked with that scourge, pneumonia. After examining the child thoroughly, the doctor looked up at the father and said, "This child should be in a hospital. What he needs is an oxygen tent. It is necessary that we exercise all possible speed in getting him there. Mr. Hughes, you own this flying field. Do you have a plane that can be used for this purpose?"

"There is a Boeing which we were fixing that we can use, but we haven't any pilot to fly it," cried Hughes.

"You forget, Mr. Hughes, that that is why you brought me along," said Rawlins.

"Oh, you! I don't know why I should have a different opinion of you from the rest of the world. Maybe it's because I've been around flyers a long time. Anyway, if you will fly for me, I shall be indebted to you for the rest of my life," said Hughes.

"I'll do my best," murmured Rawlins.

The plane was rolled out into the field. The stretcher was carried to it. The doctor and Mr. Hughes crawled in beside the boy. Mrs. Hughes stood beside the plane and wiped her tear-reddened eyes with her husband's handkerchief. Her lot, perhaps, was more difficult than that of all the rest. She had to stay at home and wait.

The big plane taxied to the end of the field near the hangar, turned its streamlined nose into the gale and sped down the field for the take-off. The stick shook in the hands of Rawlins as the plane was caught in a cross-wind. He steadied and gave her the gun. The tachometer registered eighty, ninety, one hundred miles an hour.

Joseph Rawlins breathed a sigh of relief. The first crisis was passed. Next he had to fly over those mountains to Kansas City, the same route on which he had crashed before. This time, however, he had to make it, not to show the world that he could make it but for that kid in the rear compartment.

He turned the plane slowly, heading south-southeast. Now the wind screeched through the struts with new fury. Hunching over the stick, he flung laughing defiance into the teeth of the gale. It had beaten him once but this time he would win. The plane careened wildly in an air pocket, he fought with the elements just as he had that other time, for control of the plane. She went into a dive. "Got to pull out. Mountains. Got to pull out before it's too late. Have to do it for the kid," thought Rawlins. "Kick that rudder. Pull back, back, back on that stick. She's coming. Gently now. Back gently. Ah, she's flying level again."

He relaxed a minute, then, "I must get altitude to get over these mountains. Only have about five hundred feet clearance. Come on baby, climb." Slowly the plane staggered up and still further up—four thousand five thousand, six thousand feet. The plane levelled. "This should be enough," thought Rawlins. "We are within two miles of Kansas City anyway. Only have one more range to cross." Then, as suddenly as night comes in the tropics the motor stopped. Rawlins hammered on the throttle but could get no response from the dormant engine. "There is only one thing to do," he thought. "We've got to glide the rest of the distance. The only thing that troubles me is that mountain range. We might make it, though. We've got to make it." The plane tossed and went into a side-slip. The snow had turned to hail and now it beat a machine-gun tattoo on the metal fuselage of the plane. The plane increased its speed toward the earth. Rawlins fought for control. A mountain loomed up ahead of him snow covered and ominous. He pulled back on the stick with all his might. He flung his arm over his face. The plane quivered, strained, and rose over the mountain. He saw the landing field. Then everything went black.

When Rawlins awoke, the sun was streaming in the window. Then he remembered. As he sat up in bed he yelled, "The plane? The kid? What happened to them?" Then his eyes found the nurse. She was holding up a paper. It read, "Rawlins, Famous Flyer, Braves Storm To Save Life Of Boy," "Governor Asks Citation For Rawlins," read another. Smiling, Rawlins relaxed against his pillow. He slept the swiftly healing sleep of those who dare the elements and win.

EVANS J. ROBINSON, Fr. 3.



## End of Storm

The wind rides high tonight  
And sends flurries of leaves  
Behind me on the street.  
I half turn as though  
Some unseen presence shadows me.  
The angry clouds like marching sentinels  
Flank an awaited guest.  
And lo, the moon breaks through.

M. C.



## This Vacation Business

WHAT was I to do with three months of vacation?

I talked with the principals of five elementary schools about a tutoring job. It seemed that either there were to be no failures or that I was too late for the job, so my ultimate decision was that I would begin a business of my own. I organized a morning kindergarten. Nine pupils, ranging in age from two and a half to six years, enrolled at my place of business beneath a cool grape arbor in the rear of my home. My equipment consisted of a long table, nine chairs (borrowed from friends who had long ago put them away as memories of childhood days), a writing desk, a blackboard, large crayons, paper, powdered clay, and colored paper.

The charge for six weeks per pupil was three dollars. I was rewarded at the conclusion of my business dealings by finding that I had cleared twenty dollars and ten cents in six weeks.

Our program for the three hours consisted of drawing or coloring, cutting from magazines, manipulating clay, making articles from colored paper, and writing (for the four pupils who were to enter school in September). At ten-thirty the children ate a sandwich or piece of fruit which they had brought and then relaxed while I told them a story. After this they played one or two active games and then went back into the class-room under the arbor.

The greatest asset of the kindergarten was according to parental opinion, the occupying of the children in a quiet way during six weeks of heat. However, I felt that my pupils (I delighted in the pride of possession) had accomplished a great deal. Little Herbert, who had been painfully shy, blossomed out to be an interesting, friendly child; Rita, who had stubborn tantrums, was partially conquered; Marie, who had been a tattler, had seen the light; Mardel, who had never heard the word "No", learned its meaning.

On the last day of school we had a party. The children had cut and colored doilies and made the baskets which held their candies. The unanimous decision seemed to be that the kindergarten was "fun"—what more could I ask?

I am now watching with interest my pupils who entered school this fall. Will any of my work be of value? I hope so.

VIOLETTE V. HODDINOTT, Jr. 6.

## Morning Stroll

I have been exploring a new place—a strange place.  
I have inquired of old things—not a trace.  
I have seen a marvel unfold before my eyes,  
A transfiguration that all around me lies.

Years past this place held ivy a poisonous thing to me  
And now that has disappeared and not a leaf I see.  
There used to be mosquitoes—who gave no warning fair.  
Scientific drainage has given them a scare.

I remember how we used to scramble down the hill.  
And now sedately we meander at our will  
O'er steps, that lead us gently down into the dell—  
Where, incredible to us, stands an old-time wishing well.

I saw a watchful mother with ducklings in a row,  
Out for a morning breakfast in pond where lilies grow.  
A crayfish scuttled fearfully behind a mud-filled nook  
To wait until I walked away before he took a look—  
For bread-crumbs—left by someone's hand—  
Who must have also seen the great important goldfish  
Who slid by gracefully, eyes so keen.  
And as I stood gazing at them there,  
The crayfish did emerge again from out his hidden lair.

I left the pool and wandered,—back, where stood a lovely thing  
A bridge built by a mason's dream—under which a nymph could  
sing.

But hark! I hear an alien sound! A giggle—shrill and clear.  
Methinks I'd best retire at once before she finds me here.  
But no—it's more than one I hear, as down the steps they dance—  
A whole darn class of Freshmen, around the glen to prance!

E. BEAM, Sr.

## Hazing

THE school often points with pardonable pride to the fact that there is no hazing at the State Teachers College. This semi-barbaric practice has no place in the activities of the Freshmen.

However, the urge to tease sometimes overpowers the upper classmen and wild yarns are spun for the benefit of the new students. While no violence is committed and there is no public embarrassment on the part of the Frosh, much mental anguish is inflicted upon that benighted individual. For instance, take that story of the fire drill which has become a classic. Fire drill in the dorm is a very simple thing. The gong rings, people file to the basement where the names are checked, and they return to their rooms. But before the first drill that is not what the upper classmen tell the Freshmen. They tell them that the fire department is called, that at the signal for the drill the siren is heard in the driveway, that the firemen raise ladders to the windows to make possible a rescue and that sometimes even ambulances are summoned. The more gullible believe the story for a while but the majority realize the preposterousness of the situation at once.

Another favorite is the tale of "heavenly hash". "Heavenly hash is a dessert. To be specific, it is a delicious concoction of whipped cream, marshmallows, pineapples, and nuts. Last week when it was served a Freshman sniffed, "Hash! Why I always thought that had meat in it". "This does", said a Senior. "It is tiny pieces of meat covered with whipped cream". The Senior ate both her own and the Freshman's portion.

These are but two examples of what dormitory Freshmen learn. Everyone takes the jokes in good faith and no one's feelings are hurt. Without a doubt the Freshman will tell next year's Freshmen the very same thing.

M. Touchstone, Jr. 7.



## A Faculty Note

"Please clear your card of summer books at your earliest convenience. We would like to have our files up to date. Also Miss Keys is waiting for "Rats, Lice and History" by Zinsser."

## Interviews

**I**T is a pleasure to meet someone who has a good sense of humor. Miss Joslin opened her interview with, "What would you like to know, how many false teeth I have and what size shoes I wear?"

Realizing that the City of Baltimore offered a common ground of approach, our new Education teacher spoke of Baltimore as the city which has made such a great contribution to music. Miss Joslin studied at the Peabody Institute.

The interviewer discovered a variety of things about the instructor. She has taught in New York, Kentucky, and Maryland. Four years of Maryland teaching were in Goucher College. Not content with teaching in an ordinary fashion, Miss Joslin began a Pent House School in New York City. "It was strange to teach so far up from the ground but it was really a grand experience," she remarked.

Miss Joslin has many interests; swimming, photography, football, and travel.

Confidentially, her pet peeves are chewing gum and girls who swear!

Our new nurse, Mrs. Grempler, comes from an excellent background of experience. A native of New York state, she received her first training in Albany. She came to Baltimore and was graduated from the Maryland Nursing School. After several years she became superintendent of the Franklin Square Hospital. From there she went to Johns Hopkins and now we claim her at the Maryland State Teachers College.

Mrs. Grempler may be invited to go for a swim at the "Y" most any time, for she expressed a great love for aquatic sports. She admits a great interest in young people, which will certainly aid our aches and pains.

M. C.



## Medicine

It's a pretty color this orange stuff  
But one small dose and that's enough.  
It twitches your face and makes you frown  
And almost turns you upside down.

I've often wondered if some kind man  
Would ease my burden, if he can,  
And make my doctor take some too,  
I think he'd change it then, don't you?

PAUL O. MASSICOT, Fr. 4.

## Why There is A "Sell" in Cellophane

INSTEAD of merely presenting a series of statements concerning the technicalities of the manufacture and use of cellophane, I thought that it would be wise to present the information from a different point of view; that is, from the standpoint of how cellophane is useful in the mercantile world. Of course there are a few facts about cellophane which must be known before a clear understanding of its sales value can be grasped. Scientifically, cellophane is wood pulp treated with carbon bisulfide and an acid. The more popular explanation of its components are evergreen wood pulp and waste milk.

Perhaps the only important fact with which we are concerned about the discovery and history of cellophane is the fact that chemists from the laboratories of the Du Pont de Nemours Company have caused its enormous popularity and renown in the United States. Through the excellent supervision of Du Pont chemists, domestic production began in 1924 and increased so rapidly that it was possible to make twelve price reductions within twelve years.

Modern usage gives cellophane its most extensive interest. This material is characteristically transparent, sanitary, oil-proof, moisture-proof, grease-proof, germ-proof, odorless, non-porous, pliable, durable and strong. Each one of these qualities contributes to the value of cellophane as a sales medium. The transparency of cellophane wrapping shows the complete product underneath and gives an added guarantee to the article. Industry makes use of cellophane, chiefly because it is non-porous and pliable and, therefore, easily adapted to necessary protection. Due to its durability and strength, its value to the manufacturer and retailer are great while its values in being oil-proof, moisture-proof, grease-proof and germ-proof are chiefly connected with foods and clothing from the consumers' standpoint. In the future, see for yourself, as a consumer, how often you will say to a salesman, "I'd rather have that wrapped in cellophane."

MARJORIE COHEN, Fr. 4.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

## Four Salutes

In the United States the characteristic salutation is "Hello". The Arabs say on meeting, "A fine morning to you". The Persian greeting is

familiar to all by reason of its quaintness, "May your shadow never grow less". The TOWER LIGHT Staff says, "Have you your contribution to the magazine?"



## To be Alone

There is no course in any college catalogue which is listed "How to be a Hermit". If there were it should be rejected on the grounds that we humans are a gregarious race. The progress of humanity requires that people profit by exchange of ideas and philosophies. It is from contacts with others that our greatest social institutions—home, school, and government grow. To the ability to work together we owe our greatest achievements.

Yet we should learn to be alone. The great works of genius—paintings, music, sculpture, plays, and books are enjoyed as they were created, alone. This capacity to create or enjoy art expresses what is indelibly a part of us—that which distinguishes us from other animals, the possession of a mind.



## Keynote

Ideals brought you here, you numerous Freshmen. Of what elements were they made? Adventure, optimism, impatience at limitations, a will to conquer and to grow were among them, we believe.

The college faculty will attempt to aid and guide with sincerity and frankness in the resolution of problems, for it is a policy of good schools to legislate changes not as a dose administered with the epigram, "This is good for you. Swallow it even if you don't like it", but rather to provide conditions to promote growth by means of happy experiences. It is the opinion of many that our college is of this class, so, by accepted hereditary rules we bequeath to you years of adventure, work, disturbance, and happiness.

## Two Cents Apiece

WHEN you buy a newspaper you seldom realize what is behind the purchase. Last summer in New York I stepped out of the seething congestion into a dignified hall of science and art to marvel at a twelve foot revolving globe, many and varied barometers and scientific instruments;—the lobby of the News Building. Then up I went twenty-two stories to the busy office of the Chicago Tribune. In one corner was the concealed entrance to the private office of Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the Chicago Tribune. The doorway was a part of the Zebra Wood and of the mural which covered the inside walls, and opened into what seemed living wall pictures;—"From Trees To Tribunes".

Beginning in the southeast corner of the room was a scene of the primeval forests with birds, beasts, and Indians pictured life size. Into these spruce woods came the pulp wood cutters slaughtering the towering spruce. The unknown powers of the wilderness stream then transported the logs to the pulp mills, where the progress from pulp to newsprint was shown before you on the wall. But the final picture on the east wall climaxed the whole, for it revealed the actual contents of the newspaper. It is utterly impossible to imagine anything which gets into print that was not depicted in this extraordinary mural with the map of the world and the Tribune Tower in the background. Every phase of news in the universe was represented, including the most unusual, the essence of all news, a man biting a dog.

It took more than two years for the artists to obtain the necessary data for the preliminary sketches alone, and not only was there the next great problem of retouching and elaborating the sketches, but also of grouping these facts on a huge wall sixteen feet high and twenty-two feet square.

Covering the four walls on the inside of the office and acting as a foundation for the artist's brush was, as I have mentioned, African Zebra wood, especially imported and so called because of light and dark brown stripes in its grain. The artists in preparing the mural tried as much as possible, by toning down, sand papering, and mellowing all colors, to make their work seem a part of the exquisite grain contained in the wood.

Everything in the office blended harmoniously with the unusual setting. The floor of imported ebony was in four inch blocks in tone with the walls, and the skillful matching of its grain gave the impression of a continuous board. The large sofa and the window seats had air cush-



ions covered with very select French leather. The desk was probably the most interesting fixture in the room, for although it was apparently like other desks, its make after close examination was quite unique. Its finish was mahogany and the entire upper surface of heavy plate glass enclosed a map on pressed mica of the United States and a portion of Canada. By this arrangement Colonel McCormick could remain seated at his desk and trace the story of his treasured forests to many listeners. The entire office seemed to be in daylight, although there was no glare as from the sun, this of course being due to a highly perfected method of indirect lighting.

Imagine one having an office in which decorations alone cost \$25,000 and visiting it only a few hours a month. Start saving your pennies now!

JOHN F. WHEELER, Jr. 7.



## Reward Unwanted

IT was one of those towns in which everyone lives on one street. It was a very pretty street lined with huge old elm trees whose upper branches met and formed a perfect green canopy. On this particular afternoon the thoroughfare was deserted except for a large black touring car that raced down the street and jerked to a stop before the store of the town.

Hank Applegarth was very much surprised to see four young men enter the store. It was not exactly the men that astonished him but rather that one of them was handcuffed.

"Have a telephone in here?" inquired one.

"Why—yes—over there—," the staring Hank pointed.

"O. K. I'll take off those handcuffs and then you call up your folks and tell them you won't be home for awhile. Tell them you'll get in touch with them later on. Don't try to trick us now." As the man was speaking he ran his hands through his pockets in a seemingly vain effort to find the key. With a look of disgust he finally turned to the others and exclaimed, "I can't find the keys. I must have given them to one of you."

After searching their pockets the others protested that none of them had the keys. Don, for he seemed to be the leader of the gang, almost shouted, "I remember. I gave them to Buck and he stayed in town."

"Well, 'kid', it seems you'll have to call with those things on. Make it snappy."

Hank was certainly puzzled now. Thoughts followed each other in rapid succession. "What were these fellows doing with the other one? They looked almost like young kids with their old, unkempt, mud-caked clothes and the torn shirts and pants. But look at that livid, sinister cut under the eye of that one standing over by the case—what's he leering at me for? I bet I know what they are. Tough gangsters. Probably taking this kid for a ride. I've seen it in the movies. Or maybe they are kidnappers. The papers have been full of that kind of stuff lately. Who do they think they are kidnapping citizens of this country? They won't get away with it, though! I'll stop them—— But what shall I do? There are three of them here and one out in the car, four against one! What should I do?"

At this point in Hank's reflections the prisoner finished his call, and as all walked out of the store, Hank stared helplessly after them.

The black car sped along the road with four very jolly men and one sullen, dejected one. The chief topic seemed to be centered on the gloating words, "They'll never catch us now. They won't even trace us where we are going."

Don, who was driving, suddenly slammed on his brakes and exclaimed, "What's wrong here—look at that car drawn right across the middle of the road?"

Before anyone had time to answer their car was surrounded by men yelling, "Put them up. Don't try to get away."

"State cops", came weakly from one of the occupants of the car.

The more original driver began with, "Listen, officers, we were not doing a bit over thirty-five—"

"No, that's not what we want you for. Come along to the judge and explain the handcuffs on that young man. We had a call that you devils were coming along this road."

"Well . . . I, it's like this . . . ."

"Tell it to the judge."

Four very confident young men stood in front of the judge; the look on their faces implied—"this is going to be just too easy." The other man stood off to one side while the police tried different keys to remove the handcuffs.

One of the policemen who had aided in the capturing of the gang was talking, "We received a call a little while ago from the storekeeper in Pleasantburg. He said these men came in his store and acted like kidnappers, so he called us up."

"Why, surely. It's like this. This is the season of the freshmen-sophomore banquets at the college. The freshmen try to hold the presi-

(Continued on Page 23)

## The Library - - - At Your Service

### Welcome

A new face greeted us this year upon our first visit to the library. Miss Stitzel has gone back to college for a year, and in her stead is Mrs. Netchaeff.

Mrs. Netchaeff spent two years at the American Library in Paris where she was first assistant cataloguer. She also worked at Enoch Pratt. Mrs. Netchaeff likes Towson for a residence and her position at State Teachers College.

Yes, there were other new things about the library this year, too; industrious new students who have lost no time in making use of it. If you don't believe it, try to "break through the line" of those who are getting books checked, soccer veterans, too. It is an everyday occurrence to find every table and chair being used for useful study.

How many of you have been attracted to our new delightful corner devoted to many and varied high class magazines. Look these periodicals over and see if your favorite is not there. Read them. It is the only way to keep up with our ever-changing world. To help us choose wisely, we have posted in this corner the ten outstanding articles for each month chosen by a Council of Librarians.

We have many new books to add to the 30,000 already in our library. Don't wait; read them. Perhaps the following will be suggestive: 1—Kaye and Smith's "Superstitious Corner", a gift of Miss Van Bibber this year to the library.

2—"Southern Album" by Sarah Haardt (H. L. Mencken's wife).

B. ROYSTON.



## "Caddie Woodlawn"

BRINK, CAROL RYRIE—"Caddie Woodlawn"—1936—New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.00. Pp. 270.

Caddie Woodlawn settled herself contentedly between Maggie Bunn and Lida Silbernagle just as the class in the one room school was about to begin. Across the aisle sat Obediah Jones, the bully of the class, who now stretched his long, lanky legs across the passageway and put his feet on Maggie's desk.

"Stop that", said Maggie indignantly.

"Who says so?" snarred Obediah, stretching out more than before.

"I'll tell teacher," said Maggie with anger in her voice.

"Who cares?" said Obediah. "I ain't afraid of anybody in this school."

"You aren't, aren't you?" cried Caddie as she brought down a ruler on Obediah's shins.

In the next instant Obediah and Caddie were down on the floor rolling and kicking—Obediah pulling Caddie's red curls and Caddie kicking when she could.

But this is only one instance when the vivacious personality of Caroline Augusta Woodlawn is revealed.

Get Carol Brink's "Caddie Woodlawn" from the shelf today and find out what happened to the two pupils in a country school room.

MURIEL JONES, Sr.

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## If I Have Four Apples

LAWRENCE, JOSEPHINE—"If I Have Four Apples". Frederick A. Stokes Company, N. Y., 1935. 314 pp. \$2.50.

Josephine Lawrence's sincere style together with her flare for the truth combine to make "If I Have Four Apples" one of the most discussed of the current novels.

It has been said of this comparatively new author, "Her writing about American life is nearer the truth, farther from fiction, and more genuinely exciting". In her latest book Miss Lawrence tells the story of an American family who stubbornly and desperately try to make "2 apples + 2 apples = 8 apples". To the extreme discomfort of Mrs. Bradley, a budget adviser, they even persuade themselves that what they have are not apples at all, but alligator pears.

The head of the Hoe household, at least in name, is Penter Hoe, little heeded by the others and considered only when the matter of tending the furnace arises. Penter, in turn, spends much of his time in the basement coaxing the furnace and devising ways to clear himself of debts and at the same time "pay on his home". He is helped very little by Rose, his wife, whose ambition in life is to live in comfort surrounded by the latest work-saving gadgets and to humor her children's whims. Mrs. Bradley, when consulted about a household budget, finds little sympathy and understanding among the elder Hoes who steadily refuse to give up their house even as an economy measure. Although literally buried under debt they refuse to part with the old dwelling which they have been buying for more than a decade. Nor are they willing to deny their children, Dallas and Sylvia, any of their adolescent fancies. Darthula, beautiful, blonde, and a tea-room hostess is the oldest of the Hoes. Although more practical and worldly because of her outside contacts, she nevertheless encourages her mother's thriftlessness and contributes very little, in general, towards improving the situation. The Hoes'

struggle is tragically climaxed when Penter is refused Federal aid which he had depended on for months to save his house.

The conclusion comes as a bit of a "let down" to the reader. The family loses the house, Dallas is forced to chauffeur for his girl's father, and Sylvia relinquishes her dreams of dancing to become a hairdresser. This, however, does not tend to lessen the reader's interest in the reading of the book, nor does it detract from its tremendous popularity.

Described by the New York Times Book Review as a "Portrait of a Family Going to Pieces", "If I Have Four Apples" is one of the few books I should like to read for a second time.

NAOMI WARMBOLD, Jr. 3.



(Continued from Page 20)

dent of the other class until after its banquet; the sophomores do the same with the freshmen president. This is the president of the sophomore class whom we have taken after a hard fought battle." The speaker pointed triumphantly to the captured boy.

"Quite amusing," said the judge, you have only drawn all of our police to you for a schoolboys' prank."

The laughs froze in the throats of the freshmen while the sophomore looked arrogant.

"As you have succeeded so well in keeping the rival president from his banquet, I am sure that you will not mind spending the night in a cell. It is for a worthy cause."

At these words of the judge the sophomore walked over to the freshmen, solemnly shook their hands and said gaily, "Well, so long, see you tomorrow. I'll take the car back to town for safe keeping."

"Not so fast," the judge intervened, "You were the cause of all the trouble. I think you should also take their punishment. I trust your cells will be comfortable and your bean soup enjoyable. Good night, gentlemen."

MARY McCLEAN, JR.

## The College Record

### Freshman Week in the Dorm

Dear Mother,

Well, Mom, here I am back at Towson again. Wish you could have been here Tuesday to see all the girls. The school may have seemed dead all summer, but it really came to life Tuesday. You can imagine the excitement when two hundred girls got together for the first time in three months. Can you guess what we did Tuesday night? Went up to Towson, of course. To our delight and amusement everyone we met remarked, "Looks as if Teachers College has opened."

On Wednesday from breakfast to bedtime, we were as busy as could be, trying to get the Freshmen settled. There are about forty-five more in the dormitory this year. They are using the first two floors of Richmond which haven't been used for two years. We took our "little sisters" to supper after they had been entertained on the campus by the athletic association. Following dinner, the Freshmen had a meeting in Richmond Hall Parlor, where they were introduced to Miss Diefenderfer and the Student Council, after which cookies and cocoa were served.

Thursday the new-comers spent most of the day in the Ad Building—taking tests, having meetings, touring the glen, and attending sing-song. Supper was served on the campus.

The induction service for the freshmen which is called "The Lighting of the Way" was held that night. It was most impressive. Afterward there was dancing in the foyer.

Friday was much the same as Thursday except for an afternoon Tea Dance in the foyer. We had an orchestra and served punch. That evening most of the Freshmen either went to the movies or walked up to Towson.

Saturday morning a sight-seeing trip of Baltimore was planned.

The Y. W. C. A. sponsored a church-going campaign Sunday. At night supper and vespers were held in the foyer. I am sure none of us will ever forget the impressive talk Dr. Tall gave us. Thus ended our Freshmen week in the dorm.

When asked how she liked it here, one Freshman replied, "Everyone is so nice, you can't help but like it here." We all hope that that is the attitude of the entire Freshmen class. We are looking forward to a happy year together. The only thing missing is our last year's Senior class.

There's the 10:30 bell and that means "Light's Out."

So—

Love to all,

"DOT"

## Faculty Features

THE members of the faculty have recovered from vacation. So complete is their recovery, that like ships that pass in the night, they speak to each other in passing. "Did you have a pleasant vacation? Where did you go?" "Yes; England, the North Cape, New England, Home."

Nevertheless, one needs only to look into their rested, alert, happy faces to realize that when Miss Van Bibber suggests that they talk some day on their vacations at Assembly time, it will require very little effort to recall the carefree days which they spent at home and abroad.

Hardly had the curtain been rung down on the finale, Commencement, than did Miss Bader slip away to join her sister in New York and sail on the *Normandie* for England, there to drive "down Devonshire lanes" and over the moors in their own car.

Dr. Dowell faded away so completely that it was long ere the knowledge was revealed that she had joined Miss Van Bibber in England after a week somewhere in camp studying. Far afield also went Miss Holt. California called her.

Imagine two such well-groomed young women as Miss Cook and Miss Barkley being without baggage! Twelve long days they attended dances, teas, receptions, even the "Captain's Dinner" on the cruise to the North Cape while waiting hopefully for the plane to arrive which was to restore to them their dinner dresses and evening gowns.

Mrs. Debaugh's first visit abroad began at the home of her ancestors, Ireland. She was thrilled at the sight of the Emerald Isle but "the U. S. A. is good enough for her."

Mrs. Stapleton spent most of the summer in her pretty new home in Riderwood. Later, she and her daughter joined her husband, Mr. E. G. Stapleton who was studying at Columbia University, New York. A short vacation for all of them followed after the Teachers' College session ended.

If England called many of the faculty, New England shared her glorious mountains, rivers, lakes, sea coast, and capes with the motorists among the faculty who went a-wheel: Miss Brown, Miss Neunsinger, Miss Tansil, Miss Munn, Miss Birdsong, and Miss Weyforth loitered long in New England enjoying its many beauties.

Miss Keys, Miss Bersch, Miss Crabtree, Miss Prickett, Miss Blood went "Home, where the heart is"—mother, father, brothers, sisters.

Last but not least Dr. Tall, who can never leave until she has finished the business of oiling the machinery for smooth running in the Fall, sailed for England to attend a conference at Oxford and to get a much deserved rest.

Playtime did not begin immediately for all of the staff. Mr. Walther and Mrs. Brouwer spent six hot weeks persuading the summer students at Hopkins of the importance in life of Geography and Industrial Arts.

Dr. Lynch did not announce her destination but her pretty garden in Idlewyld should have furnished her sufficient rest and happiness.

There are new faces around the halls these days. Miss Scott, of the University of Iowa, is the director of Practice Teaching in the City. Miss Joslin, from Buffalo, New York, has succeeded Miss Rutledge, former Kindergarten-Practice Supervisor. Miss Rutledge resigned to become principal of the Ethical Culture School in New York. Mr. Moser, who follows Miss Scarborough in the Mathematics department, finds it very interesting to have in the Freshman class several students whom he taught in the seventh grade of the campus school. One of our own students, Mr. Podlich, who received his B. S. degree at the State Teachers at Towson in June, is filling Mr. Moser's place in the campus school.

Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn. offers a yearly scholarship to members of this faculty. Miss Owens, who received this honor, returned from a year's study there and has begun her work in the Campus School. Miss Stitzel, librarian, left for the same institution in order to obtain her degree.

Miss Steele and her staff were too far away for this eaves-dropper to know their plans.

If you wish to ask Miss Yoder a question, search for her behind the piles of books and she will tell you that her vacation was spent at Western Reserve University in the field of library science.

The College had a visit from Miss Scarborough who has been one of the real builders of this institution. Miss Scarborough has recently retired. Her summer in England was one of rest and enjoyment.

This feature story would not be complete without comment on the Glen: for, due to the initiative, stick-to-it-iveness and vision of Miss Brown, the Glen has become a thing of beauty and service. Its devious walks, its beautiful trees and shrubs, its inviting fire places, its commodious shelter, all testify to her vision and persistence. The value of this permanent enlargement of the campus lies in the various social and educational uses to which it can be put.

THE IDLE REPORTER.



## Among the Missing

Strange new faces remind us of those familiar faces who haunt the halls no more by reason of teaching careers. A flying excursion might set us down where they follow new roads to glory. Working too hard



to write us letters is Hilda Walker in Bethesda. She has thirty-one children all problems, so she scribbles.

Elinor Wilson is indulging in departmental work in science and music. Old school-mates would expect or at least hope that one field was music.

Dee Middleton and Louise Jones room together in Hyattsville. How can such fun loving humans living together get their work done? Perhaps careers have changed their personalities.

Alan Harper indulges in seven grades in yon home county, Frederick. We trust he doesn't type all his lesson plans now.

Another belle, Sara Jane Wilson, is taking a hand in teaching the first grade in Hagerstown. Possessively she declares it to be the nicest school in the town.

Four year boys (two in question) have borne testimony that they have already taught without premeditated plans. This is not to be attempted by three year graduates.

M. C.



## Wedding Bells for Our Alumni

IDA MAY TURNBULL, one of our 1932 graduates, was married to Arnold Lee Tillman on June twenty-seventh at Trinity Church, Towson.

A graduate of 1925, Lucy Mary Kelley, was married to William Charles Hull, an alumnus of 1923 at Buchanan, Virginia, on the twenty-seventh of June. They will make their home at Pleasant Hill Road, Owings Mill, Maryland.

Gertrude Brooke Willson, another graduate of 1925, was married to James Harry Brunt of Washington in the Epiphany Protestant Episcopal Church, in Washington.

Anna Louise Shegogue, a graduate of 1934, was married to John Laverne Joy on the twentieth of June at Annapolis, Maryland.

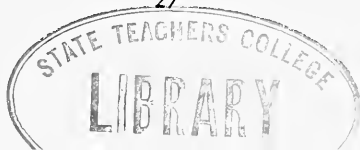
Margaret Jessie Moore was married to Samuel Cushwa Troupe, an alumnus of 1924, on the ninth of April at Hagerstown, Maryland.

Ann White Peach, a graduate of 1929, was married to Harold Quintin Foster on August twenty-ninth at Mount Oak Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Mitchellville, Maryland.

Elizabeth Ida Gwynn, an alumna of 1934, was married to Gene Thomas Benbow, a graduate of 1935, on June the twentieth, at Sacred Heart Catholic Church, La Plata, Maryland.

Frances Grist one of our graduates of 1929 was married to Luther Frederick Hahn, Saturday, September nineteenth at 4 P. M. at the home of her aunt, Dr. Lida Lee Tall. Rev. Henry B. Lee of Trinity Episcopal Church of Towson officiated.

The bride was given in marriage by her uncle, Mr. Charles H. Tall.



The bride's gown was of white satin with train and a lace veil caught with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses and gypsophila.

Mrs. Burgh S. Johnson, sister of the bride and matron of honor, wore a gown of aquamarine velvet. The groom's sister, Miss Helen Hahn, who was maid of honor, wore wine colored velvet and carried chrysanthemums which shaded into her gown. Mr. Theodore Hahn was best man for his brother, with Mr. Lloyd Bunting as a second attendant.

Miss MacDonald played the wedding march and Miss Diefenderfer served at the reception which followed, with seventy-five guests present.

Mr. and Mrs. Hahn will make their home in Baltimore.

### The Lighting of the Way

A solemn, impressive occasion was the induction of the Freshmen into the college's cooperative government. The ideals of the college were presented to the incoming students by the questions and answers of upper-classmen. Following this there was an intense quiet as three Grecian figures (the presidents of the three student councils) appeared before these college freshmen. The new students catching a gleam from the torches of the Grecians (next were visible in a semi-circle before the steps of the Administration Building where they again saw the representatives of the three councils of the school supported by the rest of the student body.) Then the induction was brought to a close by the Freshmen raising their lights in answer to those of the figures as they joined with the rest of the college in singing Alma Mater.

### Council Fire

On Friday evening, September twenty-fifth at 7:15 o'clock the traditional Indian Ceremony of the Council was held in the Glen.

After the faculty and students were assembled in the Council Ring, there entered the Indian Chief followed by four Braves, the Medicine Man and the Story Teller. A prayer was offered by the Chief followed by four wishes made by each of the Braves. The Medicine Man interpreted a sand picture, and as a concluding feature a story was told by the Indian Maiden.

### Another Day

The day begins like an opening orchid,  
Dewy, fragile, new,  
Too beautiful to throw away.  
Lord, what would you have me do?

M. WASHBURN, Sr.



## Assemblies

The purpose of this department is to present a brief, terse, and by no means detailed account of all the important assemblies presented during the school year.

September 24th

Our first outside speaker of the season was Miss Lavinia Engel, who threw some light on the Federal Administration's Social Security Program. The subject matters could not have been any more authoritative, for Miss Engel is closely affiliated with the Social Security Administration at Washington.

"The outstanding American fault is an affliction for panaceas" which inevitably come to nought. The social security work being done at Washington promises to be no startling cure-all; progress is being made slowly but with certainty. Its eventual goal is to have old age pensions for all aged over sixty, and a national employment insurance. At present the plan for alleviating distress is for industry to share the expense with the worker by building up a reserve during prosperous years. Another proposal for unemployment insurance is the creation of an excise tax on payrolls. The student body showed great interest in the topic by their numerous questions put forward at the close of the assembly.

WALTER RHEINHEIMER

Dr. Tall—September 21

At the present time, under the direction of Miss Scarborough and the alumni, the history of our college, obtained from old catalogs, reports to the governor and from members of the alumni, is being written. As students of the college we are interested in the personalities, especially the first president of the school. Mr. M. A. Newell was born and educated in Belfast, Ireland. For twenty-two years he was State Superintendent and President of the State Board of Education and, at the same time, Principal of the Normal School. The other presidents of the college have been Mr. Prettyman, a former instructor, Mr. Ward, Miss Sara E. Richmond, one of the graduates of the first class, Mr. Henry S. West, and Dr. Tall.

By character we refer to the personal characteristics of the individual which includes integrity, initiative, industry, responsibility, cooperation, leadership, punctuality, disposition, poise, manners and personal appearance.



## From the Glee Club

Entertaining the hope of filling the breach in the Glee Club ranks made by the loss of last year's class, a major portion of the Freshman Class has tried out for membership this fall. From this group almost sixty have been selected.

Rain or shine, every Monday afternoon is reserved for rehearsals which start promptly at 3:15. The Glee Club annually awards a letter to its most active, faithful, and deserving members on a point system, and regulations governing this year's awards are more exacting than they formerly were. Keep in mind that attendance and punctuality count heavily in this matter.

The first thing to be brought to your attention is the Glee Club and Orchestra picnic which was held on Monday, September twenty-eighth. The big feature of the affair was the return of six former members, including our famous Men's Quartet. Many of the old songs were revived and new members as well as old joined in the singing. The menu this year was excellent and varied, being proclaimed the best yet and that's saying a lot.

This year's corps of officers elected last spring is functioning efficiently. They are:

President—Leonard Woolf  
Vice-President—Ellen Pratt  
Secretary—Geneva Lee Wilson  
Librarian—LeRoy Wheatley  
Tower Light Representative—Doris Burnett  
Director—Miss Emma E. Weyforth

Plans for Freshmen Mothers' Week-End are already in progress. It is sincerely hoped that this year every freshman mother will attend this occasion, for no better opportunity is offered for parents to become acquainted with our faculty, school, and campus.

The Glee Club will accept its first invitation of the year to sing outside the college, when a small group will sing at the music section meeting of the State Teachers Association, on October twenty-third.

## “Quarter Notes”

WE take pride in announcing that this year the S. T. C. orchestra has the best instrumentation that it has ever had. It is very necessary that an orchestra have a variety of instruments in order to play all but the most ordinary pieces.

We are fortunate to have a number of excellent violins to give the orchestra's string section strength and agility. The string “choir”, as it is commonly called, still lacks a bass viol—anyone that is bass enough is very welcome to try it. . . (sales talk). The strings this year will perform in smaller groups, such as quartets, etc. . . .

Of course we wouldn't forget our other members. . . oh no . . . the woodwinds and the brass choirs have also multiplied (I hope they don't divide). The brass section is not complete as yet—we need a mellophone (more sales talk). . . but as the year progresses we hope our listeners will be favorably impressed by the numbers. . . as well as the noise. There will be a woodwind quartet this year. . . no competition with the strings, however, they belong to the same union.

This year the orchestra will have four assemblies devoted to itself, in which you will hear solos from various members, as well as orchestral works . . . among which is an entire symphony. . . ah. The quartets, too, will play at these assemblies.

Let me close, my dear readers (heh, heh) with a reminder that all newcomers are most welcome to the organization. . . this is the last sales talk.

It behooves us at this time to say a word about coming concerts. . . foremost among which are the two symphony series, and the three concerts offered by the Albaugh Agency. These three concerts offer three great artists: Fritz Kreisler, *the* violinist, Nino Martini, and Kirsten Flagstad. Many Baltimoreans will remember Miss Flagstad's performance here with the Metropolitan two seasons ago, which attracted the ambassador from her native country (I hear it's her cooking).

The National Symphony will present seven concerts . . . more than they have ever presented in Baltimore. According to an acquaintance of mine who plays in this symphony, we may expect a brilliant season.

The Philadelphia Symphony will present five concerts. . . another compliment to Baltimore music lovers. . . and society.

HAROLD GOLDSTEIN, Jr. 4.

## The Natural History Group

This fall the Natural History Group has doubled the membership it had last year. We are glad to welcome these new students and hope they will remain with us.

Our plans now include one short hike a month and two overnight trips during the year. In October we hope to join the Rural Club on a week-end trip to Virginia inspecting an apple orchard in the valley on Saturday and returning Sunday across Sky-Line drive.

On our hikes we study any phase of natural history in which a member is interested including plants, animals and marine life.

This is wholly a student activity. The group chooses the time, place, and subject they wish to study.

In addition to the practical knowledge we make new friendships and contacts which often last beyond our school days and which are strong enough to bring former graduates back to the group each month.

M. OWENS.

## Y.W.C.A.

The Y. W. C. A. began its activities early in the year by conducting the first Vespers September 18, with Dr. Tall as our speaker.

The Y. W. C. A. is a voluntary student organization. The "Y" girls conduct Sunday Vespers in Richmond Hall Social Room once a month, as well as provides outside speakers for such occasions. Every Wednesday morning there is Chapel at 8:15 A. M. with a student acting as leader, and every two weeks corridor meetings are held. It is our desire to develop spiritually as well as mentally and physically.

## Elementary School News

Like the working of a great machine the wheels of the Elementary School moved smoothly and rapidly along on the opening day, September fourteenth. With the majority of their children back and only twenty-eight new pupils, the work was picked up where it was left in June and continued, every committee functioning to its full extent.

The children have had many interesting and varied experiences throughout the summer, and in order to share these with one another they planned as one of their assemblies "Echoes of Vacation."

The Parent Teachers met on October sixth at which time there was a discussion, by request of the parents, on "Teaching the 3R's To-day."

Miss Owens is back after a year of study at Peabody. . . Miss Giles has left us to be married; her marriage is to take place sometime during

the month of September. Mr. Moser has accepted the position of Mathematics Instructor in the College and Mr. Podlich, one of our degree students of last year, has taken his place in the seventh grade of the Elementary School.

LARUE KEMP, Sr.



### Sports Angle

Our north campus is the scene of much activity these late afternoons. The booming of toe meeting ball fills the autumn air and foretells the opening of another soccer season. Coach Minnegan wastes very little time, and our booters swing into action with plenty of vim and vigor.

Through graduation or withdrawal we lost the services of seven regulars and one first string substitute. The replacement of Josh Wheeler, Cole, Meyer, Harper, Brumbaugh, Prus, Chrest, and Rescigno is a task of huge proportions. Coach Minnegan, however, has a framework of experienced men from last year's squad around which to build a fairly good team. These veterans include: Bennett, Johnny Wheeler, Hamilton, D. Smith, C. Smith, Ubersax, Williams, W. Cox, Gordon, Hewes, Gammernan, Harris, and Horn. The newcomers who might be considered as good prospects are: Allers, L. Cox, Southern, Robinson, and Goedeke.

During the last few seasons we have had as opponents, colleges of the highest caliber. This year is no exception and games have been scheduled with Western Maryland, University of Maryland, Hopkins, and Salisbury.

So it can truthfully be said that we have a team that will fight every inch of the way and a schedule that will make such fighting necessary. Come out and cheer the boys to victory! They enjoy and deserve your support and enthusiasm.

FRANK CHREST, Jr. 4.

## Our Soccer Team

A bunch of booters, they call us.  
We kick, we trap, we head, we run,  
And our shoes sing the Anvil Chorus,  
As we go through our paces; it's fun.

PAUL O. MASSICOTT, Fr. 4.



## Sports! Sports! Sports!

Have you seen our new Dan Cupids floating around the Campus? Believe it or not, this time their target is just a bull's eye. State Teachers College inaugurates archery! By November we are expecting a college full of feminine William Tells. Who will volunteer to hold the apple?

With clashing sticks the hockey season opened attended by all; Blue, Green, Yellow and Tan. We are looking forward to some heavy competition from the Blues. The Greens say their actions will speak louder than words. The Yellows, of course, improve with age while the Tans are going *two* strong. November games Will Tell the tale!

B. STRAINING

L. FIREY



## Yea Reds! Yea Blues!

Amid much counterpoint cheering the Reds and Blues found their respective places on either side of the Front Campus. Led by Dr. Tall, we marched to the tunes of the S. T. C. Band.—Play Day is here!

Teams in place and fight, fight, fight for victory!! The Blues have it. Yea Blues!

A spirit of good sportsmanship was most evident throughout the afternoon. Both faculty and students reported a wonderful though strenuous day.

Did you ever see Lassies and Laddies play Looby Lu? If not, meet us on the Front Campus next Play Day.

BETTY STRAINING.





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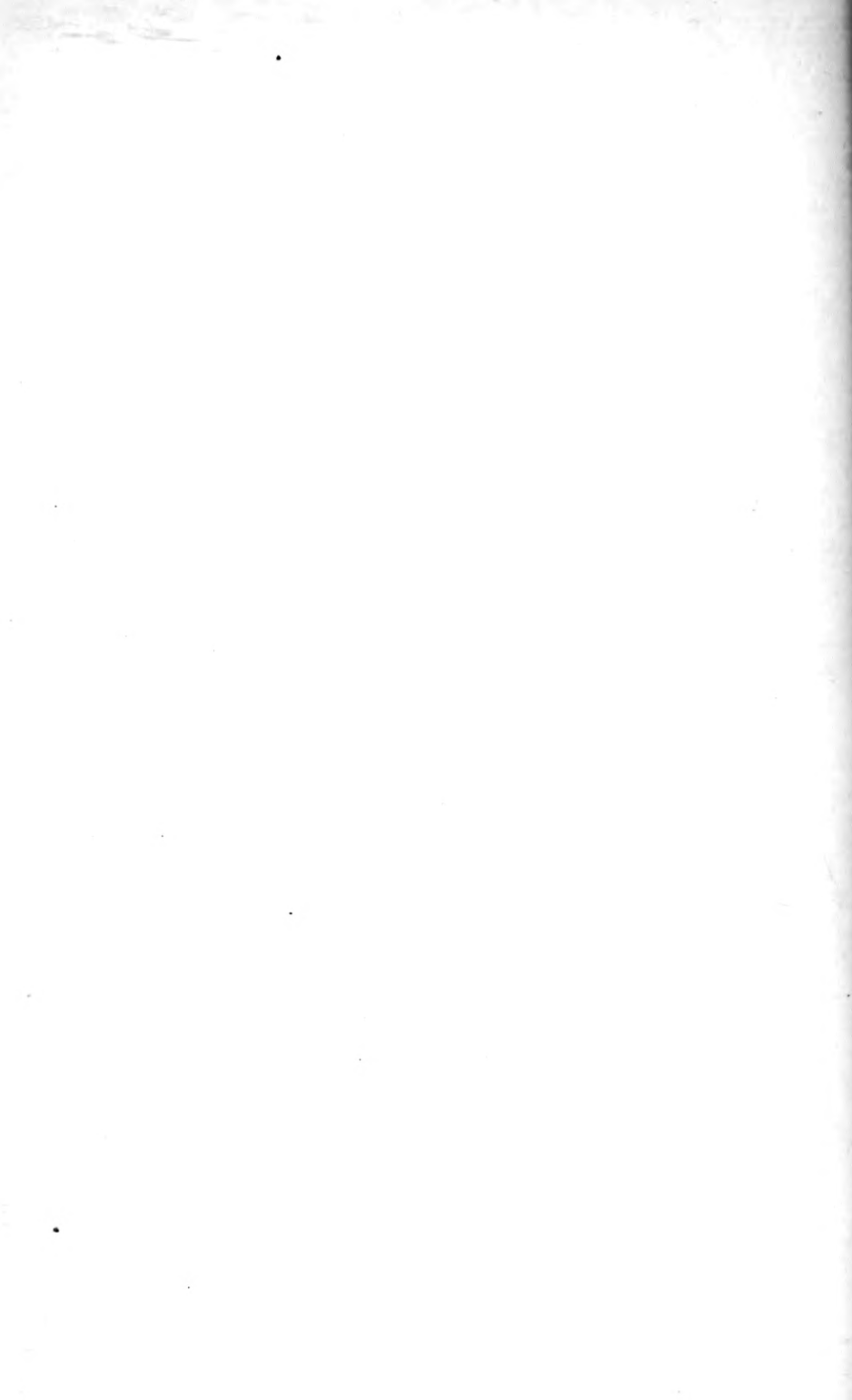
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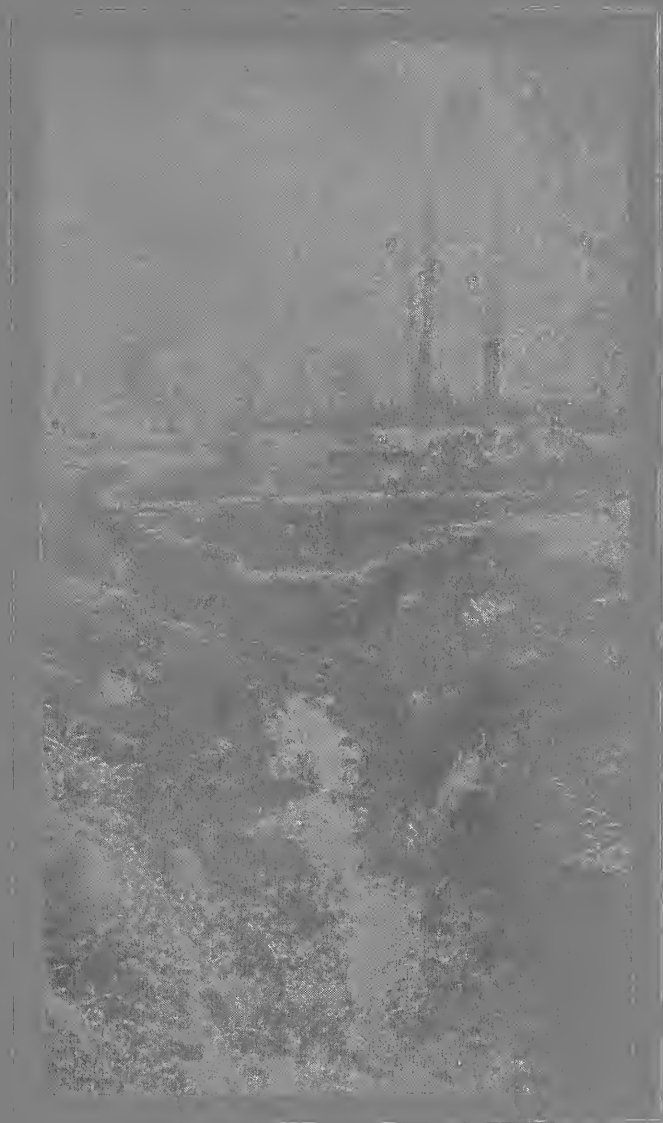
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and  
plenty to spare*

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# TOWER LIGHT



NOVEMBER 1936



# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

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## Democracy and Our Students

**D**EMOCRACY was not always a fact. Man's conception of what constitutes civic and moral virtue has changed vastly since the days when men first began to live together. The government of the earliest society was a government exacting civil cooperation on the basis of fear. Civil disobedience invited personal disaster. Religion too was synonymous with fear. Gods must be appeased through endless rites and sacrifices, otherwise their wrath would certainly destroy the un-virtuous.

In time, with social experience and the increasing influence of tradition, man reached a second level of civic virtue. Custom and tradition introduced the sense of duty. Thus it became one's duty as a Roman or Chinese to promote certain social cooperations. Once more moral virtue followed the same essential pattern—so well typified in the familiar philosophy of ancestor worship.

The idea of a third level of civic and moral virtue was born in the hills of Palestine. It teaches that fear and duty are not enough—the only permanent values are those springing from mutual goodwill. The philosophy of the good neighbor is the soul of the world's greatest religion and the heart of the most satisfying government ever created by man. Today we find our own nation dedicated to the proposition of carrying forward the teachings of democracy and Christianity. We have reached the third and highest level of civic and moral virtue.

And yet, let us look at the picture more closely. On a certain cross-road stands a traffic stop sign. Three motorists pass by and all stop before passing into the main highway. Here, seemingly, are represented the high virtues of citizenship. An examination of the motives behind the action of each of these men, however, is quite likely to reveal that the first man stopped because he was afraid that he might be arrested if

he went on—the second felt that it was his duty to cooperate, even though he saw no particular need to do so—and the third stopped because he saw in the law the opportunity to add a small bit to the life and happiness of some fellow man who might have been injured by his crossing.

My students come well prepared. I cannot always see behind their preparation, but I suspect that there are three motives. There are those who prepare lessons and participate in the educational activities because they fear failure or the teacher; there are those who prepare the assignments from a sense of duty born of years of docile submission to unquestioned authority; and finally, there are those who, recognizing their democratic rights, challenge the teacher and lesson to produce educational value in return for the effort expended.

Except our students exceed the first two levels of cooperation, they are not fit to handle children. The fruit of fear is the philosophy of the mal-adjusted, the seeds of duty-serving are mental stultification and hypocritical self-complacency. Only those charged with the spirit of mutual goodwill and who are aggressive in furthering the interests of education are worthy to work in an institution dedicated to the perpetuation of democracy—our schools.

H. MOSER.



## Why Celebrate Armistice Day?

On November 11, 1918, the Versailles Peace Treaty was signed. All over the world people rejoiced; the Great War had come to an end. At last the world was safe for democracy, or so the people thought. Truly then was the time to rejoice, but should we be happy now? Do we have democracies? In Germany, Italy, and Russia dictators rule the people with iron hands. In Spain a civil war is raging and very soon another dictatorship will be set up. In Ethiopia, battles are still being waged intermittently with the Italians who have recently conquered their land. In China, the Japanese government is slowly conquering the land and having occasional border fights with the Russians. All over the world, countries are having rearmament races in preparation for the next great war. Now on November 11, 1936, Armistice Day will be celebrated, but why, the War is still raging?

ELLIOTT EPSTEIN, Ft. 4.

## An Appraisal

As one moves from classroom to classroom or sits in the assembly and views the student body the question arises, "Just how many students do we have this year"? Even a count at the Monday assembly hour would not be an accurate figure for it would not include the group of students now in the practice centers, and certainly they are a part of the college. When they return to the classroom others will go out to take their places. This exchange continues throughout the year so that the entire student body is never within the college halls at the same time. But if we look over the statistical reports released at the close of the registration period we may learn just how many students are included on the college rolls and can determine how the number compares with that of former years.

We find there are 459 students registered in the college. Compared with the 1933-1934 enrollment the number is almost identical for the report that year gave the figures as 460. But looking back to the years prior to 1933 we find that we are still below the usual number of pre-depression days when the registrations usually stood between five and six hundred. The two factors materially affecting the enrollment during these past three years have been the tuition charge which was inaugurated in 1933 and the scarcity of positions in the school systems of the State. The funds made available through the National Youth Administration have helped in meeting the financial difficulties of students and others have realized that the charge is extremely low as compared with the usual cost of higher education. The scarcity of positions, of course, is now past history and we are faced with the disturbing fact of not being able to fill the vacancies that exist. As we swing back gradually to the enrollment figures of a few years ago we hope to be able to send out a sufficient number of qualified graduates to meet the needs of the State.

One interesting feature of the enrollment is the large number of men students. The reports give the number as 101 which is the maximum enrolled in any one year in the history of the college. Considered in the light of the enrollment figures the percentage is much higher than it has ever been. This increase, we believe, is an answer to the call "for more men teachers in the elementary schools."

REBECCA C. TANSIL.



Announcing to his class that he had discovered an English theme copied word for word from a book, a Cornell professor asked the guilty man to see him after the hour. Five members of the class confronted him.

## Francis F. Beirne - Christopher Billopp

**I**F I should say this is a biography of "Christopher Billopp" wouldn't you read it?

His real name is Francis F. Beirne. He was born in Ashland, Virginia, on August 20, 1890. Mr. Beirne was educated in private schools in Richmond and Baltimore, at the University of Virginia, and at Oxford University, in England. His main reason for going into newspaper work was probably that he comes from a newspaper family. His father and his older brother are editors. Mr. "Billopp" first wrote for a school paper here in Baltimore at the Gilman School.

He was employed by the Morning Sun in the year 1914 and worked as a reporter and copy-reader until 1917 when the army called him. Mr. Beirne remained abroad until 1919, spending eighteen months in France, but never got to the front to have any exciting war experiences. After returning, two years were spent in the tobacco business in Richmond. The Baltimore News employed him as copy-reader in 1921.

In 1923 he joined the staff of the Evening Sun as an editorial and literary writer. The Forum claimed him as editor for a short time. Now "The Rolling Road", inaugurated about three years ago, is every day increasing in popularity.

Christopher Billopp is a family name. The original Christopher Billopp was a captain of the English navy in the sixteenth century. He commanded ships in the Battles of Bantry Bay and Cape La Hogue and conspired against King William III. According to tradition, in the early days of the colonies, after the Dutch had surrendered New Amsterdam, a question arose whether Staten Island should belong to the colony of New York or of New Jersey. It was agreed that it would belong to New York if it could be circumnavigated in twenty-four hours. Billopp accomplished this in his ship "The Bently". As a reward for this feat he was given a grant of land on Staten Island and there erected a house which he called "Bently Manor". It stands to this day and is the home of the Staten Island Historical Society. It was in this house that, during the Revolutionary War, Lord Howe met Benjamin Franklin and other American representatives to discuss a possible peace, but the conference came to nothing. For this reason "Bently Manor" is sometimes known as "Conference House".

Mr. Beirne is married and has two children, a girl and a boy. The boy attended the Campus School.

I hope you have learned something worthwhile from this sketch of one of Baltimore's best liked men.

SHIRLEY THOMAS, Fr. 9.

## The Adaptability of Man

“THERE is a striking contrast between the durability of our body and the transitory character of its elements.” Although man is composed of substances which under certain conditions disintegrate in a few hours, he lasts longer than if he were made of steel. Man changes to meet changing conditions—physical, economic and social. A steel machine wears out with continued use, but the muscles and mind of man improve with activity.

“Our organs always improvise means for meeting every new situation.” If one kidney is removed, the other becomes enlarged, although only one normal kidney is needed for life. When one-half of the thyroid gland is extirpated, the other half greatly increases in volume, generally more than is necessary. Insufficient secretion of a gland causes the other glands to augment their work in order to supplement its activity. Arterial pressure is increased so that a larger volume of blood may be filtered through an impaired kidney.

“Each element of the body adjusts itself to the others, and the others to it through a correlation of the organic fluids and the nervous system.” After a hemorrhage the blood vessels contract, automatically increasing the relative volume of the remaining blood. Thus arterial pressure is sufficiently restored for blood circulation to continue. The tissue fluids pass through the capillary vessels and enter the circulatory system. The fluids that enter the stomach are also immediately absorbed by the blood. These fluids re-establish the volume of the blood. The red blood cells which had been stored in various organs escape and enter the bloodstream. Finally, the bone marrow begins the manufacture of red corpuscles which will complete the regeneration of the blood.

When an artery is cut, the blood gushes in abundance, thus causing the arterial pressure to be lowered. The decrease in the flow of blood allows a clot of fibrin to form in the wound. The hemorrhage then stops. During the following days, the leucocytes, or white blood cells, and tissue cells invade the clot and progressively rebuild the arterial wall.

“Knowledge of healing processes has brought about modern surgery. Surgeons would not be able to treat wounds if adaptation did not exist. They have no influence on the healing mechanism. They content themselves with guiding the spontaneous activity of those mechanisms.”

“Environment stamps human beings indelibly with its mark.” When man wore insufficient clothing to protect him from wind, rain and cold, the mechanisms responsible for regulating the temperature of the body were in constant use. The skin of modern man never has to adapt to severe cold, to rain or to wind since he simply wears more clothing in the

winter. Therefore, the temperature regulating mechanisms of man are today in a perpetual state of rest.

Man attains his highest development when his adaptive mechanisms are in constant use—when he must conquer food and shelter, when his meals are irregular, when "he is exposed to the rigors of the season." He must also love, hate, suffer, fight, be happy, tire himself out and rest. "His will needs alternately to strain and relax." Man is made for this kind of living just as the stomach is made for the digestion of food.

"Leisure engenders degeneration." The theater, concerts, radio, athletics and automobiles are substituted by modern man for intelligent work; but activity and work alone strengthen and improve physiological and mental functions. Ref.:—Carrel, Alexis—*Man—The Unknown*.

DOROTHY WOHRNA, Soph. 1.



## An Early Autumn Afternoon

Yesterday Autumn had come. I knew, because I heard it in the solemn deliberation of the stream I walked beside. Its new presence wasn't hidden by the careless coloratura laughter of the ripples over the rocks. The languid, shaded places in the bosom of the stream reflected it; and it was churned into the water at little whirling places. The heavy summer scents had been washed from the air and the cool and even breeze had scarcely an odor—only a subtle, stimulating tang. Shadows were longer and deeper than I had noticed before. They make the green of grass and leaves and the premature red and yellow of the ivy brilliant by their contrast. All colors were more intense and impressive than the summer tones, for they were not diluted with too much sunlight. The blue of the sky was cool and distant, veiled by wisps of gossamer clouds. But with all the beauty of the afternoon there was a soft sadness—a feeling of ordained tragedy.

CHARLES N. LEEF, Fr. 4.



Boner . . .

From the Haverford News: A student unable to answer an examination question on what caused the depression, wrote on his paper, "God knows, I don't. Merry Christmas." When he got the paper back, it had the following notation at the bottom, "God gets 100. You get zero. Happy New Year." . . .

## On Being Provoked

**W**HEN one's outlook is such that the least action of someone else is an irritation, we can safely say that this general condition hints of being provoked. Provoked, it is understood, means being aggravated, in a lather, burned up, etc.

It is surprisingly easy to find how quickly one can be provoked when one wants to be. Suppose little Teddy is playing, in the exuberance of unmolested youth, with a hammer and a large pan—and that every stroke brings forth a reverberation that would do credit to a "Big Bertha". It is indeed a distinct shock that such an innocent display of technique on this primitive percussion instrument should, after a while, cause big Jim to fly off the handle and proceed to slap little Teddy. It is, perhaps, another display of man's primordial instincts.

Then again, take the case of Mr. and Mrs. M. What undoubtedly started out to be a pleasant little ramble turned out to be a melee—all because Mrs. M. wished to call Mr. M.'s attention to the following points—to wit, driving a mite on the left side of the road, doing 65, and nearly giving Mrs. M. heart failure when he passed that truck on the right without blowing his horn—she, with her weak condition, too. He, in turn, became so unduly, so irrationally aggravated that he took it out on a big stick by the side of the road—he walks with a limp.

One can see the light by this time. Is it a safe and sane thing for a person of fairly obvious culture, education, and broad sensibility to become aggravated at merely nothing?

I wouldn't know. I was aggravated to the 'nth degree, or I shouldn't have written this.



## What Is Your Opinion?

It was spring. Radiant magnolia trees had flaunted their brilliant pink blossoms; green buds were slowly unravelling to show themselves to the world; dogwood trees, with waxy cream and pink blossoms added to the reawakening of the earth. All seemed to want to show the world that spring was the most glorious season of the year.

But spring had not thought of fall—had not reckoned with the dogwood in the autumn when it was mellowed with age to a russet hue and when bright clusters of little red berries appeared on it. Spring had never seen the sumac at this time of the year, the slender leaves varied from crimson to copper. And it did not know of the yellow leaves of the maple trees which crisply skipped along with the wind and danced high in the air. Poor, poor spring.

M. McCLEAN, Jr. 7.

## Modern Miniature Photography

A PRETTY, vivacious young miss is holding her hand-bag and, at the same time, powdering her nose with the aid of a small mirror on her purse. A short click, and another "candid photo" has been taken. Nothing startling has really happened. The young lady seemed to be looking into a mirror which really was a camera finder, a miniature camera being an integral part of the purse.

We see here a picture of only one aspect of modern miniature photography. Spies use button-lens cameras taking pictures one-half the size of postage stamps. Watch-shaped cameras are used with success. Small pocket cameras no larger than a pack of cigarettes take pictures one inch by one and a half inches, capable of being enlarged to the size of three by four feet.

On every side, modern photography is beginning to mean miniature photography. Where ten years ago plate cameras and portable processing equipment weighing at least twenty-five pounds had to be carried, today a pocket camera operating with watch-like precision is carried loaded with ultra-sensitive films, weighing only eighteen ounces.

Where ten years ago the photographer carefully set his camera on a tripod, looked through his ground glass screen, and took about a quarter of an hour to set his camera,—today with a modern miniature camera, the photographer sets two dials, brings the camera to his eye, focuses, "click", and in fifteen seconds the picture is taken (a picture even surpassing those taken with old, heavy, large cameras).

Where ten years ago photographers had to truck along heavy plates, and change plates for each picture,—today with a modern miniature camera loaded with thirty-five mm. film, the photographer can snap, if necessary, thirty-six pictures within the short time of sixty seconds, or average about two seconds for each picture.

Where ten years ago the photographer had to wait for a sunny day,—today with modern miniature camera and modern fast film, the photographer can take a snapshot in a darkened theater of any scene of the performance he is enjoying.

Where ten years ago (and sometimes even now), mothers had to drag their children to photographic studios and pose for uninteresting, lifeless pictures,—today, armed with a miniature camera, the photographer visits the children at home and snaps vivid, living pictures while the children are at play.

Where ten years ago the photographer had to spend almost a small fortune for his equipment and film supplies,—today the modern photographer spends little more than pocket change for a roll of film.



Where ten years ago a man never dreamt of handling a camera until he had studied it and practiced under a professional photographer for a period of years,—today, almost anyone, with a little guidance, can be taught to snap respectable, and even good photographs.

MAX BERZOFKY, Jr. 4.



## Seen In The Southwest

TINKLE, tin-kle, tin-kle! The lazy sound of the little bell in the hand of the Mexican tamale vendor is his means of advertising. Were he still in Mexico he would be content with dozing on a street corner, waiting for customers to make the first suggestion of purchase. But he is in the southwestern United States on the clean streets of a prosperous community and he must make some pretense at conformity to American customs. In appearance he is typically Mexican. The wrinkles of his brown face draw up one corner of his mouth to show the surprisingly white teeth there. His brown eyes are sharply gleaming in spite of their rather sluggish movement. The black hair, thick for older middle age, can be seen through the holes in the straw hat which comes low on his forehead. The hat itself is probably of American manufacture patterned after the Mexican sombrero, and it is worn with a careless air that makes it seem a part of the man.

The green covered box on wheels which is his cart is wearily propelled forwards more by the weight of his body than by any force which he may apply. The faded, poorly painted, dirty red letters spelling "tamales" on the side of the cart seem to harmonize with his clothes: the once-green shirt of rough cotton, the inevitable jacket, its original shade of brown nearly obscured by another brown not obtained with dye, the front of his patched and frayed trousers' legs silently telling of many greasy hand-wipings, and the dirt-colored shoes, which seem a part of the cart, following it in a shuffling rhythm.

He is a peon of Old Mexico transplanted into a newer country where he has not yet become well acclimated.

No one is seen to buy any of his tamales, even though the faintly discernible odor of chili pepper and garlic is not unattractive to the lover of Mexican food. The vendor and his cart make their rambling way through the mass of parked cars belonging to the late morning shoppers going, perhaps, to a shady plaza where the Mexican can lunch on some of his tamales and indulge in the restful pleasure of a siesta.

E. A. FIEDLER, Fr. 4.

## A Dreamer

WHAT a time I had this summer. One day remains distinctly in my mind. I was in Holland at the time. The grass was green, the flowers were in bloom, gay faces could be seen everywhere. Every once in a while I saw a wind-mill, whose propellers were turning rhythmically with the soft, cool summer breeze. I was walking on air. This was my first visit to the Netherlands. I had always thought of the country as being this way, but I had never really expected to see it. I watched little Dutch boys playing our American game of marbles. Their faces were bright, with not a worry in the world but to win some of the round pieces of glass. Farther down the street three little girls were gathered around an older woman. The four were engaged in the art of knitting—the older woman acting as instructor. This was the life!

I stopped to speak to a gray-haired man, who was sitting idly smoking his pipe. He very enthusiastically told me of his childhood in Holland and the changes which had occurred in the state since then. Everything in his opinion had changed except the people themselves. They alone still reflected the home-loving, friendly, happy, honest people of his generation. He said that he was not sorry that he had lived his life as he had. He was willing to be taken away from this good earth even that day if God so willed it. While he was telling me these things he sobbed softly. I tried to console him as best I could. He told me that he didn't mind speaking so frankly to me because I looked like a sympathetic listener. At this moment something began to choke me. I felt like sobbing too, but saw the uselessness of such action.

I left the man a little while later. He was sleeping. A smile of contentment was on his face. I seemed to have actually lived the life of this gray-haired man.

In the evening I went to a carnival which was held in the street. Everyone seemed to be dancing, except the musicians. I joined the good people and enjoyed myself as I never had before. After each series of dances a cool drink was served at the tables which stood along the sidewalks. Young and old alike joined in the hilarity and gaiety of the evening. Everyone was happy.

That night I went to sleep in a quaint, old-fashioned but neat room in a small hotel near the center of the village in which I was staying.

At this moment I awoke to find myself in my own bed at home. How I wish such dreams would really materialize!

DONLEY.

## Three Vignettes

EVERY dog must have a day and today was Nick's. He chased the whirling eddies of leaves down the street and dove capriciously into the stacked ones that Mr. Brent had so carefully raked from his lawn. Only this morning he had heard Mrs. Brent remonstrate to the hurriedly departing back of her husband, "Henry, the first thing you have to do when you come home is to burn those leaves", and Nick with a low bark speculated on what Mr. Brent would say when he viewed his (Nick's) recent handiwork for Mr. Brent worked for the railroad and possessed a vocabulary all his own. But how can you account for your actions on a crisp November day?

Sue Ames plodded listlessly on seeing nothing of the riotous Autumn color or the blue cloudless sky. Sue had lost her job. Going home meant telling a strained nervous woman that no more money could be counted on from Mr. Garfinkle's store for a mistake had been made that morning and the irascible old gentleman had fired her as the guilty person. The leaves which clung to her ankles and the wind which so gayly twirled her skirt irritated her and she shook herself angrily as though to be rid of the entire burden of misfortune.

Jake Owens had a girl, a pretty girl, too. She worked in the florist shop on the main street and Jake had lost his heart to her while buying flowers for another girl. This afternoon he was taking her to a football game. He had purchased the best seats he could afford. Later when they drove out into the brief blazing autumn sunset he'd tell her of his raise and invite her to share permanently what he had planned so long. "But gee", he marveled, "isn't it a swell day."

M. C.



### This Day

I have been wading breast high  
Through fields of aster purple,  
Touching the tight buds gently  
And breathing deep of hills and fields.  
I have been stooping under light-filtered leaves  
And stumbling on dark trunks of trees.

Oh, under the wide, blue, windy sky I walked  
This day, this day,  
And bits of God shone through!

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

## The Pool In The Glen

We paused beside the pools that lie  
Under the forest bough,  
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky  
Gulf'd in a world below.

P. B. SHELLEY.

WANDERING along a wooded path through the shaded hollow of the glen, I chanced upon a clear sequestered pool of unusual and exquisite beauty. Its dark bluish-green waters drowsily reflect in softer more subdued tones the blazing autumnal grandeur of the surrounding woodland. Here and there a water-lily proudly floats atop its huge, palm-like leaves, while alongside a half-submerged leaflet resplendently garbed in a cloak of flaming scarlet and russet and brown, presents a striking contrast to the ashen whiteness of the lily. From the leafy branches of the overhanging willow tree an envious brother breaks lightly away and soaring momentarily aloft on a breath of breeze dips and bows and twists and turns in a gay farewell frolic. The purplish-blue rhododendron peeps from among sprigs of hemlock and verdant aquatic plants which border the outer edge of the pool, its delicate fragrance blending with the subtle, almost imperceptible aroma of the blue-blossomed water-hyacinth. A lone duckling paddles serenely by, and causes in the swishing current of its passage, the shadowed reflections to weirdly shimmer. Shafts of golden sunlight sift through the green foliage on these wavering images and form sparkling mosaics of dark and light on the surface of the pool. In a glistening confusion of brilliant hues, a school of golden fish leisurely glide through the limpid waters, and from moss-covered rocky crevices and dark grottoes, smaller progeny dart to and fro like blurred streaks of burnished metal. I scan the immediate neighborhood inquisitively to determine the source of this picturesque lagoon, and discover that there are two main inlets leading into the pond. A shallow, sluggish brooklet which appears at some distance ahead winds languidly and lazily towards me. Unhurried and undisturbed it lingers and loiters by bits of smooth, rounded pebbles and glorious bursts of blue forget-me-nots, until, as though exhausted, it wearily slips under a tunnel of stone patchwork to trickle into the basin. Besides the shallow brooklet, directly at my feet, perhaps from "caverns measureless to man", a spring with iridescent bubbles emerges and gurgling gaily rushes forward to greet its companion. Together the two emerge on the opposite shore and fall intermingling in a miniature white cascade, to find a laughing world which disappears from view in the tall rushes that fringe its curving

banks. Here is Beauty, here is Peace. I stand and gaze in silent reverence.

BERNARD BERNSTEIN, Fr. 4.



## Chess

WHY do so few people play chess? Is it, perhaps, because they are discouraged by such misleading epithets as "The Screwiest Game," "The Moron's Delight" or "The Idiot's Pastime?"

I recently read an article in a popular magazine bearing one of these titles as a caption. The author's introduction was anything but encouraging to a potential player. Not only were his statements deceiving and far-fetched, but some were absolutely, undeniably false. He describes chess as "a game that has no joys of action, danger, physical effort, no thrill of gambling; that contains not one element of chance, not one factor of sportsmanship, is utterly unsociable and has never been accused of building character or health."

I'll grant there is no physical effort or physical development on the part of those participating. I do contend, however, that the other supposed facts, as stated by the author, are encountered by the majority of chess enthusiasts. Suppose we briefly diagnose the situation that we may discover some *truthful* statements.

There is without doubt some action; it is slow and deliberate but it is certainly important. One careless or thoughtless move can and often does bring disaster to the guilty party. Danger? Most assuredly, it is always lurking around the corner of the next move. Gambling? Why the basic principle of the entire game is the gamble of wits. As for character and sportsmanship, I can think of no other game which determines these essential qualities as does chess. One so easily loses his temper. The term "unsociable" is too general to discuss. Each player understands the other and an occasional remark is sufficient to create a friendly atmosphere. Should it be necessary to talk about Lizzie's new dress, the depression, or the new baby next door, in order to be sociable?

Let's play more chess. Give it a trial and find out if it really is "screwy".

FRANK T. CHREST.

## An Autumn Memory

MUCH has already been written about the glen but I can not resist the opportunity to tell what it means to me in the hope that someone else will realize what a beautiful spot we have on the campus. To tell why the glen is more than "THE GLEN" to me, it is necessary to tell of an experience.

Have you ever thought what it is to be without one of the greatest beauties of nature, autumn foliage? Years ago, I lived in a section of the country which was flat as the proverbial pancake. The streams were sluggish back-water and the trees were tall, starved, ragged pines. The summer brush disappeared almost overnight as winter set in, leaving the landscape bleak and gaunt.

I had been used to the glories of the West Virginia hills in autumn and my proudest possession was a painting of one of those landscapes which shows nature in its gala attire. The brilliant hillside guarded a lively stream which bounded over rocks and logs. I was deeply shocked when a native of the flat country looked at the painting and said, "Why do people paint such lies? You know very well there never was anything that looked like that." Naturally I defended the painting by describing what my memory told me was true of the hills. The cynic was never convinced and each new argument made me more homesick for hills.

Then we came to Maryland and I had my hills again. Maryland is beautiful but nowhere could I find even a cousin to my painting. Then this fall I happened to look over toward the glen. I paid no more attention during that lesson, but at the first opportunity made a closer inspection. My dreams were realized—at last I found the fulfillment of a childhood memory, or rather, a shrine.

Long ago the painting was lost, but what does it matter—it lives again for me,—lives close at hand in the glen.

E. ROBE, Jr. 5.



In the style of an English stude . . .

"Why is it professors can wear purple ties  
Haphazard haircuts and coats the wrong size,  
Trousers too short and color schemes vile.  
Yet flunk me in English because of my style?"

(*Northeastern News*).

### Dowager House

As I approach the dowager house,  
Haughty as can be  
It sits aloof, alone on a hill,  
Aloof to all but me.

I see the places the painter skipped,  
The porch, the steps, the wall,  
But the dowdy, dreary old shell  
Seems not to care at all.

I wonder what memories it holds  
To help it not to mind  
When others are made over new  
And it gets left behind.

Its silhouette against the sky  
Appears to be a crown.  
It's full of peaks and points and ells  
That just reach up and down.

Up the steps I climb,  
And then I step inside.  
It's dark and dank and lonely,  
As though perhaps it cried.

It never used to be alone.  
There was always joy inside.  
Perhaps it was remembering  
And that was why it cried.

But unless you heard me tell it,  
You would never, never know,  
That the big, bold painted front  
Was just put up for show.

M. WASHBURN, Sr.

### Spring Passed By

It was like the last note of a song—  
A black spot holding all the melody  
And yet singing on and on.  
It was like the last bird,  
As he flew from the tops of the tree  
Into the clouds; Her sounds to be heard.  
It was like our last farewell,  
Final in its ending  
Resounding with a beginning,  
As spring sang past us—  
When the last leaf hit the ground.



### The Snow Came\*

About the sky the crows flew,  
Then dashing toward the cold blue bowl  
Picked holes . . . . .  
And it began to snow.

\*This thought from a little boy who knows how cold cold can be.



### Flight

If I could slide my finger across that sky  
And plan each strip of blue,  
I would feel the wet clouds—  
The dry space  
And the cool light dew.

My hand would lie against the surface  
Then, with a quickening wrist  
I'd go from east to west  
And just below this maze,  
The tree tops,  
The soft hill,—  
A frightening streak of light—  
When a gull whizzed by  
In its lonely flight.



### Grey Rocks

Grey, cold and black in spots,  
Water sweeps the abrupt edges of the rocks  
As ships lie in their shadow  
And rise, then fall on that blue meadow.



### Each Wave

With a sweeping caress and a tender stroke  
Slides up, and traces through each black nook:  
Not a spot forgotten—as tiny bits of life  
Scream their delight when the sun shines.  
And you see their brilliance through their might.



### Transformation

A calm—a deep, deep calm—that warning hush  
That permeates the meadow, woods, and hill,  
And sends to every sheltering tree and bush  
The woodland folk, whose hearts with terror fill.  
Each leaf begins to tremble, flow'rs to nod.  
Beneath the breath of this late autumn blast  
The daisies bend to kiss the goldenrod.  
And when the storm departs, and clouds have passed  
From o'er the smiling, ever-watchful sun,  
The leaves sway gently with the passing breeze  
And woodland folk from hiding gayly run,  
Each little heart put once more at its ease.

Soon twilight comes, and with a fond caress  
In midnight's starry mantle day does dress.

GERTRUDE JOHNS, Jr. 1.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

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the State Teachers College at Towson*

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Do you neglect reading the TOWER LIGHT?

## Taking Stock

The season of harvest is here. Once again farmers take stock and prepare for the long winter.

Those in the educational field frequently follow this procedure, not only in Fall but throughout the year. Theirs is an intellectual harvest; the amassing of culture and learning as a crop.

Students preparing to be teachers are probably unique in that one career serves as a goal through the years. Students in liberal arts colleges may specialize in a field with little certainty as to choice of career until several years have passed. Teaching necessitates the planting of a select staple.

Preparatory work of three or four years gives one many opportunities to evaluate the gain, the loss, and the hopes for tomorrow. The evaluation is evidenced by a certain thoughtfulness, an enthusiasm for new fields of knowledge, graceful acceptance of defeat with renewed power to try again.

Pharoah long ago visioned seven lean years and seven years of plenty. With sagacious guidance he planned well for the seven years of famine and thus averted tragedy.

November is here. Is your harvest great?



## The Making of a Teacher

Select a young and pleasing personality; trim off all mannerisms of voice, dress, or deportment; pour over it a mixture of equal parts of the wisdom of Solomon, the courage of young David, the strength of Samson, and the patience of Job; season with the salt of experience, the pepper of animation, the oil of sympathy, and a dash of humor; stew for about four years in a hot classroom, testing occasionally with the fork of criticism thrust in by a principal or a superintendent. When done to a turn, garnish with a small salary and serve hot to the community.

Author unknown—(Taken from the Modern Language Journal,  
March, 1936.)

## Freshmen Mothers' Week-end

November 13, 14, and 15, 1936

### *Program*

#### *Friday, November 13th*

Afternoon—Welcome and registration at Newell Hall

6:00—Dinner at the dormitory

7:00—Social hour and group singing

8:00—Personal appointments with daughters and sons

#### *Saturday, November 14th*

10:00—Opportunity for sight-seeing trip around Baltimore and Loch Raven, shopping in Baltimore or seeing college campus. (For the sight-seeing trip the mothers are guests of the school.)

12:15—Luncheon

1:00-4:00—Individual conferences with Dr. Anna S. Abercrombie, College Physician—Infirmary

Topic: The Health Record of Daughters and Sons

2:00-4:00—Individual conferences of mothers and daughters or sons with scholarship committee, advisers and instructors of Freshman classes—Foyer

3:00-3:45—Tea served in the Foyer

3:45-4:00—Picture of mothers with daughters and sons—front steps of Newell Hall

4:00—Discussion meeting with Dr. Tall, advisers and all members of the Faculty—Richmond Hall (For mothers only)

Topic: What a State Teachers College needs from its students, what it gives, and what it means to the community.

6:00—Dinner at the dormitory for all Freshmen, their mothers and members of the faculty.

7:00—Social hour in the Foyer with entertainment and music

8:00—Personal appointments with daughters and sons

#### *Sunday, November 15th*

Morning—Opportunity to visit the churches and meet the pastors

1:00—Dinner for mothers and fathers of resident Freshman

1:30-3:00—Administration Building and Elementary School open for inspection.

Afternoon—Farewell



Ex-Mid: Dad, do you remember the story you told me about how you were kicked out of college?

Dad: Yes, son, why?

Ex-Mid: Isn't it funny, how history repeats itself?

## State Teachers Association Report

### "The Sheep Look Up and Are Not Fed"

Thus, with a quotation from Milton Dr. Hutchins opened his brilliantly epigrammatic address to the teachers of Maryland. The young University president first gave a picture of the present status of education. More and more persons are receiving greater amounts of education. There are increasing numbers of junior colleges; and adult education is reaching overwhelming proportions. However, there is little to be said concerning the improvement in the quality of education. In Chicago High Schools large numbers of pupils are "functionally illiterate". They may be able to read words and phrases but unable to comprehend the printed page with any degree of satisfaction. Hence one may cry, "The sheep look up, and are not fed".

Dr. Hutchins proposes a good general education as the basis of every school. At present there are courses of short unrelated material, "which is usually crammed and regurgitated at the examination". Furthermore Dr. Hutchins is of the opinion that without adequate compensation and security one cannot expect good teachers. For example, in the rural counties of Kansas a teacher makes \$80.00 a month.

The recent fad of the various state legislators in creating teachers' oath bills could not escape the tirade of the professor. "To add insult to injury a dozen states have reflected on the patriotism of teachers by requiring them to take an oath to support the Constitution. It is said, teachers have great influence on the young; and we must be sure that the young are under proper care. Very well, let us begin with parents and have them take an oath to support the Constitution. Let us include newspaper men, and especially the designers of comic supplements."

Even when all these obstacles have been removed, there will be further requirements: "that the teacher himself have a good basic education". Dr. Hutchins expressed his disrespect for thesis writing and similar activities found in the Teachers' Colleges. "We must break the lock step of the credit system." However, degrees would still be given since "Americans are the most degree conscious people in the world except the Chinese."

Epigrams were not the only verbal delicacies of the University head, but paradoxical statements were also made: "The best practical education is the most theoretical." Numerous industrial figures were asked whether they preferred specific or general theoretic training in the vocational schools. Favor was expressed for the theoretical training since, with a good basic education, the specific skill could be learned within two weeks.

"The aim of education is to prepare the pupil for the contemporary scene". But Dr. Hutchins brought out that most material taught in schools is old, and even if current, is ancient by the time the pupil has need of it.

In closing, the university professor gave indication of what he means by a good general education. Its aim "is the training of the mind for intelligent action". Facts, data, and information would only be used to demonstrate or exemplify the situation.

WALTER RHEINHEIMER.



### Early Morning

Misty morn, misty sun,  
Another day has just begun.

Gossamer funnels full of dew,  
Filmy sails laden too;

Crystal beads along the fence,  
(What of them a few hours hence?)

Fierce tiger-lilies foaming foam,  
Frightening all the fairies home;

Another day has just begun  
Misty morn, misty sun.



### Night

There is a black curtain outside my window  
It shuts out the light  
They call it night.

## The Library - - - At Your Service

### "Beyond Sing The Woods"

GULBRANSEN, TRYGVE—"Beyond Sing the Woods." G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., 1936. 313 pp. \$2.50.

Trygve Gulbransen, born in Oslo, Norway in 1894, comes of old peasant stock. One may see that his writing reflects childhood memories of life in the forest regions. His first book, "Beyond Sing the Woods", has gained for itself the most favorable criticism of all Europe and has been sensationally successful in Norway, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, England, Germany, and Finland. An English translation has been made by Naomi Walford. It is believed that in the near future the book will duplicate its former sales success in America.

"Beyond Sing the Woods" is a realistic tale that traces the Bjorndal family for generations as they struggle onward avid with vengeance. This destructive thirst is conquered at length by the spirit of a woman.

Torgeir Bjorndal as the instigator of the mad craving for revenge comes into fatal combat with a bear—one whose line he holds responsible for the death of both his father and grandfather. Impelled by the murder of Torgeir, his sons, Tore and Dag, take up the feud against the people of the Broad Leas and carry on until Tore, together with his wife and son, are killed in a sleigh accident. For more than a year after his brother's death, Dag is too bewildered to feel responsibility to the clan and his people. Brought into contact with Therese Holder, he visions something of a new life at Bjorndal to be acquired by revenge. He marries Theresa and returns to the "gaard" with his wife and her sister, Dorothea. Life begins anew for the "gaard" people and for Bjorndal.

When two sons are born to Therese, Dag sees them as a means of obtaining greater wealth and realization of his cruel goal. Tore and Dag, as the sons are named, inherit the insatiable hunger for violence, characteristic of their kin, and this feeling is intensified in Dag when Tore, betrayed by a woman, is stabbed to death.

Dorothea and Therese die. Life becomes bleak and desolate at Bjorndal until Adelaide Barre offers her love to young Dag and rekindles in the "gaard" the spirit of kindness, mercy, and good will. Because of Adelaide's resemblance to the dead Dorothea, whose gentle spirit has forever been with old Dag, he at last forgets vengeance, and a new God, a God of pity and compassion is born.

"Beyond Sing the Woods" appeals to me, not as a novel whose exciting action arouses one to keen interest, but as a story of tenderness and spiritual depth that gives one the longing for divine understanding.

No better inducement to read this book could be offered than the statement from Burton Rascoe: "Beyond Sing the Woods", indeed, is a great triumph over the limitations which modern sophistication imposes upon the novelist; for it retains the fresh simplicity of an old folk-tale of heroism, violence, love, hatred, challenge, combat, tragedy, triumph and final tranquillity without falling into naïveté or sentimentality or exaggeration or false emphasis."

NAOMI WARMBOLD, Jr. 3.



## White Oak Harvest

DE LA ROCHE, MAZO—"Whiteoak Harvest"—Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1936. Pp. 378. \$2.50.

"Whiteoak Harvest" is the sixth and latest edition of Miss De La Roche's record of the turbulent Whiteoak tribe. Those who have read the previous books renew acquaintance with those highly colorful and individualistic personalities. The book takes up the story from the "Master of Jalna". It is, for the most part, the tale of Allayne and Renny, with Wakefield and Finch playing prominent roles. Wakefield, with his love for self dramatization remains unchanged through the years. Finch returns to the fold almost obliterated by his wife's possessiveness.

For those who have not yet met the "Whiteoaks", this is the sixth of a series of books about a prominent Canadian family who live on a large estate in Ontario. Each book may be read with pleasure but needless to say, the reader has a richer background for enjoyment and understanding if he has read the preceding books.

MARION TOUCHSTONE.



## Gone With The Wind

MITCHELL, MARGARET—"Gone With the Wind"—The MacMillan Company, N. Y. 1936. 1037 pages. \$3.00.

As one begins to read Margaret Mitchell's book of a thousand pages, one loses a sense of the need of work, food and sleep. It is a romantic novel of rare quality and unusual interest. Its character studies and its fast-moving unforeseen action merit great praise. It is the author's first book and was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month-Club. When she sent it to the publisher she hoped to sell five thousand copies. Now it is in its fifteenth printing, with over three hundred thousand copies sold.

Scarlet O'Hara inherited charm from her gently bred Georgia mother;



and from her Irish peasant father, a dominant will to battle hardships with courage. As she reaches womanhood, she finds the South engaged in civil war. She lives through the hysteria of escape from Atlanta during the coming of the Yankees, and returns to the plantation, saving it by stubborn shrewdness from Sherman and the carpet-baggers. Scarlet, who had always been accustomed to luxury, experiences acute hunger, and hardens in character as she searches the countryside for food, toils in the fields, and cares for her two sisters, Careen and Suellen, ill with typhoid fever.

During the tragic era of reconstruction her need for money to keep the plantation is urgent. She entices the fiance of her sister into marrying her and uses his money to invest in a sawmill. In a short time her husband is killed by the activities of the Klu Klux Klan, indirectly caused by her defiance of the existing social customs.

Within a year she again marries, this time Rhett Butler, a scoundrel and wealthy blockade runner who is as charming and unscrupulous as she. With Rhett's money she attempts to restore her prestige in Atlanta, but by her self-centeredness utterly fails, and in the end loses the respect of her friends and the love of her husband.

In sharp contrast to Scarlet, Melanie Wilkes, her loyal and closest friend, meets the same hardship but with more strength of character and gentler courage. Scarlet seems always to have selfishly grasped for whatever might prove to be a means to her end, and at the last all has "gone with the wind".

MARY E. DIEFENDERFER.

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## "Poland, Land of the White Eagle"

CORSI, EDWARD C.—*"Poland, Land of the White Eagle"*. Wyndham Press.

Born of fable and legend Poland has become a nation real and fascinating. Against untold odds she was forced to fight for her very existence. Envious of her fertile plains and beautiful cities her powerful neighbors sought to own her. Small as she was she withstood them. In her battle for life her people gave all for her. Now after a century and a half of war with foreigners and of internal strife she has risen to the place of a great nation. She has made for herself a place in the world to which she has given great statesmen, artists, scientists, and warriors.

Captain Corsi, though an American citizen, was enlisted during the Bolshevik invasions of 1921 in the Polish air squadron. He, on a recent trip to Poland, observed the great progress that the nation had made in the past ten years. It is the story of this nation, its progress, and its people that we read in "Poland, Land of the White Eagle".

F. L. J., Jr. 7

## The College Record Faculty Fun

Play day has gone! And such weather, and such fun for the faculty!

Dr. Tall led the grand march with students and faculty weaving devious webs of color and rhythm.

After the march, Dr. Tall took her place in the royal box where she entertained her guests, Miss Munn and Mrs. Brouwer with popsickles as they watched the games.

Miss Weyforth can pitch horse shoes almost as easily as she can a tune. Dr. Dowell can shed the dignity of her Ph. D. and shake a foot in the "Looby Loo". Croquet, shuffle board, scotch golf must succumb to the skill of Miss Blood, Dr. Crabtree, and Miss Cook.

Of course there would be no play day if there were no Mr. Minnegan, no Miss Roach, and no Miss Daniels.

The State Teachers Association, too, is a thing of the past but its memory lives because of the great number of former students now teachers, who came back to the College. Faculty popularity was shown by the groups who surrounded certain members of the staff. Guess who these favorites were?

By virtue of honors received elsewhere, Miss Scott and Miss Joslin automatically became members of the Senate of the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Miss Scott is a member of the National Woman's Fraternity, Pi Lambda Theta to which Dr. Crabtree, Dr. Dowell, Miss Brown and Miss Birdsong belong.

A series of broadcasts under the auspices of the Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers has been inaugurated by the College at station W. B. A. L. Those who have taken part in these broadcasts are Mrs. Stapleton, Miss Barkley, Miss Brown, Mrs. Brouwer, Miss McDonald and Dr. Lynch. Dr. Tall introduced the speaker on several occasions.

As this reporter loiters in the halls and on the Campus, many questions occur. Why does Miss Blood set up the telescope in Miss Bersch's room on a cloudy afternoon? Is she calling all stars?

Why doesn't someone put a bouquet of sunflowers on Miss Birdsong's desk instead of the marigolds which are constantly there? Maybe others would like some also.

Is soccer going on the air? For it is only then that one sees Mr. Minnegan coralling the men on their way to and from class rooms.

All the members of the staff are alumni of some hall of learning but it is to Dr. Tall that the palm has been awarded as an alumna. Dr. Tall, for the third consecutive year has been elected president of the Alumni Association of The City of Havre. The City of Havre is not a High School, nor a College nor a University. It is a ship!

Thus the days go cheerily by for the faculty with work and play and "There's always Tomorrow".

THE IDLE REPORTER.

### Play Day

Father Time, that relentless old fellow with the gigantic scythe, is slowly but surely wending his way through the pages of our school calendar. In one of his mighty sweeps he took from us another Play Day, the last for many of us. But although the day itself has gone, certain memories seem to linger. How can we forget such scenes as the following?

1. The sorrel top Sophomore whose beautiful tresses were kept in place through the medium of a pink hair ribbon.
2. The very popular Junior who so ably led Alma Mater.
3. Cage-ball as played by a contingent of Freshmen not much bigger than the ball itself.
4. The student teachers who, I imagine, greatly relished the opportunity to leave their centers for awhile.
5. The grand and glorious time had by everyone.

F. A. C.

### Baby Reception

Goodness, where on earth did these babies in Newell Hall foyer come from? What is this? Mother Diefenderfer is coming down the hall to take her children—forty to be exact—to the dining room.

However, Mother doesn't have the worries of the old woman who lived in a shoe, for here are nursemaids to help. Certainly we have seen these nurses around school—but not in white uniforms. One mother is having trouble making Johnny eat his peas, whereas still another can't get Tommy away from his mountain of mashed potatoes. In spite of all the confusion, Peggy is using her very best manners to eat her veal and pickles. But, oh, look at their eyes! No wonder—here comes the ice cream and cake.

Now, after the children have stuffed themselves with cookies, it is time for exercise. They are forming a large circle. Oh yes, this is, "The Farmer in the Dell." But even the farmer gets tired of playing, so now a peanut hunt is on. Miss Bader must be a "Jack-of-all-trades." She is not only an excellent teacher and nurse, but can even find the most peanuts. But here's the surprise—the prize goes to the group having the least nuts. Such a disappointment!

There seems to be some possibility of a faculty baseball team, for you should see those nurses run in "I Sent a Letter to my Love." It's hard to say whether they are trying to get the letter to their love or just trying to win the game. At any rate, we have some newly discovered talent.

Gracious, it is 8:00 P. M.—time for all babies to get ready for bed. This is how all Baby Birthday Parties end, even in the dormitory.

CHARLOTTE HURTT, Soph. 2.

### Faculty Reception

Faculty reception! What a shudder those two little words sent through me. A reception, I thought, would be bad enough, but a faculty reception would be an unholy nightmare. In my mind's eye I could see a long line of dignified teachers, to each of whom I must pay my respects. Could I run that gauntlet? Could I stand under the scrutiny of those eyes? And why must the affair take place directly after school? Did they not know that one cannot look one's best after a gruelling day at college? I was certain that the reception was being held for the express purpose of allowing the faculty to mentally evaluate us. I was also certain that under no conditions could I measure up to their standards. With these unpleasant thoughts running through my mind I turned my footsteps reluctantly toward Richmond Hall.

Slowly but surely I descended the steps into the foyer to be greeted not by an ogre, but by the pleasant smile and firm handshake of Dr. Tall. Why this was fun! Everyone had something cordial to say to me and not once did any one of the faculty look askance at my disheveled school day appearance. Within the room prevailed a spirit of good fellowship and fun. I left the reception with a feeling of appreciation for the kindness the faculty had shown in giving the freshmen such a hearty welcome.

SAVILLA COGSWELL, Fr. 1.

### Step Hop

In gym classes the girls are taught several step-patterns for folk dances, such as the step-hop and the step-close-step-step, but one which was in very popular use in the auditorium on October 9th I'm sure has never been taught in these classes,—the step-bump-step-shove tangle. If the weather is fair and warm the step is most popular but if it's cloudy with probable showers the step isn't nearly as evident. On this particular date, however, the weather made no difference. The second condition which affects the prominence of the tangle is the presence of the alumni, especially the youngest. To add interest and variety they dash from one side of the room to the other in the middle of the pattern to greet an old schoolmate or former confidant. A movement in the new pattern not quite as complicated is to turn, leave your partner stranded and enter the classmate huddle in the center of the floor. This step seems to be quite universal and had so many variations that perhaps if we learned it more systematically we would have more chance to see the shining new clothes of the beginning teachers, hear more astounding gossip, and ap-

preciate more fully the decorations of the hardworking committee. Did you know that the fourteen sea-horses galloping around the walls on October ninth were wearing bachelor caps to represent each of the fourteen Seniors? No, the step-bump-step-shove tangle was too evident.

R. HUNTER, Sr.

## The Art Of Picnicking

We would like to inform the poetic Mr. Beam that Freshmen are not the only ones who "around the glen do prance." Sophomore two tried their hand at it on a recent Tuesday and turned out to be good girl scouts.

The hour was set for four when twenty girls (including Scout Mistress Weyforth) invaded the solitary haunts of the glen. Aviation maneuvers soon appeared to be in progress for the lodge was obliterated in a smoke screen through which drifted the excited laughter of would be woodsmen. With much fanning and more chatter the fire was persuaded to blaze brightly and the smoke quitted the shelter. Then came the inevitable high point of any picnic—food! There was Cole slaw, candy, doughnuts, and iced tea—what, no hot dogs! Well, we hate to admit it but those charred looking oblongs emerging from the fire were once respectable frankfurters.

And what about the leader of this escapade into the wilds? Her form could barely be discerned through the fog of smoke which completely enveloped her and the fireplace. But one could see that she appeared quite elated, for from the flames she brought the reward of her arduous labor, the pride of her stomach—beefsteak!

When the last ember of our friendly fire died away, the noisy glen was forsaken for the quiet of a street car and the curtain fell on a red letter day for Sophomore two.

B. COURTNEY, Soph. 2.

## Reunion

Suddenly about forty or more people pushed through the revolving doors and filed back to choose buckwheat cakes, toast, or anything which they thought would appease that little god, Hunger. Still in line they carried their selections to a special balcony. After the appetite of the god was satisfied various members related their experiences of the past two months. Experiences they were sure lacked all teaching techniques proved to be very valuable and promising when discussed later by faculty advisers who were present. Each person was enthusiastic and interested in his work even though he wasn't sure he was really teaching. Then to recall experiences common to all, the group stood and sang "Annie Laurie," "Our Class", and "Alma Mater" (to the delighted, ap-

preciative and unexpected audience below). This was the Reunion Breakfast of the Class of '36 at the Oriole Cafeteria on October 24. What will be our stories next year? Maybe we will be mature enough for the cafeteria management to call us Teachers College instead of Normal School when we meet there next year and all the following years.

RUTH HUNTER, Sr.

## Alumni

On Friday evening—October sixteenth, the Anne Arundel County Unit of the Maryland State Teachers College met at the home of Mrs. Alexander W. Andrews at Shady Side. Faithful to its Alma Mater, the unit pledged contributions of quite a tidy sum. Our own Miss Scarborough and Miss Tansil brought greetings and important statistical facts from Teachers College to the group.

To top off an enjoyable meeting came a "Surprise Supper" and entertainment.

The unit will hold its next meeting during the spring season at Glenburnie in the home of Mrs. Clarence E. Eason.

ETHEL COLE, Secretary.

The members of the Parent Teachers Association of the Westchester Consolidated School commended by letter the work of Miss Frances Louise Jones who has rendered invaluable service to the Mary V. Kavanaugh Library of the school. The professional training received at the State Teachers College has enabled Miss Jones to reorganize this library under the Dewey Decimal System, and to greatly increase its efficiency thereby.

## Chi Alpha Sigma Luncheon

The Chi Alpha Sigma luncheon was held at the Longfellow Hotel on Saturday, October 24. There were forty-four members present at this luncheon four of whom were welcome as new members. These were Miss Hill, Miss Logan, Miss Kestner, and Miss Grogan. Miss Scott, Miss Joslin, and Mr. Mosher were also introduced as new members of the Senate, it being Miss Scott's and Miss Joslin first meeting with the Fraternity.

Following a luncheon Dr. Ivan E. McDougale of Goucher gave us an interesting and entertaining address which he entitled "Political Paradoxes". Dr. McDougale told us before beginning that at the end of his talk we might not know for whom he was going to vote but at least we would know for whom he was not going to vote, and he left no doubt in our minds about it.

Dr. McDougale's speech was followed by a very short business meeting after which we left with both mind and body pleasantly filled.

L. KEMP, Sr.

## Ho-hum

Seen in 223

A Junior boy, who is cut by Freshman girls still seems to be satisfied with a Senior.—The Freshmen are making a hit. Red hair and green eyes are an asset.—Good tactics are found in handshaking your boss.—Clapping from kibitzers is getting to be quite the thing.—It isn't a new step but it's known as pushing the truck around.—Breaking up a great romance means nothing to the current "cutters".—Oh Joy (ce), Mr. Bennett!—Has Pewee gone French on us?

Heard in faculty hobnobbing

Art Department—"How I hate that administrative strut!"

Geography Department—(On viewing cartograms of sheep drawn by Seniors). "Don't pull the wool over their eyes, get it around the legs."

English Department—"Don't be a 2x4 school teacher."

Education Department—"Did you go to the short men's meeting, Mr. Nolte?"

At Random

We suggest for Miss Munn, now that fly season is over, a moth bag for her swatter.—Montebello visitors find walking from the first fare most healthful at 11:40 on Wednesday.—Dot has "Eds" trouble.—Muriel Jones believes in alliteration of names. Here's a new one—Harvey Hamlet.—Mrs. Brouwer, describing the picture "American Gothic", "an austere Mid-western farmer—", Senior—"Landon."

In the dorm

How would you like to get roses sent to you in the middle of the week as a Junior did?—Miss Shank sees profit in associating with Fourth Year Seniors of last year.—Do you find safety in numbers, Frank?—Windy should take up archery.—Who is the new male charmer with the *faintly* Southern accent?—Mary is adding to her dancing class steadily.—Why are Thanksgiving holidays so popular? To Miss Firey and others?—You know you shouldn't keep such late hours, Becky.

Amendments

Then there was the girl who forgot her doorkey. The fond rescuer who climbed into the window was greeted as a burglar by a shotgun.—A certain pianist probably wishes that she were twins so that she could dance and play at the same time.—Going out to dinner in the middle of the week with two boys is quite the thing in the dorm.—How do you like the new accompaniment that Mr. Haslup has.—She is going to be married, Mr. Greenfield. But Mr. Greenfield forgets too easily.—The many standing friendships in Junior 4 please us.



## Assembly

On October 12, Miss Inez Johnson, formerly a teacher in the Baltimore Teacher-Training School and now a supervisor in West Orange, New Jersey, spoke to the college. Miss Johnson has traveled extensively, but because her time for speaking was limited, she could describe only a few interesting spots in New Zealand and in Alaska. She said that one of the most spectacular sights in New Zealand is the glow worm cave, the only one of its kind in the world. Upon the roof of this cave are millions of tiny lights that glimmer and shine like brilliant stars set off by a background of black sky. Another unique spot on this same island is the thermal belt, in which boiling water lies, immediately under the surface of the earth. It is the custom of the natives to cook food in the hot water which rises in a hole dug in the yard.

In Alaska, Miss Johnson traveled to the edge of the Arctic Circle to view the midnight sun. It is impossible to imagine a more gorgeous and inspiring sight, she said. The sun, a glowing ball of light, rises against a background of sky brilliant with color.

Miss Johnson has found that in her many travels her acquaintance with various races of people has helped her greatly in understanding the countries to which these people belong.

S. STRUMSKY.

Miss Mary E. W. Risteau, State Senator from Harford County and a member of the State Board of Education, spoke to the assembly of the voter and his responsibilities. The one power of the individual is his vote. It is his duty to use it to the greatest advantage for his people. Legislation is influenced by public opinion; therefore, do your part to formulate public opinion for the best possible good.



## —And As For Music

A complete new set of songs constitutes the program at the Monday rehearsals, last year songs being sung only at intervals as entertainment. If suitable arrangements can be made, the initial engagement of the season will be at Annapolis on Tuesday, December 8. A bus trip and song recital all on one night make a most enjoyable combination.

Freshman Mothers' Week End will soon be upon us, so let's turn our attention toward it. The Glee Club members and the faculty will entertain freshmen parents on the afternoon of Saturday, November the 14th. In the evening, the freshmen members of the group will display their talent in the following numbers:

Chorus:—"Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"—by Bach

"On the Levee"—American Folk Tune

Men's Chorus—"3 for Jack"—by W. H. Squire

Girl's Chorus—"Lauterback"—German Folk Tune

Men's Quartet—To be announced

Paul Massicott, Fr. 4; Basil Burton, Fr. 7;

Evans Robinson, Fr. 3; Norris Weis, Fr. 4.

Girls' Trio—"Minuet"—by Beethoven

Yvonne Belt, Fr. 9; Sarah Hapburn, Fr. 3; Mary Brashears, Fr. 9.

Solos by—Maratha Norris, Fr. 5; Evelyn Medicus, Fr. 1; Dorothy

Merryman, Fr. 9; Marie Washkevich, Fr. 6.

Duet by—Eunice Gore, Fr. 8; Virginia Sperlein, Fr. 6.

## Instrumental Notes

The most important immediate work confronting the orchestra, aside from its regular schedule, is preparation for its four assemblies and for Freshman Mother's Week-End.

Freshman Mother's week-end is an annual event for the orchestra. We are in the balcony on Saturday evening to play during the dinner (our meal is earlier—but most of us think we are still hungry when we see the guests enjoying their dinner). This year we plan to present several solos and small-group selections as well as the entire orchestra. Yours truly will play one (a solo) if he can get enough nerve (. . . you know, that balcony is pretty high from the ground). The program that we present at this Week-End performance is one that the orchestra likes, and we hope the guests will enjoy it, too. The reception which is held at Richmond Hall in the afternoon will also have a representative from the orchestra in the person of Mr. Baker, who will play a violin solo.

You, perhaps will remember from my last article that I mentioned the formation of smaller instrumental groups within the orchestra. They are

under way now. Duets, quartets will all have a chance to perform—some of these at the first assembly, which is practically around the corner of the calendar. The numbers played by the entire orchestra on this program, we think, will provide an opportunity for the audience to hear the tone quality of our individual instruments, and the part each plays in building the entire ensemble. Take, for example, the third movement of the Western World Symphony, in which the melody is tossed back and forth between different choirs of the orchestra—but soon I shall be telling you too much—you'll have to wait for the assembly for the rest of it.

Monday assemblies will find the orchestra doing its part to welcome the week. Mr. Baker will on November 2, and other members at later dates.

This about concludes the present music notes. You'll be listening for us.

H. GOLDSTEIN, Jr. 4.



## The Te Pa Chi Meeting

"Teaching the 3 R's Today" was presented in a novel way by the faculty of the Campus School at the first Parent Teachers meeting of the year. The faculty requested the parents to sit in on a round table discussion comparable to those held at faculty meetings.

The parents perceived how the recognizing of phrases in the first grade becomes Reading, reading with expression through the middle grades to a wide range of outside reading from choice not coercion, in the upper grades.

In the same manner large movements with chalk on the blackboard in the first grades appear in smaller form on paper, are refined until a more adult specimen of writing is evidenced in the upper grades. Of course hand in hand with "Riting" the ability to have a story or letter worth writing is stimulated. Stacks of intriguing books were displayed and accounts of trips were given to show the wealth of material the child has for arousing his creative ability.

"Rithmetic" cannot fail to be interesting in the Campus school with a background of experience. From pennies for milk and charity, to fascinating projects resulting from the child's own needs he is led to solve true-to-life problems.

The parents evidenced intense interest. Many who have belonged to the Te Pa Chi for years report that the meeting was one of the best held.

MORJORIE MINNEGAN.



## Sports Angle

Coach Minnegan has his charges clicking in fine style these days. The team as a whole is thinking clearly, passing accurately and playing a heads-up brand of soccer. The outstanding factor, however, in the success of the Towsonites so far this season, has been team work, the basic essential of any winning combination.

Our first major opponent was Western Maryland, represented by a team of veterans from last year's wars with the state championship supposedly "sewed up". But our boys ripped that seam wide open and when the smoke of battle had cleared, Towson was on the long end of a 4 to 1 score.

Salisbury was next encountered in a home game and once again the White and Gold came through with flying colors. There were few scoring opportunities in this set-to but we managed to convert three of these into goals while the Eastern Shore contingent was successful in scoring but once.

The return game at Salisbury was a rough and tumble affair which tested the endurance and pluck of our booters. They proved themselves equal to the occasion and at the final whistle the score read: Towson, 3; Salisbury, 2.

Home and away games remain with Hopkins and Maryland. Both are strong teams and Towson will be forced to continue playing smart soccer if it wishes to keep its record clean.

F. A. C.

## Towson vs. Western Maryland

There was no announcement of the familiar "rain no game" on Friday. We had rain, plenty of it, and we had a game. A few bedraggled spectators, most of whom had no umbrellas, stood on the edge of the muddy field in the deluge to cheer Towson to victory.

Before the players had been sliding around in the mud for many minutes, Western Maryland made a goal. This looked very bad for Tow-

son, but the home team rallied and worked its way down the field to its opponent's goal. Although Western Maryland fought hard and made many brilliant plays, the Towson boys managed to check them. They ended the wet and muddy battle with a four to one score in our favor.

Someone (he seemed to consider himself an authority) said the boys played better in rain and a muddy field. If that's the case, we should make some arrangements with the weather man. No doubt we poor spectators will all suffer with colds, but a game like the one on Friday would be worth the price. Here's hoping the soccer season continues so successfully.

RUTH KAUFFMAN, Fr. 1.



## Elementary School News

Did you know:—

That a series of grade meetings conducted by the mothers of the children in the Campus School was being held.

That there has been a series of Science assemblies. First, Dr. Tall on Travel; second, first and second grades on squirrels and fall flowers; third, Snakes by Mr. Palmer of Baltimore City College; fourth, a science discussion by the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th grades.

That the Campus School was open for inspection on Friday October twenty-third, for teachers attending the State Teachers Meeting.

That the P. T. A. had provided money for an outdoor anti-freeze fountain at the North entrance.

That a running track was being built for the children of the Elementary School.

That an Art Exhibit from the Baltimore Art Museum had been in the Campus School.

That a census was being taken.

That Miss Brown had brought in a chipmunk for the children.

That in examining six first grade children, four were found to be left-handed.

That Dr. Hunter, instructor in Health and Science at Clairmont College, California had visited the Campus School.

That most of the Faculty took the week-end trip over the Sky Line Drive.

That a Christmas Card Party is being planned by the P. T. A. for Tuesday, December eleventh. It promises to be real fun—don't miss it.

LARUE KEMP, Sr.

It Pays to Stop  
at the

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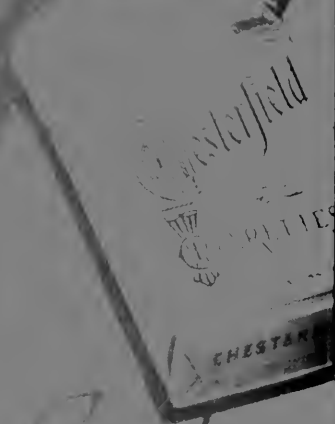
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What a  
man!

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# TOWER LIGHT



# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

# C O N T E N T S



*Cover Design* .....GEORGE HORN

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

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## A Toast

Here's to Christmas!

Each December brings us a new college celebration to add to our memories of past joyous yuletides. We remember vividly the "Old English Christmas" of last year. We recall our high timbered halls transformed into the Baron's Castle, and the dinner with its flaming plum pudding and great peacock pie. We hear again the merriment of the entertainment given by the tumblers, wayfarers, minstrels, and dancing bears for the pleasure of the Baron and his Lady.

The 1934 commemoration is remembered for its beauty and simplicity. We see again the frosted evergreen with the bright star above it. We catch the fragrance of the spruce and holly which decorated our walls. The play "The Shoemaker and the Christ Child", the children's carols, the choral singing of our favorite Christmas songs linger.

We have a lasting impression of "Everywhere Christmas Tonight" as told to us in music several years ago. Nor shall we soon forget the Nativity pageant as presented for us by the little children.

Our college Christmases are blended in memory with the sincere spirit of love and goodwill into one Noel! Here's to Christmas.

E. K. CRABTREE.



## Santa, 1936

I've always loved Christmas time. I counted the days one by one until I could hang up my stocking by the fireplace and be put to bed full of visions of the mystifyingly imminent visit of Santa. After threats made by busy parents of the possibility of Santa skipping me if I were not asleep, sheer exhaustion conquered. This annual procedure went on until some sadist with great superiority told my inquisitive self that the whole thing was a myth. That was the day the tinsel lost its glitter. With each succeeding year Santa's suit faded more and more; his beard slipped and I saw back of it. Reindeer lived,—at the zoo. And thus Christmas became the happy exchange of gifts, preplexing greeting cards and the usual Christmas entertainment at school which resembled a sort of rash or rose fever that ran its course.

But Santa has come to me again. His suit is a fiery red trimmed in the whitest fur; his boots are immaculate; and his snowy beard literally waves in the crisp winter air. His jolliness infects me; the real spirit of Christmas is upon me. My little friends in the classroom have brought him back to me. Their precious secrets told to me in confidence, their sheer joy at the approaching season where love is dominant, has shown me a new faith in a Santa who is real once again.

Truly the angel spoke, "Good will toward men."

MARY STEWART LEWIS,  
*Tower Light* Editor—1934-1935.



## The Curative Magic of Music

I HAVE tasted the power of music. I have partaken of the sweetness and peace which is the realm of song. I have drunk deeply the draught of loveliness and felt myself a part of the great brotherhood of man.

Many opportunities have offered themselves that I might realize the force of melody. Once I was a member of a group which sang on Christmas Eve in one of the sanatoriums of our state. The snow had graciously fallen—to lend a traditional touch. Our boisterous group was lead into a small chapel where the altar was being laid for a simple Christmas service to be held in the morning. The room adjoined a long ward where many patients lay restless at the sound of energetic and care-free youth without. A selection began, quavering at first and then swelling with renewed confidence as we sang the age old songs of Christmas-tide. Quiet descended upon the invalids. Their hacking coughs were

stilled as if by magical touch. There was an understanding silence, and then our audience clapped heartily and requested more. Tears were shed that night and many thoughts went winging back to other Christmases long past. The final number was sung outdoors before a great lighted tree. The strains of "Silent Night" drifted over the quiet air. Faces pressed against the windows bespoke earnest thanks.

Last year a small group with whom I go caroling wended its usual way through lightly fallen snow. We sang beneath our friends' windows and merrily tramped in to receive waiting refreshment. Homebound we stopped without the doorway of one of the less neighborly members of our small community. Apprehensively we began the refrain of "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen". In time a window shade was raised and a grim face appeared. We continued haltingly, expecting to be ordered off. Soon the window was raised and a listener sat beside it. When our song was over he smiled and called out the ever cheery greeting, "Merry Christmas".

In community singing groups a motley crowd assembles. Some have come from homes of trial and struggle, some from those of bitterness and disagreement. The music begins, the leader rises, and the first carol is sung. Young voices shout lustily, old voices quaver joyously, and all are intimately bound by an unequalled fineness of spirit. One and all we sing "All is calm, all is bright".

M. C.



## Christmas and Music

What is Christmas without music? This very biased writer defines such a sad state of affairs as an ornamented tree, a guarded interchange of presents, and a subsequent deliberation on how much the giver has spent on the receiver. The first and second of these three are merely formalities; the third, simply human nature a little warped. What do any of them mean without the spirit that should lie behind Christmas thought and act, giving it life and warmth?

Our editor, herself, admits that she gets into the mood to write Christmas editorials by imbibing a few snatches of Christmas carols.

It is most fortunate that, while Christmas music is unified in spirit, it is varied in scope. Why? Through this diversity it can reach the heart of everybody. The man with the Ph.D. in music will expand to the strains of the cantata "Bethlehem"; the ragged newsboy will glow to "Silent Night"; the German grocer, humming "O Tannenbaum", will allow his scales to tip slightly in favor of his customer. Then there are the carolers who tramp the streets cheering with their singing

those few who pine. They are probably the only traveling singers who never run the risk of having their ardor dampened by missiles hurled by unsympathetic listeners. Suppose their singing does *not* happen to be just so? The spirit of Christmas is there; so such sharp criticism is leniently withheld. I cannot conceive of an uncaroled Christmas. It would be a well-bound book without words; a beautiful car without fuel; a fire with neither glow nor warmth. *It just would not be Christmas!*

EDW. MACCUBBIN, '35, '36.



## The Tale of a Modern Mariner

### A Christmas Idyll

CHRISTMAS—and no job. Maybe the meaning of that little sentence doesn't sink in. It means no home, no bed, no clothes, no baths, no food, no friends, no love—but it is enough to mention just the physical inconveniences. You see, I am a sailor. I'm pretty hot stuff when both feet are on a deck, but when I'm on land I'm just a poor fish out of water.

This is the third strike I've been through, and I've got pretty near a mouth full. I was in the fracas at 'Frisco several years ago; later I was in the one down in 'Orleans when the longshoremen were trying to get themselves a break; and now here I am helping these east coast boys get the same advantages that were won over on the west coast.

It's a rotten shame we have to strike to get the things which you people on shore take for granted. It's hard on the ship owners because they lose money. Of course, they've got it to lose and they're willing to lose millions before they'll give a nickel to the seamen. Nevertheless, they're not enjoying the sight of their money flying away. Then it's hard on the public. When the experienced men refuse to work, the ships are usually manned by incompetents and "bar room sailors" whose very presence in positions of responsibility is a menace to the safety of the ship and to the lives of the passengers. But the strike is hardest of all on us. When we get off a ship we have no home, and within a week or so, no money. (A sailor is a millionaire as long as he has five dollars, and then he is broke.) Take my own case, for instance. After the first week of the strike I had to hock my overcoat for six dollars. (It was fairly warm then, and we were all certain the strike wouldn't last long.) Next, I soaked my tools and then my suitcase. By the third week I had sold everything I owned and I was still seven days behind



on my room rent. Since the orders were no more credit to striking seamen, I soon found my other shirt and sweater outside the door. Now I am flopping with about a thousand other men in the nine room house which is the strike headquarters. By displaying my picket card in the mess room upstairs, get one meal a day—mulligan, bread and coffee. Thus fortified, I spend eight chilling hours in the picket line showing anyone who's interested that we are still on the job.

Why do I do it? There are two reasons. One is I'm convinced that the seaman must better his lot. No one had to tell me this. I've lived in the crowded holes which serve as living quarters; I've seen men struggle to support a family; and I've worked thirteen hours a day including Sundays for six months at a stretch with no time off except two days when, by way of relaxation and diversion, I got gloriously drunk. My second reason for striking is that it is unhealthy not to strike. When seamen leave a ship in order to uphold a principle, they resent it when others fill the vacancies they have created. They resent it because the scabs who take their jobs also dull the effectiveness of their only instrument for impressing their point of view upon the ship owners.

Christmas—and no job. Well, I'm not complaining. In this world you have to fight for everything you get, and I'm game as the next one. I am a little worried, though. You see I've got a weak ticker and I need medicine . . . Pills . . . A dollar and a half's worth lasts a month but a dollar and a half is a lot of money when you have none. Even so I'm luckier than a lot of the men. I have no family—that is, none that all this makes any difference to. Yes, I have two children, but they are grown up, now. My son works in a bank in Oregon. He's doing so well he doesn't know his father any more, and if that's the way he wants it, it's ok by me. My daughter is married and has a fine son. Whenever I have money, I send her ten dollars, but she doesn't need it because she has a good husband. The mother of the children died years ago, and a wonderful woman she was . . . Too good for me . . . I did not draw a sober breath for one solid month after her death. . . . At last I got over it, and then, like the old fool that I am, I married again. That's why I went to sea. Well, the old Battle Axe hasn't caught up with me yet, and, by thunder, I aim to keep at least one jump ahead of her as long as there is a kick in me. So. . . Merry Christmas, buddy, and . . . a happy New Year.

WILLIAM F. PODLICH. JR.



If an artist were to paint a picture of a person skating, we suppose it would require a great many sittings.

## The Christmas Tree

THE use of the Christmas Tree goes back to ancient customs, its origin is shrouded in legends and mythology.

A Scandinavian myth of great antiquity speaks of a Service Tree sprung from the blood drenched soil where two lovers had been killed by violence. At certain nights during the Christmas season mysterious lights which no wind could extinguish were seen flaring in its branches.

The French have a story of a romance of the thirteenth century in which the hero finds a gigantic tree whose branches are covered with burning candles, some standing erect, others upside down, while on the top of the tree was a vision of a child with a halo around his curly head. The Bishop of Rome at that time explained that the tree stood for mankind; the child the Savior; and the candles good and evil spirits.

An ancient legend of unknown origin records that on the night when Christ was born, three trees—an olive tree, a date palm, and a pine tree stood about the manger. To honor the new born king the olive tree gave its fruit and the palm its dates as an offering, but the pine tree had nothing to give. Some stars seeing this gently descended from the heavens and rested themselves upon the branches; so this little pine tree has often been given credit for being the first Christmas Tree.

The Germans have many legends. One tells of a poor wood cutter who lived in the middle of a great forest many, many years ago. He had a little daughter named Annis who was very fond of all woodland creatures, and they in turn knew and loved her well. Every evening, all thru the winter, Annis would hang a little lantern with a candle in it on the small fir tree that grew just inside the garden gate. Her father could see it as he came home through the trees.

On Christmas Eve he went to work as usual. That day the snow began and all the afternoon it fell in great soft flakes. The wood cutter worked hard in the fading light. It was quite dark by the time he had finished. He found, when he started off for home, that he had lost his way. Suddenly he saw a light ahead of him on one of the fir trees, but when he came near he found that it was not the fir tree in his own garden but an ordinary forest tree. The little lights twinkled and glittered on its branches, burning brightly and steadily in spite of falling snow. The wood cutter rubbed his eyes. Then he crossed himself. "If this be wicked magic," he thought, "it will now disappear." But the lights burned more brightly than ever. Then as he looked about he saw in the distance another tree lit up in the same way. Then he understood. "It is the fairies helping me," he said, and trudged off cheerily in the direction of the second tree. When he looked back, the first one had

already grown dark again, but when he looked ahead a third was shining to show him the way. Thus he went from tree to tree guided safely home to Annis's little lantern in his own garden. Always after that on Christmas he put lights on a little fir tree in memory of the time when the fairies saved him from being lost in the forest.

Henry Van Dyke explains the origin of the tree in his story of St. Winfred who while traveling through the woods of North Germany came upon a group of Teutons at the foot of a mighty oak, about to sacrifice the favorite Prince to the God Thor. St. Winfred struck the uplifted hammer from the priest's hand with such a force that the sacred tree fell backward and split asunder. Just behind it, and unharmed by the ruin stood a young fir tree pointing its green spire towards the stars. Winfred said, "This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are of wood. It is the sign of endless life, for its leaves are ever green. It points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ Child. Gather round it in your homes. There it will shelter no deeds of blood, but bring gifts and rites of kindness."

Although legends of the Christmas tree are numerous it is difficult to establish the historical origin. We do know, however, that by the sixteenth century it was an accepted institution. During the Middle Ages it suddenly appeared in Strasburg. A manuscript of 1608 describes the tree as a feature of the Christmas season. For two hundred years the custom maintained itself along the Rhine, then suddenly it spread all over Germany. Early in the nineteenth century Princess Helene of Mecklenburg brought it to Paris. The marriage in 1840 of Queen Victoria to a German Prince led to its introduction into England, although a Christmas Tree, something like it, is known to have played an important part in a Christmas pageant given in honor of Henry VIII. During the nineteenth century, German emigrants brought the custom to America, where in a very short time it became an established celebration.

HARRIET A. BADER.



Dr. Crabtree (explaining tenses)—"If I said 'I had a car,' that would be past tense."

Mr. Nolte, if I said 'your father has a car,' what tense would that be?"

Mr. Nolte—"Pretense."

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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Grossbothen, Germany

December, 1936

Dear Sara:

Many thanks for your kind letter. It makes me so happy that you want to know about my Christmas.

Christmas is the most beautiful feast in Germany. Weeks ahead we make Christmas boxes for friends and parents, and clothes for poor children.

When Christmas Eve comes we adorn a fir with candles and Sometta. At six o'clock we go to church and I always try to get a sprig of church holly, for we regard it as a charm against lightning. Arriving home we eat a supper of herring salad. Then my parents go into the Christmas room and light the candles of our tree; Father rings the bell and I run into the room.

First we sing Christmas songs, "Frohlich soll Mein Herze sprigen"—in English "All my Heart this Night Rejoices". But I'm particularly fond of singing that beautiful old hymn, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht". Presently I see gifts on the table so I give the Christmas boxes to my parents. Mother always bakes so many good things at Christmas time. My but I wish I could enclose a slice of Stollen, our Christmas cake! This year I helped Mother make lebkuchen (glazed hearts and figures of honey cake, decorated with greetings in white icing), round, hard, spicy cakes called pfefferkuchen, and marzipon, the almond paste which comes in so many fascinating shapes. Do you make such goodies in your country?

At Christmas time the little children are so happy! Some days before Christmas Santa Claus comes and asks if the children are good. If they are good, Santa will leave apples, nuts, and gingerbread in a wooden shoe. If the children have been naughty faggots will be found in the shoe; the recipient understands that Santa's verdict is "Not deserving". But he will probably find a concealed packet of bonbons in the shoe later. I wish I had some small sister or brother with whom to share my Christmas fun.

At Munich my cousins visir the cemetery on Christmas Eve and the graves of my relatives are decked with holly, mistletoe, and sometimes a little tree with gleaming lights.

I promised to help Mother with the chores and she is calling. Give regards to your family and may you have a "Frohliche Weihnachten".

Your friend,

ILSE

SARA SNYDER, Fr. 8.

## Lone Star Christmas

The mild air carries the scent of freshly cut mountain cedar and the aroma of recent sweet and spicy bakings. Too, you can hear children's voices joyously singing and laughing. From all directions, varied in intensity, come the popping and crackling of firecrackers. You can surmise with your eyes shut that it is Christmas Eve in this little south-central Texas city. With the opening of the eyes any remaining doubt of the season vanishes. For there on the central plaza is a huge cedar, looking more like a framework for bits of rainbows than a tree. This kaleidoscopic form is the "Community Tree", where underprivileged children may receive gifts.

Looking at the business houses surrounding the wide square and down the main streets leading to it, you see evidences of competition as to who can display the most pleasing Holiday decorations. Santa Claus' jolly paper image and artificial snow are in abundance; on the side-walks, in the show-windows, on the projecting first-story roofs, are Christmas trees of all sizes and degrees of blazing elaboration.

Among the attractive one-story homes comprising a residential section are further Yuletide indications. On many of the lawns about the homes are planted evergreens, whose illuminating adornments now quite outdo the palms and still-blooming roses. From almost every window comes warm light, if only that of an electric candle; through one window, surely, can be seen the vari-hued glow of a tinsel-glistening tree. If you look closely you may see gay gift-wrappings strewn about, with perhaps a few promising packages still under the tree, awaiting their undoing. And of course, there are the happy family groups.

Soon Christmas Eve will be over; and during the clear starry night there will be dreams of tomorrow's church-going, tomorrow's feasting, tomorrow's friendly Christmas Day joy.

EVELYN A. FIEDLER, Fr. 4.



## Toys

Pause with me before the toyshop window of history. Toys have existed through the ages. Wherever there has been a little girl, there was a doll—even though it were a rude bough or a cut corn cob. Toys have been found in Egyptian tombs, ruins of Pompeii, and in early Christian graves; rattles, hoops, tops, dolls and their furniture. In the Middle Ages the vendors of toys were mercers and haberdashers. France took a leading part in toy-making in the eighteenth century, when artistic skill was spreading.

Today the manufacturing of toys has become a highly organized industry on mass production lines rather than a handicraft. The mechanical toys of today are often exact reproductions of the latest scientific inventions. We have added to the toy railway the toy motor-car and aeroplane. The modern doll is more attractive and realistic than any by which our great grand mothers were amused. The art of building can be pursued with much more elaborate materials than bricks; materials made famous by the name Meccano. Modern children enjoy a wealth of toys unknown to the youth of the past.

M. C.



## Do You Know The Mistletoe?

Romance beckons from beneath the mistletoe; the romance of a hastily snatched kiss for all who venture, the romance of the dim and distant past. The power of mistletoe is not confined to the lure of a tempting mouth, but is deep rooted in Britain and Scandinavian myth.

In Scandinavian mythology the death of Balder was attributed to mistletoe. Balder's only enemy was Loki, and he somehow visioned that his rival would one day better him. He confided the presentment of death to his mother, Freyja. In anxiety for his safety she extracted an oath from all created things that they would do him no harm; yet she overlooked the mistletoe. Loki learned of this exception and with a dart made from the fateful parasite and the aid of his brother, Hader, accomplished the destruction of Balder. It is a long story of how the mistletoe was afterwards redeemed by Freyja, but from sorrow she brought victory; from hatred and discord, friendship, and love. Therefore it has become the emblem of love.

The custom of kissing under the mistletoe is English. At the time of the Druids if two sworn enemies met by accident under the mistletoe, they were forced to lay down arms and stay together in friendship until the following day.

If one steps beneath the mistletoe this year he will not be an unintentional sinner. Perhaps it will be to preserve tradition?

M. C.

## The Charmer

Expertly she raises long blonde eyelashes and views him through soft gray eyes. These eyes are expressive: they stare calculatingly at people, or glare at a sudden offender. Just now they are limpid, and petal-like in texture. She wonders how anyone could resist the appeal of such rehearsed glamour. She tunes her smile to the wave length of his humor and turns her charm on full blast. As they glide rhythmically over the floor she alternately rests her head beneath his chin, or views him from afar with an interested and sympathetic manner. The wisdom of women of all ages is aglow in her face. A sudden radiant glance causes her partner to gulp and then take on fresh courage. She knows that he is marveling at her freshness of spirit and her subtlety of wit. "Poor sap," she thinks, "What a gullible subject you turned out to be!"

M. C.



## Possession

It was April when we met,  
Not for the first time,  
For we had long spoke as friends:  
But somehow there was another you!  
We bought daffodils, naive and new as our love.  
Living was ecstasy enough.

Spring into summer sped  
And with it blossomed new-found bonds,  
Things half dared, half said,  
But not spoken,  
Made light of time.

Not spoken, but better so,  
For having left my lips,  
Once said, they be lost forever—  
Ephemeral nothings lost in nothingness.  
On the granite of my mind they remain  
Indelible,  
Ineffable, absolute possession.

## Christmas in England

THE mention of Christmas naturally brings thoughts of Merry England and the writer who immortalized the old fashioned Yule. Although elaborate preparations have been abandoned, the spirit of Christmas remains.

Many of England's medieval castles are still inhabited, and when Christmas comes, the lord of the castle makes merry in traditional style. The Yule log, of oak or beech, is brought in and lit. It burns in the great fireplace for many days, bringing happiness and good luck to the home.

While the gentry make merry their servants are not forgotten. The lord and lady go to the servants' quarters and sponsor a ball; soon they leave the servants alone to enjoy without restraint the food, drink, and music. Tenant farmers who live on the estate receive invitations to the festivities and a bountiful supply of food for their families. Dawn is greeted with joyous music. Chimes proclaim the natal day of the Holy Child. Laughter and singing and goodwill pervade the country.

The British people are a singing people; to the Welsh, music is life itself. Waits brave the cold to serenade the city with lovely carols that are peculiarly English. The singers know that many people will invite them into their homes to share candy, nuts, ale, and pudding.

Plum pudding is an institution: pudding that has been mellowing for a year; golden pudding over which brandy has been poured and burned; steaming pudding topped with a gay sprig of holly. How anxious is the mistress until this dish of honor is safe on the table; how elated is she as the rich, fruity dish quickly disappears.

With such associations it is not surprising that it was an English noble who first conceived the idea of greeting cards and started a custom that has become universal.

The simple beauty of Christmas music and folklore binds the whole British Empire closer together and gives the people new strength for the future. Christmas is a time when strangers greet each other on the street with cheery smiles; a season when everyone loves his enemy. It is the one time when Englishmen forget their traditional reserve and join Tiny Tim in the fervent prayer, "God bless us, everyone."

M. McBRIDE, Sr.



Student, (being arrested)—"But officer, I'm a student."  
Officer—"Ignorance is no excuse."



## A Walk in the Snow

IT was the deadly feeling of stuffiness and general disgust with the world that drove me out of the house into the open. As the door clicked shut behind me, I stretched my clenched fists out toward the white hills and breathed great gulps of pure, stinging air into my warm lungs.

Stuffing my gloved hands into the sides of my woolen jacket, I threw back my head and started off briskly, kicking aimlessly at every clump of snowfilled grass in my path. The glitter of countless diamonds created by sun-ray and snow crystal blinded my book-tired eyes and forced them half shut.

The comfortable, solid sound of packed snow crunching beneath my weight followed my every footstep as I slipped over an ancient rail-fence and turned into the shadeless woods to enjoy the groping arms of blind, naked trees and cracked layers of snow fluff that had descended in the night. A gray squirrel popped out of a den half way up a colossal beech and chattered companionably to me about the weather.

I trudged on,—the white breath puffing from my nostrils. My way led over the ice-covered brook and trusting my weight on its mirrored surface, I safely crossed to the other side in time to glimpse a muskrat slither stealthily into his home in the bank.

Turning at right angles, I followed the winding bank to a much traveled road and guided my steps regretfully toward home with a new feeling toward life and the world in general.

When I reached my familiar back porch I vigorously shook the sprinkled snow from my jacket and stamped the pressed snow from my feet, re-entering the door to attack my English assignment with new vigor. Such does a brisk walk do for one who has grown dull and spiritless at his work.

E. BEAM, Senior.



## Head Hunters

In the past few days our newspapers have brought to us pictures and stories relating the experiences some Southerners have had in hunting the boar. I look forward to the time when I shall open my morning paper and find that a posse of brave huntsmen have mounted their steeds and are off in search of that most repulsive animal, the human bore. Fundamentally these two creatures are very much alike, both being hoggish in nature. Of course the distinction lies in the fact that the

former is an animal which we must track down, whereas the latter, peculiarly enough, tracks us down.

Not believing in the signs of the Zodiac I can't lay my misfortune to this bit of mysticism, but there must be some supreme power which has destined me to be dogged by this horrible creature. One pinned me down the other day and, true to its species, hogged every moment we were together. He started off with a dissertation on the ills of the world and true to form concluded speaking about himself—what he has done, what he is doing, and finally what he expects to do. Every statement made was as verbose as a Sunday school teacher's advice on the evils of sin. Passersby must have thought this prolix orator had gone stark mad and was having a debate with himself. The closest I came to a response was a guttural sound which was smothered immediately by an outburst of wisdom from this living bundle of brains. Perhaps it is the way of the world that some of us must suffer for the common good, and so every time I am cornered, I console myself with the altruistic thought that while I am suffering, some more fortunate person cannot be attacked by this creature.

B. NOVEY, SR.



## Christmas Decorations

The perplexing problem of Christmas decorations may easily be solved in Maryland. If one would explore Nature's hoards in the woods of Maryland, he would find pine and hemlock boughs, holly, and mistletoe in abundance.

The shortleaf pine and the eastern hemlock which are identified by the two needles and the compound leaf, respectively, are of the type that may be used to decorate our homes. Their habitat is western Maryland.

The attractive holly and mistletoe of the eastern shore and southern Maryland which grows very slowly should be carefully guarded against exploitation. A small bunch of either placed in some conspicuous place is in itself a thing of beauty. Add to these, partridge berries, ground pine or crow's foot, laurel, the red berries of woodland vines and plants for special nooks. The Maryland home then is a haven of artistic beauty.

Contribution of the Natural History Group.

## The Library - At Your Service

### Gift To The College From The Class Of 1936

Last spring when the Class of 1936 chose to make a gift to the College it was decided that a collection of books for the library would provide a useful and lasting tribute. The funds were appropriated, and the books have now been purchased. The books, listed here, cover many subjects and constitute a valuable collection for the College library.

Blankenship, Russell. American literature as an expression of the national mind. 1931.

Canby, Henry Seidel and Dashiell, Alfred. A study of the short story; revised edition, 1935.

Clark, Austin Hobart. The new evolution; zoogenesis. 1930.

Clark, Victor S. History of manufactures in the United States. 1929.

Durer, Albrecht. The complete woodcuts of Albrecht Durer; edited by Willi Kurth.

Faulkner, Harold Underwood. American economic history; 3d edition. 1935.

Ferguson, Donald Nivison. A history of musical thought. 1935.

Freeman, Douglas Southall. R. E. Lee, a biography. 1934-35.

Friend, Leon and Hefter, Joseph. Graphic design; a library of old and new masters in the graphic arts. 1936.

Greene, Laurence. America goes to press; the news of yesterday. 1936.

Halline, Allan Gates, ed. American plays, selected and edited, with critical introductions and bibliographies. 1935.

Marshak, Ilia I. (M. Ilin, pseud.) Men and mountains; man's victory over nature; translated by Beatrice Kinkead. 1935.

Merriman, R. Bigelow. Rise of the Spanish empire in the old world and in the new. 1936.

Noyes, Alfred. Voltaire. 1936.

Read, Conyers. The Tudors; personalities and practical politics in sixteenth century England. 1936.

Santayana, George. Obiter scripta; lectures, essays and reviews; edited by Justus Buchler and Benjamin Schwartz. 1936.

Seger, John Homer. Early days among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians. 1934.

Sherwood, Malcolm. From forest to furniture; the romance of wood. 1936.

Shorter Oxford English dictionary on historical principles. 2d edition. 1936.

Tallmadge, Thomas E. The story of architecture in America; new, enlarged and revised edition. 1936.

Wagner, Richard. Tannhauser. (score).

Webb, Sidney and Beatrice. Soviet communism; a new civilization? 1936.

Wirth, Fremont Philip. The development of America. 1936.

World atlas; international edition. 1936. (Rand McNally and Co.).

Each volume of the collection will be marked as a gift from the Class of 1936 by a bookplate which has been designed by a member of the class. In order that they may be of maximum service the books will be placed with the other books in the same subject fields on the library shelves.

MARGARET BARKLEY, Librarian.



## Poetry for the Christmas Season

IN every phase of life, in all countries of the world, in all events, poetry has been used as a means of expression. Christmas has also had its influence upon the poets. Our greatest bards have given us some of their most delightful works in poetry for this season.

The following is a collection of poems found in our library. The first group contains titles of poems and the book in which each is found; the second is a group of title books for you to enjoy:

- Schauffler, R. H., *Christmas, Its Origin, Celebration, and Significance*  
 "A Christmas Carol".....James Russell Lowell  
 "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning"....Reginald Weber  
 "A Christmas Lullaby".....John Addington Symonds  
 "Hymn for the Nativity".....Edward Thring  
 Field, Eugene, *Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse*  
 "Christmas Hymn"  
 "Christmas Eve"  
 "Three Kings of Cologne"  
 "Christmase of Olde"  
 "Christmas Morning"  
 "Bethlehem Town"  
 "Star of the East"  
 Gribble, L. R., *A Christmas Treasury*  
 "A Christmas Hymn".....Alfred Dometh  
 "The Palace and the Stable".....Hendrick Van Loon  
 "Mary Mild" .....Christina Rossetti  
 "The Mystic's Christmas".....John Greenleaf Whittier  
 "A Visit From St. Nicholas".....Clement C. Moore

Rossetti, Christina, *Sing-Song*

"A Christmas Carol"

"For My Grandchildren"

"Love Came Down at Christmas"

Father Finn.....*Finn's Carol Book*

Fyleman, Rose.....*Little Christmas Book*

Grahm, Eleanor.....*Welcome Christmas*

Kelleher, D. L.....*An Anthology of Christmas Verse*

Lewis, D. B.....*A Christmas Book*

Hyeth, F. B.....*Fifty Christmas Poems for Children*

Marzo, Eduardo.....*Christmas Carols of All the Nations*

Bibliography collected by

MARGARET ADAMS, Jr. Sp.



## A Compliment to Song

A selected group representing the Glee Club sang for the music department meeting of the State Teachers Association on Friday, October 24. Two musical numbers were offered: "Oh Sweet Content" by Thomas Dekker and "Jeanie, With the Light Brown Hair" by Stephen Foster. Miss Weyforth received a note of appreciation which speaks well for the "Jeanie" group.

"My dear Miss Weyforth:

Congratulations on the perfectly splendid performance of your young people Friday evening!

They have really developed "The art of singing" in its truest sense. It is so satisfying to sit back and relax and hear such lovely music done with perfect balance, flawless diction, intelligent interpretation and complete grasp of moods.

You and your young people can be truly proud of your accomplishment.

Very truly yours,

FRANCES JACKMAN CIVIS,

Supervisor of Music Education.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

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"I wholly disapprove of what you say but will defend to the death  
your right to say it."—Voltaire.

## Why Christmas?

Christmas is in the air. The greatest holiday of the year is upon us and our minds are occupied with the various aspects of the season. Mothers have begun baking cookies. More frequent shopping tours reveal knobby packages which arouse our curiosity in vain, for they are hidden away promptly. Fathers have oiled the tree holders and inspected the strings of multi-colored lights. Young children are drawing pictures and planting narcissus bulbs at school. Older children are hoarding for their gifts. All of these things are material evidences that everyone is aware of the advent of Christmas.

This holiday alone has fully withstood the ravages of time. In childhood there were many "great days" that we looked forward to. Through the years each one lost something of its lustre and became little more than a mark on the calendar. Hallowe'en costumes, valentines, and birthday cakes are forgotten in the course of a week. But something of the Yuletide season is carried over with one all through the year.

In a lifetime the feeling for Christmas varies in intensity and understanding. With children it is the exhilaration that closely approximates hysteria. With the loss of belief in mythical figures there is planted the appreciation of a deeper thing. The responsibility of maturity brings an altruistic desire to share the happiness of others.

We need the holiday of Christmas. The need is not for a mid-winter rest after long tiring days; not for an opportunity to vacation in Florida; not for repaying old scores with a hastily selected gift. The need is for a loss of self in the joys of others.

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." (John 15: 12)

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

M. C.



## The Twentieth Century Christmas

The birth of our Lord, the symbol of peace on earth, good will toward men, love, devotion, and all the other blessings of this life—all seem to be lost in the pages of historical strife. Why is there such mockery? What is the true symbol of this birthday today? This paragraph from the Reader's Digest seems to summarize:

"Christmas, 1914, on the Somme, homesick Yorkshiremen and sentimental Worttembergers threw down their rifles and met in the strip of frozen mud between trenches to laugh and sing Yule carols—". Men today, as a whole, are blind—their eyes closed to the meaning of Christmas, their hearts frozen. Power, greed, communism and bureaucratic tyranny reigns; hopelessly seeking that which time destroys and destruction invades. A carol sung today while tomorrow brings wholesale murder and factional hatred. That is the Christmas of 1936. The whole of Europe on the crest of a volcano. A hymn book in one hand, bayonet grasped in the other."

L. H.



## Assemblies

October 26—Bosley Royston

The first of the talks by members of the senior class was given by Mr. Bosley Royston, who told how he and Jack Pindell took a trip through New England and Canada to Quebec on thirty dollars. They camped each night, and by the time they had passed through the North Woods, where, on July 4, they wore coats, they were two nervous wrecks. If you wish to visit a foreign country and haven't enough money to go abroad, Mr. Royston suggests that you visit Quebec where the fortifications of the oldest city in North America and the foreign language give a European atmosphere. On return they traveled through the St. Lawrence River valley and the fruit valley along Lake Erie to Pittsburgh and Western Maryland. The total result was a number of varied experiences and a balance of six cents.



October 27—Mr. Hugh Clegg

The assistant director of the Bureau of Investigation talked to us about some of the spectacular work of this department. The bureau was established in 1908, but it became a more effective agency against crime in 1924 when J. Edgar Hoover, a twenty-eight year old citizen of Washington, D. C. was appointed director.

Criminals are ordinary people whose interests have been misdirected. Statistics show that most criminals have not yet reached the age of twenty-one, and that only 7.3% of the law breakers are women. They lead in the commitment of the more vicious types of crime.

Only a few of many applicants really become G men; these receive a rigorous training to enable them to pursue criminals and at the same time protect themselves. Much of the work of the bureau is handicapped by inefficient local officers. The public needs to co-operate with the bureau to make sure that all law enforcing officers are trained and equipped, for only trained men can effectively carry out this crusade against crime.

October 29—Dr. Reilly

The director of the Maryland State Department of Health, contributed to the series of lectures on the public services of our state by telling us how we meet problems of health.

Maryland was the sixth state to organize a health department and the first in 1923, after reorganization of the department to have a health officer and two nurses in each county. The present goal is not only to take care of the ill, but to prevent further illness. To accomplish this aim, there are laboratories in the counties where an epidemiologist diagnoses cases of preventable contagious diseases and traces them to their source.

November 2—Dr. Tall

"What are we in this school seeking?" 'was the topic of Dr Tall's talk on November 2. "Are we seeking knowledge because the school expects this of us?" "Are we learning because we really want to learn?" Dr. Bowman in his "Design for Scholarship", calls education a "voyage of discovery" which leads to dreams, broad horizons, finer ideals for workmanship, and the desire to do things alone. "Are we, in this college, launched on this life-long voyage of discovery, or are we remaining at home to receive only what is brought to us by others?" Dr. Tall challenged.

November 3—Miss Marietta Johnson

Miss Marietta Johnson, principal of a school in Fairhope, Alabama, spoke to the college on "organic" education. Miss Johnson believes that

education is a preparation for life, and that children go to school to grow rather than to be taught. She emphasized the fact that we must teach children, not subject matter. We must meet the needs of the growing child, who is a unit organism made up of emotional, spiritual, and physical reactions. According to Miss Johnson, every classroom should be a workshop in which each child progresses at his own rate of speed, unhampered by the progress of others about him. In the Fairhope school, only four factors are necessary to enable a child to pass. These are regular attendance, good behavior, exertion of a maximum amount of ability, and the habit of staying home on school nights. Miss Johnson believes that any child who does his best is a success, regardless of the relationship that his work bears to the work of the others. For this reason, the children in her school are not retained in a grade if they have not mastered all the work of the curriculum for that year. The students thoroughly enjoyed Miss Johnson's talk because she presented an entirely new and different angle in the education of children.

November 11—Mrs. Lucy Thurston

Despite the chaos and confusion now occurring in Europe, our Armistice Day speaker struck a confident note of optimism. She believes that writers of fiction usually predict oncoming trends. Before the war such writers as Dostoyevsky foreshadowed the World War. Now we find peace novels in popular monthly magazines, indication of a turn toward peace. Presently "people will be so inoculated with the thought of not killing that permanent peace will be established!"

Mrs. Thurston urged us to keep abreast with current political developments—to understand other nations, and then give our knowledge to others. The Pan-American Peace Conference at Buenos Aires was described as "a major thing for bringing nations together". Mrs. Thurston suggested that since the European League is hardly functioning, the nations of the Americas may pave the way for an efficient world League.

November 12—Miss Jessie Snow

In view of the fact that the League of Nations today occupies a very unstable position, Miss Snow came to inform us that the League is still functioning with considerable power. The League's staunch defender told us that of thirty disputes sent to Geneva twenty-seven have been settled. The Assembly of the League had met seventeen times in the past eighteen years, uniting the nations of the world in the discussion of their common problems. "Truly a conference system has been established." As the Chinese representative put it, the League is a "shock absorber" which is certainly better than nothing. Of course one

cannot overlook the Japanese and Italian violations, but it is to be remembered that the League is only seventeen years old. "It is the first organization for collective security."

Besides war questions the League handles many other problems: crime, labor, drug traffic, etc. which cannot be dealt with nationally.

November 16—Miss Margaret Barkley

National Book Week was the topic of our faculty speaker's talk. Book celebrations are observed in most foreign countries usually on the birth anniversary of some noted author. In America, Book Week was established in 1919, as Children's Book Week.

Children's literature has grown rapidly when we consider that the first real child's book was written in 1750 by John Newberry. He added some two hundred little children's stories in inexpensive editions. Thus in honor of John Newberry, the Newberry Memorial Prize was created in 1921 by Frederick Melcher. Hendrick van Loon was the first to receive it for his "Story of Mankind". The 1936 award went to Carol Ryrie Brink for "Caddie Woodlawn". It is interesting to note that although only Americans are eligible for the prize, out of fifteen prize winners only five have an American background!

November 17—Miss Margaret Gaddes

Our speaker, who is a member of the Pen Women's Club, and a writer of children's plays spoke to us on the topic, "The Play's the Thing".

There has been an increasing emphasis in the dramatization of Dickens and Shakespeare—as may be particularly noted in the cinema. However, children's plays are sadly left in the lurch, and Miss Gaddes expressed the hope that some of the would-be-writers of M. S. T. C. will contribute to the field of juvenile dramatics. "To be a good writer of children's literature is better than being a paid staff writer for the Atlantic Monthly!"

Miss Gaddes manages the Playshop Junior, a mixed organization of children and adults. The younger group performs many of its plays alone with only the assistance of a "mother role." The older group, however, forms the backbone of the organization.

November 19—Dr. Charles E. Resser

Dr. Resser escorted us far into the dim ages of the past—into the field of paleontology, the science of ancient life. No better guide could we have had, for our speaker is a member of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

All traces of ancient life are preserved as fossils, which may either be frozen—actually preserved—or else petrified. Oddly enough

human bodies are never fossilized. Occasionally so-called fossilized human bodies are found. When these are exposed to the air, they rapidly decompose, because they had merely changed over into paraffin.

Fossils get into rocks in many ways. Leaves are not easily decayed and great quantities of them are washed down a river containing mud. This mud settles, and as layer upon layer piles up, the leaves are preserved. Volcanic ash, which is really not ash, covers up much life and preserves it.

The study of fossil life is valuable in many ways. By means of radium analysis (a process a little too complicated to describe, according to Dr. Resser) the approximate age of the rock strata is determined, giving us an idea of the age of the earth: we can determine the climate of the past as well as its biologic structure.

When one studies the different periods of life through millions of years, noting the vicissitudes of the organisms of the past, we wonder whether man represents the apex of evolution or whether he, too, will be surpassed by a superior creature. "That's philosophy, and you are too young for that", said Dr. Resser.



## Middle States Association of History and Social Science Teachers

Each year the Middle States Association of History and Social Science Teachers hold two general meetings and publishes the proceedings of these conventions. This year the annual fall meeting was held on November 20-21 at Teachers College, Columbia University. The programs presented a wide range of interests; professional problems of history and social sciences are frequently discussed.

A large percentage of the membership of the Association is drawn from the Middle States, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. The Association interests are not regional, however; the topics are vital to teachers everywhere; many members are of national and international reputation; most libraries exhibit the annual publication.

The President of the Council this year is Dr. Ella Lonn of Goucher College. Miss Lena C. Van Bibber is an elective member. Delegates from the History Teacher's Association of Maryland are Miss Mary C. Ott and Miss Naomi Riches.

M. C.

## College Record

### Impressions of Freshmen Mothers

ARRIVING at State Teachers College to spend Freshmen Mothers' Week-end with my daughter, I was received by two pleasant young ladies. After I was registered one of the girls showed me to my room. Every minute, from the time of my arrival on Friday afternoon until the time of departure on Sunday afternoon, was thoroughly enjoyed. Nature seemed to be in an ideal mood for such an occasion, as the weather was perfect and the campus looked delightful to my eyes.

The privilege of meeting Dr. Tall and other members of the faculty meant a great deal to me. I now feel as though I can follow my daughter's progress with better understanding, and am fully assured that her years of guidance and study under such leaders will bring rich results.

I enjoyed meeting other mothers and some of the boys and girls. My impression of the students is that they are a fine, happy crowd. They certainly should be, under such favorable surroundings.

Each part of the program for the week-end was enjoyed. The music was delightful and the enthusiasm of the students was marvelous. The food served was delicious and showed skill in planning and preparation.

The evenings at the movies in Towson and exploring the various haunts of the students where they buy apples on a stick, sundaes and the like made the mothers feel like girls again.

In a final summation, I would like to say that Freshman Mothers' Week-end was one of the most delightful week-ends I have ever spent.

MRS. F. R. HEPBURN

My daughter is enrolled as a day student at Maryland State Teachers College. I welcomed the invitation to Freshmen Mothers' Week-end since it would give me an opportunity to meet the faculty and my daughter's classmates. I was impressed most with the gracious informality of the whole day. I enjoyed especially the meeting in Richmond Hall Parlor. The room itself furnished such a charming setting for the music which preceded the discussion, led by Dr. Tall, of questions of interest to us all. Dinner was served after the meeting in the dining room of the dormitory.

The selections offered by the school orchestra during dinner and the music in the short social hour afterwards were most enjoyable.

I think the idea of Freshmen Mothers' Week-end was a most excellent one; and I recommend the preservation of the spirit of informality.

MARIE SISK.

## A Student's View

A PLAINTIVE little melody kept running through my mind. I hummed it again, almost resenting its will-o'-the-wisp flight in my mind. Why couldn't I remember the words? "Hm-mmm-m-mm, here's to you our loyal friends." That was it! "Here's to you, Freshman Mothers; Here's to you our loyal friends—"

As though the curtains were drawn back, the scene in Richmond Hall parlor burst on my sight. Soft lights flickered on highly polished surfaces. Liquid melodies of ages past revived memories and helped to provide an atmosphere of love and good fellowship.

After a short time we were invited to tour the dormitory. I can remember telling Mom that I wouldn't mind washing dishes college fashion. Our inspection included the dining room, the kitchen, and the infirmary. (Queer— isn't it that mothers should always be interested in those places.)

On Saturday morning our mothers started on the sight-seeing trip, looking as much like school girls as we ourselves. We knew what beauty would regale their eyes as they looked on Loch Raven, and what reverence would actuate their spirits as they viewed some of the nation's shrines.

Fortified by a hearty meal, which mothers enjoyed after the sight-seeing trip, we students prepared to meet our Fate. With our mothers, we talked first with Dr. Abercrombie. After our physical "fate" had proved satisfactory, we went to our instructors for our mental "fate". We received just the encouragement we needed.

A memento of the occasion was necessary, so, after tea was served, the mothers and daughters gathered on the steps for the picture. Oh yes—I heard the usual trite remark "I hope the camera doesn't break."

In Richmond Hall, after a preliminary program of music, Dr. Tall led our mothers in a discussion about the college; its aims and methods.

After a brief interval of relaxation we made our way once more to the dining room. The mellow glow from the many candles were reflected in the bright eyes. A gratified sense of shared interests touched the hearts of all as we ate together. With dinner over we laughed through a merry entertainment furnished by the Mummers and the Glee Club.

Sunday morning found mothers and daughters in church. Back at school after church the fathers completed the family circle as guests of the college for Sunday dinner. Freshmen Mothers' Week-end was almost over. But with the memory of the week-end, and the promise of a happy Thanksgiving at home, we said, "Good-bye".

MARY BRASHEARS. Fr. 9.

## Faculty Facts

Once upon a time:

Miss Bader taught Chinese,—not the language, but real Chinese children in a school in China.

Miss Barkley was in charge of the Teachers Retirement Fund at the State Department of Education.

Miss Birdsong taught Fine and Industrial Arts in a Kentucky State Normal School.

Miss Blood was offered a position to supervise physical education in a New York school.

Miss Brown was the principal of the Campus School at the Towson Normal.

Dr. Dowell travelled abroad on a scholarship granted her by a National Health Association.

Miss Munn was supervising principal of schools in a midwestern city.

Mrs. Stapleton was a teacher of English in the Towson High School.

Miss Tansil was the very efficient private secretary to Dr. Donavan, now president of the State Teachers College at Richmond, Kentucky.

Miss Van Bibber was a teacher of history in the High School at Bel Air, Maryland.

Miss Grogan, Miss Bersch, and Miss Hill were county supervisors in Maryland.

Miss Kestner, Miss Yoder, and Mr. Moser were students in the Maryland State Normal School at Towson. Some of their former instructors are still members of the staff.

Miss Woodward was a teacher of history in a New England High School.

Dr. Lynch was assistant to Dr. Jennings the eminent biologist of Johns Hopkins.

Mrs. Brouwer taught handwriting in a northwestern city.

Mrs. Barall was secretary to Dr. Tall. She was Margaret Gilbert then.

The following city training school teachers were students at the Maryland State Normal School: Misses Naumann, Wilhelm, Dashiells, Mayer, Jansen, Black, Heinz, Gilpin, Mauler, and Mrs. Henry. They too, may find some of their former instructors still members of the staff.

Miss Buckley, and Miss Gundersdorf, county training teachers, sat in these halls of learning.

Miss Joslin was an instructor in Goucher College, Baltimore.

Dr. Tall was a critic teacher in the Baltimore city schools.

THE IDLE REPORTER.

## Meet Miss Scott

I've been talking with a new member of the faculty in a rather conversational way. She's a Texan and her father was one of the pioneers in the part of the state in which she lives.

With a background of a B. S. from Waxachachai, Texas, an M. A. from Columbia, and the beginnings of a Ph.D. from Iowa State University, you might well conclude that she was fitted for her present position. She has done demonstration teaching in Arkansas and Iowa.

With all that background you may desire to know her consistencies and her inconsistencies. She declared a preference for horseback riding, swimming, good plays and expresses a desire to learn bowling. Miss Scott doesn't play bridge or dance.

"But", she added, with a characteristic twinkle in her eyes, "I like to watch people dance. Don't thing I'm Puritanical." It is interesting to note also that she is an ardent baseball and football fan.

Upon being asked about her travels, Miss Scott remarked, "I've never been abroad, so, when people bring up the subject of travel I modestly retire."

I asked her how she liked our college and found that she thinks "our campus lovely." She said that she was impressed by our assemblies; was interested in "Play Day"—thinks our Tower Light a fine book, and believes we have a very stimulating faculty. Let's hope her impressions don't change during the year.

Miss Scott is going home to Saladonia, Texas for the holidays to visit her parents. May we be among the first to wish her a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—with us.

E. BEAM.



## American Education Week at Our College

With the enthusiasm and cooperation of the entire student body augmented by the faculty, American Education Week was celebrated at the State Teachers College at Towson. Students attempted to show the work of the college by erecting classroom exhibits and posters in the halls and on the campus. Current news and radio publicized the week in assembly. For the first time in the history of the college Open House was held. On Friday of that week, Dr. Tall officially closed the week's celebration by giving a brief account of the life and work of Horace Mann. We believe renewed interest in education was engendered which will cause the students and the faculty to do a greater work next year.

MURIEL JONES.



## HO-HUM

### Outline of History (With apologies to Mr. Wells)

#### A. Faculty

1. Miss Bersch is becoming quite confidential with the Seniors. While discussing Morrison she said, "Pusonally, I appreciate the moon."
2. The Dramatic Club gave a fine performance Freshmen Mothers' Week-end. Any day now, we are expecting Mrs. Stapleton to leave us and take her troupe to Hollywood.
3. From all reports, Miss Roach must have enjoyed her visit in the dorm. Why don't you stay with us permanently, Miss Roach?
4. Mr. Moser exemplifies "transfer of training". When he found his key gone and his car door locked he estimated by mathematical procedure and managed to reach through the rumble seat, opening the car door from the inside.
5. Miss Birdsong found it difficult to decide whether or not the Seniors are still in the adolescent stage so she asked them. For the answer I refer you to Mr. Royston.
6. What's the secret of the traffic congestion in front of Miss Neunsinger's house every night? Popularity?
7. Mr. Walther is an authority on High School love affairs. (He calls it "calf love".)
8. Did you know that Miss Weyforth was planning a trip to the Naval Academy? With her goes the entire student body to observe the technique of rising simultaneously. *Now* Students!
9. Miss Steele and Sophomore 5 have engaged a space on Lexington Street where they may sell their books to passers-by.
10. Miss Woodward's attractive room is an incentive to any student of history.

#### B. Senior Party

1. Good jokes may be pulled with a bottle of water if everybody plays the game.
2. Seniors, aren't you satisfied with the excellent fare offered by the dormitory? Why call on Miss Washburn's larder, or should I say "stock"?
3. There is an air of romance about old houses.
4. Remember the nursery rhyme "Georgie Porgie"?

#### C. A. A. Dance

1. Old faithfuls are still true to Alma Mater. Among the more famous duets were; Dee and Iz, Helen and Tom, Ubie and Alma, Charlotte and Beamy, Bob and you guess who. (The Senior Dance was even more traditional).

2. Of course there were the usual surprise issues as far as couples go. We are getting shock proof.

3. Two Junior couples had something of a mix up. Am I right?

D. Alumni

1. Helen Ayres has a permanent position at School 93 in Baltimore. She promptly purchased a new car. Come out and see us, Ayres!

2. Elinor and Dee talk to each other over the telephone every night down in Prince Georges though they don't see each other in months. Oh, the benefits of an unlimited exchange!

E. Rural Club Dance

1. "Wilson Spectacles" would call it "slinging a swing".

2. Again the familiar duets with a few new jumbles thrown in.

3. The business manager is setting up competition in Joyce's long waiting list.

F. Seniors

1. Betty has to be different. Why not wear the regulation gym suit? I'll admit that purple is your color.

2. Have you recovered from your fever blister, Miss Shank?

3. Windy is suffering from "Waters on the knee" again.

4. Mary's boy friend has good taste in sweaters. We'll take him along to help with our Christmas shopping.

5. Miss Jones and Mr. Royston tripped the light fantastic at the Rural Club Dance.

6. The Editor reads "Esquire". Could it be for Tower Light ideas, Connie?

7. Ruth and Dot acquired their sea legs at an Academy hop. They're in the navy now.

8. A Senior Class

Miss Munn—I don't know what you mean by petal-like eyes.

Mr. Royston—I can understand that.

G. Juniors

1. One group of county Juniors has left the halls for the first time. They rise as early as 5:30. Live and learn.

2. Exchange of student teachers has diminished the number of men students. (Do I hear groans from the fairer sex?)

3. We'd like to have a front seat when some of the manly specimens of Junior 4 read "The Night Before Christmas" in sugary tones.

H. Sophomores

1. Foot trouble seems to be the vogue in the dorm. One sophomore in particular has gained much attention. An admirer drives thirty miles to assist her into dinner on Sunday.

2. Miss Day really shouldn't be so nice to those Hopkins boys.

3. Miss Armour thinks we should appreciate a fine university of world wide fame. How did you like the Hopkins dance?

I. Freshmen

1. Two young ladies in question made pie beds for their fond mothers during Freshmen Mothers' Week-end.
2. Misses Quintero and Owings should travel to Hawaii and teach the natives some new technique.
3. Yes, Miss Angulo. There is a girl with red hair and green eyes.
4. Freshmen girls are veritable fashion plates.
5. Inter-section games evidenced unusual spirit. Things were rather cold according to the mittens and sweaters. Freshmen 9 pulled through.
6. One of last years Seniors finds the dormitory interesting. Could it be Freshman charm?

Merry Christmas anyway,

cBs.



## Something Oughta' Be Done About

Teachers who keep classes after the bell has rung. (Especially after the first period when there are books to be returned and another class to get to.)

People who chisel in line in the cafeteria—ahead of those who have waited for ages.

Swine who hide books in the library to be sure to have them at quarter to one, and those who, when a special assignment is given, get three or four books, while the rest get none.

"Friends" who "borrow" cigarettes.

Gossipers who block aisles after assemblies, also the library doors, also the cafeteria, also the halls.

Students who hand in units of two, three, and even four hundred page lengths (Anything over one hundred and fifty pages should receive an immediate and unqualified "F".)

Certain disfigurers of the blackboards in the Men's Room. (They know who!)

The extreme popularity of a few girls at lunch time in Room 223.

The habit of resident men students *in not* avoiding feminine entanglements.

This sudden crop of Ping-Pong fiends.

THE OLD GROUCH.

## Notes From the Glee Club

Christmas time is always a busy time for the Glee Club. We have two occasions for which to prepare: one the college Christmas festival, to which the Glee Club will contribute; and the other a meeting of the teachers of Anne Arundel County, at the high school at Glenburnie, Maryland, when we shall provide the entertainment. At Glenburnie, we shall repeat a number of songs from Freshman Mothers' Week End, and in addition shall sing a number of Christmas carols, among which will be the following:

"In Dulci Jubilo" German Carol Men's Quartet

"A Babe So Tender" Old English Semi-Chorus

"Lo How a Rose" Praetorius—Entire Glee Club

"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks" Praetorius—Entire Glee Club

"Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" Bach—Entire Glee Club

"Lost in the Night" Finnish Folks Song arranged by Christianaen  
Entire Glee Club

"Gloria in Excelsis Deo" French Carol—Entire Glee Club

"Shepherds Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep" Besancon Carol

Many of these songs will also be heard in the Christmas celebrations at the College.

The Glee Club wishes you a joyous, singing Christmas!



## Instrumental Music

American Education Week was a busy one for the Orchestra. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday we played at the assembly programs. On Saturday evening we gave the dinner music for the Freshmen Mothers' dinner. Our program was:—

Karoly ..... Atilla  
Orchestra

Mendelssohn ..... Song of Farewell

Silcher ..... The Loreley  
Woodwind Ensemble

Dvorak.... Third Movement from the Western World  
Orchestra

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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Mascagni .....	Intermezzo
Clarinet Solo—Mr. Goldstein	
Scharwenka .....	Barcarolle
Schubert .....	Am Meer
Orchestra	
Herbert .....	Selections
Orchestra	

On Saturday afternoon at the conference of the Mothers and Faculty, the Orchestra was represented by Mr. Sidney Baker who played a violin solo. He was accompanied by Mr. Charles Haslup.

The violin solo announced for November second was postponed till the thirtieth, at which time Mr. Baker played the Kol Niduer. Mr. Haslup was the accompanist.

The violin ensemble has been organized with the following members: Dorothy Wohrna, Helene Davis, Twilah Elliot, and Cornelia Galbreath with Charlotte Hurtt as accompanist. The woodwind ensemble has for its members: Harold Goldstein, Elwood Beam, Jane McElwain, John Klier, and Charlotte Hurtt.

We were happy to have one of our former members, Mr. Davis, meet with us at rehearsal on Monday, Nov. 9th.



### In Celebration of National Book Week

Books, books, and more books—but that's not all there was in the exhibit of children's literature set up in the student officers' room during National Book Week. There were book jackets, quotations about books, lovely posters, and, best of all, lists of selected books for Christmas buying.

The real essence of the exhibit, however, was the books loaned to the school by some of the department stores. These volumes varied in price and quality and were the best any child could wish for. The children of the Campus School proved that there were best loved old books as well as the inviting new ones in the collection. Two sophomore section arranged the affair, and the college, as well as the Campus School, benefited.

D. VOGEL



Miss Munn (to Novey, who has been late once more)—“Mr. Novey, when were you born?”

B. Novey—“The second of April.”

Miss Munn—“Late Again.”

## Reunion in the Glen

The conquering (we hope) student teachers, after ten weeks' practice, "reunited" in the glen on Tuesday, November 24, 1936. Still under the influence of their past endeavors, these professional (?) persons played "The Farmer in the Dell" and other games. To complete a happy party, they roasted hot dogs and toasted marshmallows in the open fireplace of the lodge.



## Le Cercle Francais

The French Club, one of the comparatively new groups at the college, has its fall program under way. To date, there have been two meetings, both well attended. The first of these was held on October 14, in Richmond Hall Parlor, as usual. One of the first things was to get acquainted so that officers could be chosen. For this purpose, it was decided to delay the election till the next meeting some two weeks hence. At the completion of the French class, light refreshments were served. On October 28, the election was held with the following results: Miss Lucia Serio, of Junior 1, was reelected president; Miss Ruth Benjamin, of Freshman 1, was selected to fill the offices of vice-president and Program Committee chairman; secretary-treasurer is now Miss Vivienne Slovin, also of Freshman 1.

Any who are interested in the French language are invited to join with us on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month in Richmond Hall Parlor.

ELIZABETH BOND. Fr. 1.



## The Philadelphia Trip

Yes, you probably have heard a thousand times that we went to the Franklin Institute only to find it closed. This minor catastrophe of life occurred on Monday, November 23, and our belief in signs materialized: *The Planetarium and Franklin Institute are closed on Monday and Tuesday.* Dr. Dowell pleaded bravely that we might be admitted. The pleas acted like a charm; we were allowed to go into the Institute. Mr. Ripley should make his residence there and find vast sources for "Believe it or not". Visit the Franklin Institute to see and *believe*.

## Alumni

In the Baltimore Bulletin of Education we find these items under a "Do You Know" column:

*That* Leonard J. Kulacki, 1934, a teacher at School No. 24, was one of the twelve advanced students from all over the country to win a summer scholarship in advanced music for which he studied at the Peabody Institute?

*That* the second grade class of Miss Dorothy Bothe, 1934, School No. 23, enjoyed a talk on Mexico by Miss Ivy Yeawood, who has spent much time among the Mexicans, and who brought a fascinating collection of Mexican blankets, costumes, jewelry, pottery, and feather work?

*That* School No. 84 presented "The Selfish Grant"; directed by Miss Louise Benner, 1930, in Riverside Park last spring, and that it was a colorful and picturesque performance?

*That* one of the unusual entries in the Hobby Club Exhibit started by Mr. August Jansen, 1931, of School No. 85, Lakewood and Oliver, was a patchwork quilt, the squares of which depicted various phases of development in industry, transportation, and communication?

*That* the sixth grade class of Miss Elizabeth Morrison, 1925, School No. 59, planted a garden at the school last spring—that groups of children cared for it during the summer, and that it yielded pleasing and satisfactory results?

The Tower Light office received "The Lansdowne Herald" sent from the Lansdowne School. The paper is quite an achievement for an elementary school. In an article on attendance we find that Mr. Cole's class had the best attendance for September in the school. The notice expresses an earnest wish that such a record may be continued, and so do we!

A brief note in the November Tower Light told of the Alumni meeting of the Anne Arundel county unit held on October 16, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Andrews of Shadyside, Maryland. In a later letter we were informed of the presence of three guests at this meeting: Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, Miss Tansil, and Mrs. Groschan, (Secretary of the State Alumni). Miss Scarborough gave a short talk impressing the importance of the Alumni to a college. Miss Tansil spoke of statistics in reference to the growth of M. S. T. C. Mrs. Clarence Eason, President of the State Alumni acquainted the members with the activities of that association. A short entertainment was given to conclude the meeting.

M. C.

## Our Thanksgiving Dinner

I wonder how many turkeys lost their heads to give us our delicious Thanksgiving dinner on Tuesday, November 26? I don't believe that they would have begrudged us their lives if they might have seen the grand time that we had.

After a delightful dinner we adjourned to Richmond Hall where Mrs. Hawkes, the sculptress of the Medwedeff memorial, talked to us about her art interest. Through her charming personality she inspired us to try some modeling. As Dr. Tall said, "Who knows but from this may grow a class in sculpturing?"

This was an excellent beginning for the Thanksgiving holidays.



## Sports Angle

Another soccer season has become a part of the annals of our college and a glance at the records indicates that the season was most successful from beginning to end. As we all know, the Towsonites "toted home the proverbial bacon," in the form of the State Championship. In doing so they defeated all remaining teams in the state league at least once, while being undefeated themselves. The record of five victories, two ties, and no losses stamps our booters as a team of the very highest caliber, in view of the unusually powerful elevens placed on the field by Hopkins, University of Maryland, Salisbury Teachers, and Western Maryland. Incidentally the last named of our foes tied Penn State, the Eastern Collegiate title-holders.

But—the king is dead; long live the king! Another basketball season looms on the sports horizon. Mr. Minnegan reports that the basketeers are coming along very well. We may look forward to a season of fine, hard fought games, with Towson on top in most of these set-tos.—we hope. Such teams as Catholic U., Baltimore U., Loyola, Mt. St. Mary's, Wilson Teachers, Elizabethtown, Salisbury, and Frostburg are going to make the sledding "plenty rough", but as said before, we'll be fighting every inch of the way.

F. A. C.



## Hockey Finale

Ground, sticks! Ground, sticks! Ground, sticks! The interclass hockey games begin. Despite the frosty nips on fingers and toes the Juniors manage to keep just a trifle warmer than the Freshman and Sophomores.

The Sophs defeat the Freshmen 2-0 while the Juniors in turn conquer the Sophs 3-1, thus winning the inter-class championship.

Electives give the girls a chance for more actual playing experience and team-work than they would otherwise receive. They aid in the development of good sportsmanship and leadership. Come on out girls! Wouldn't you be proud to represent your class on the basketball team?

The line-up for the hockey teams

### *Freshmen*

Paula	C.F.
Mark	R.I.
Merryman	L.I.
Miller-Scott	R.W.
Hoffman-Galbreath	L.W.
S. Marks	C.H.B.
Bond	R.H.B.
Schnebley-Peters	L.H.
Danker	R.F.B.
Cohen-Bartscher	L.F.B.
Ackerman	G.K.
Sophomore I	
Brandt	C.F.
Rosenberg	R.I.
Mentis	L.I.
Ehrhardt	R.W.
.....	L.W.
Mitzel	C.H.B.
Germershauser	R.H.B.
Cschenk	L.H.B.
Cromwell	R.F.B.
Courtney	L.F.B.
Firey	G.K.

### *Juniors*

Shipley
Howeth-Adams
Naylor-Eldridge
Pennington
Clark
Straining-Howard
Stidman
Cissel-Rochlitz
Jones-Davis
Dousha-Farwell
Wilson
Sophomore II
Hoopar
Stewart
.....
Drake
Anthony
Sevier
McElwain
Cumming
.....
Vogel
Mitzel



St. Peter (to applicant)—"Where are you from?"

Applicant—"Eastern Shore of Maryland."

St. Peter—"Come on in, but I don't think you'll like it."

## Under the Weather Vane

North, East, South, and West—around goes the weather vane, and with it go the activities of the Campus School. The league games have been going smoothly this season. The girls have finished Philadelphia Bat Ball and will next play Touch Down Pass. Soccer has been completed by the boys and Touch Football is next on their schedule.

Excursions have been taken by some classes in connection with their studies. The Seventh Grade visited the sewerage disposal plant, and plans have been made for a trip to the filtration plant at Montebello. The Fifth Grade spent a day at Conowingo Dam, and the Third Grade visited the Indian exhibits at the Maryland Academy of Science.

We have assemblies in which we, or outsiders, take part. In a series of science lectures, the lower and upper Grades talked of their science work. We were shown an amusing movie about bears. Later we enjoyed a moving picture of Mrs. Sloan's travels in Egypt, India, and Japan. We are looking forward eagerly to the Christmas assembly.

In the grades we have observed Book Week by examining and discussing the exhibition arranged by the Sophomores.

The Te-Pa-Chi club is organizing a card party and dance for the benefit of the Campus School.

The Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers has been giving a series of programs over the radio under the direction of Dr. Tall. Some of us have helped Miss Mac Donald and Mrs. Brouwer with their talks on that program.

SEVENTH GRADE.



## Campus School

The Te Pa Chi Club gave an annual benefit card party in Richmond Hall on Friday evening, December 11. There was dancing and a floor show in the foyer of Newell Hall. This Benefit, as always, was informal, unusually popular, and well patronized.

M. C.



A heavily veiled young lady addressed the clerk at the hosiery counter in a large downtown department store:

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings?"

"Yes madam," replied the clerk, "What color will you have—pink, yellow, or black?"

*The Uptown Store With the Downtown Prices*

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Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

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Snips and snails an—nope! not at all!

Believe it or not, in a man weighing one hundred and  
and fifty four pounds, there is:

Enough fat to make seven bars of soap,

Enough phosphorous to make 2,200 match tips,

Enough sulphur to rid one dog of fleas,

Enough magnesium to make one good dose of magnesia,

Enough potassium to explode a toy cannon,

Enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop,

Enough iron to make a medium sized nail, and,

Enough sugar to fill a shaker.

G. HORN.



Dr. Lynch—"Miss Hooper, tell us, just what is yeast?"

Miss Hooper—"Yeast is a tiny plant too naked to be seen with the  
small eye."



To bring out the baby's wisdom teeth, let him chew on Mother's  
Chi Alpha Sigma pin.





And I wish you  
many of them...

*They Satisfy*





# TOWER LIGHT





# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

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NO. 4

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## Foreword

The book is finished. It lies closed beside me, brimming with days and hours, many of which are the happiest of my life. I turn the pages fondly and read the titles. Here and there are sprinkled brief bitter moments which fade into a background and become submerged into the gayer hues. The volume of 1936 is outmoded by the fresh, new one of the coming year. I dip my pen into the past and make my first entry in the future.



## A Creed

"Teach me that sixty minutes make an hour, sixteen ounces a pound, and one hundred cents a dollar. Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I may have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and in earning it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money. Blind me to the faults of other men and reveal to me my own. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children, and sympathetic so as to be considerate of old age. And when comes the day of darkening shades, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple: 'Here lies a man'."

## Things Like That

IT was raining. It was not the delicate drizzle of northern climates, nor was it the distorted rain of great jagged cities. It was a down-pour such as is found in midsummer in regions approaching the subtropical, and was unrestrained and unhindered only as it can be in the open country. Legions of rain-drops attacked the black soil, which in turn sprang up against it with futile little splashes. Thin sheets of water, overrunning from rusty tin gutters, crept down the fuzzy gray of old boards; and where the frame sides of the farmhouse met the earth, it mingled with rapidly growing puddles.

Hulda looked at the bucket with distaste. Funny, no amount of fixing the shingles on the bedroom roof seemed to keep it from leaking in here. The bucket was almost full from the steady drip-drip. Well, the best thing to do would be to empty it now; after a while she might be so busy she'd forget it, and then it would run over on Ma's new rag rug. Hulda didn't like rain, and leaking roofs made her dislike stronger. Rain always makes a place seem so old and cheerless, and goodness knows it's that way already. Of course Pa and Ma and the boys didn't complain, but when you've seen what other folks have, like the time in San Antonio, it makes you feel like sort of wanting something. Take Cousin Lucy's pretty bedroom, especially that dresser ("vanity dresser", the mail-order catalogs call it) with all those fancy cutglass perfume bottles on it. Hulda had a dresser too, but you couldn't sit in front of it like you could with Lucy's, and she just had one plain bottle of White Rose perfume that Hilmar gave her for Christmas once.

Splish! The bucketful of water joined the puddles around the back door. My, who would have thought this morning it would rain like this! Of course, Pa did say the sun was too hot for that early in the morning, but they hadn't expected anything like this. And of all days to pick cotton in the upper field, way on the other side of the creek!—Hulda didn't much like cotton-picking, so she and her Ma took turns going out with Pa and the boys; Mexicans wanted so much pay this year, after living on relief, that everybody in the family had to help that could.—Guess when it had started to rain they were way up in the upper field, so they just stayed at the little shed and waited for it to pass over. Hulda listened attentively in the din of the rain. Yes, the creek was running pretty heavy, too, and they couldn't get across if they wanted to. Most likely the cars on the post road couldn't get through either.

Hulda sighed and went back to her work. There was always so much to do; like now, churning the butter; too, there was cooking the cheese for supper, feeding the poultry, patching the boys' clothes, and what

not . . . She could just see Lucy doing things like that, and Lucy was just as old as she was, nineteen. Lucy went to a business college in the city and learned typewriting and other such subjects. Hulda wished she could go to college. She had finished the seventh grade at District No. 5 school, and the teacher had told her she ought to go to high school in town; but they couldn't afford it that year, and the next year Hulda felt too old. Well, Hilmar hadn't gone to high school either.—Take Lucy's boy friend now, he was going to the University; he was good-looking in a smooth kind of way, and he had a new V-8 coupe that he took Lucy out in. Hilmar's Model T ran all right, but it did rattle some. . . . Funny, you think about things like that and you get almost to hate what you've got, and wish you could have a nice house and fancy fixings and a college education and that your future husband—Hulda lifted the dasher from the churn and tended to the new butter.

The rain almost stopped for a short while, and in the interval there was a knock at the front door.—It couldn't be any of the folks, because they would come to the back door. Peering out the window Hulda could see there was a lady on the porch. And there was her fine car out in the yard, too! Hulda opened the door.

"Good afternoon. Do you have a telephone?"

"Why, yes; come in."

"Thank you . . . I have to call San Marcos to let some one there know I'm delayed. The creek was so swollen I was afraid to cross it. I saw your home from the highway and—"

"Sure, that's all right; the phone is over here in the kitchen." Hulda prepared to leave. She knew it wasn't good manners to listen in.

"Ah—do you mind showing me how to use this 'phone? I'm not familiar with the party line system."

Hulda rang Central for her and left the room. . . . She was a pretty, real young-looking lady, and she sure was dressed up. . . . Hope running from the car to the house hadn't dampened her pretty linen suit and that new-style brownish hat. . . . Hulda's summer hat was white, and only people that can afford more than one hat would get a dark one in summer time. And those shoes weren't the kind Hulda could get for \$1.98 in town, either. . . . Be a shame if the mud—though she probably had enough others to wear.

"Thank you so much, honey." The woman looked hesitantly through the window at the rain's manifestations of renewed vigor.

"Would you want to sit down a while and wait till it lets up a bit?"

"Why, thank you, but I shouldn't want to disturb you."

"Oh, that's all right. I finished the main thing I had to do." Hulda pulled up the heavy green shades in the parlor, to let in some light.

"I believe I shall keep you company, as I have to wait anyway."

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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Hulda remembered to ask the lady to have a seat in the high-backed rocker (with the crocheted pillow tied to the top with blue ribbon).

"You're a sweet child. Really, you must tell me all about yourself."

. . . Hulda didn't like being called a "child". Why, she was almost ready to be married! But, looking at her bare legs in the flat-heeled work shoes and the short skirt of her faded gingham dress, she did feel young.

The lady opened her purse and took out a pretty gold case. Hulda thought first she was going to powder her nose, but then she saw it was a cigarette case.

"Do you have an ash tray handy?"

Hulda knew they didn't have one, because the men folks didn't smoke in the parlor; they went out on the porch, and in the rest of the house the ashes didn't matter. Hulda brought the lady the best thing she could think of, a saucer.—"No thank you," Hulda didn't want one.

Hulda got up enough nerve to ask the lady if she lived in San Antonio. The lady said she did. Hulda wondered if she knew Cousin Lucy, but the lady said that of course you couldn't know everybody in a city. Then she started telling her about the theatres, the clubs, the roof gardens, and all the places people went in the city. Hulda said she went to the movies in town sometimes too, but she hadn't been places like those others. Hulda wished she could live in the city. On the farm you couldn't do all those different things like that. The lady said yes, and you could enjoy yourself going to week-end parties out of the city, too.

For example, tonight she was going to a party in San Marcos with someone who lived there; (she had to drive there because his business prevented him from getting her in time.) And at private parties, like this one at the Lake Hotel, you really had a marvelous time! Hulda was entranced.

"Yes, it's a great life." The woman yawned slightly and looked with disfavor at the heavy old-fashioned furniture, the shutters needing paint, the window with the broken pane.

"Oh, if I only had a chance to get away from here and go to the city!" Hulda blushed. She shouldn't have said that in front of a stranger.

The woman surveyed Hulda critically, noting her healthy complexion, her clear blue eyes, her well-built figure. She exhaled smoke slowly and then said,

"Hulda, you're not so bad. . . . How would you like to work for me as a servant girl in San Antonio?"

Hulda's eyes grew larger.

"I'm not satisfied with my present girl. . . . You would get your room and board and a little spending money for clothes and other small needs. It wouldn't be much, but you'd see some 'city life'." Smiling: "If you're good, I may let you serve at some of my special parties . . . How about it?"



Hulda regained her breath. "Why, that would be grand!! But—"

"You wouldn't be lonesome. We could find some boy friend for you who could show you the bright spots on your night off."

"Oh—but I have a boy friend."

The woman laughed. "Oh, so you don't want to leave your little country sweetheart! I understand."

"Oh, yes, I do—I mean—oh, I'd like to ever so much, only I'm engaged and—"

"Don't let things like that hold you back."

"Yes, but—" Hulda paused. Here was her chance to live in the city, to see life, almost as she had dreamed. Pa and Ma would take on at first, but she was old enough to get what she wanted. . . . If only it wasn't for Hilmar . . . she loved Hilmar a lot and . . . Maybe Hilmar could wait for a while . . . Maybe—

"You'd like our home. Your room would be prettily furnished, with a soft bed, large closets, chiffonier, vanity dresser—almost anything you could use.

"My own pretty room?"

"Yes. And the work wouldn't be difficult. You wouldn't have to wait on my husband. He—"

"Your husband?"

"Why, yes; I'm a married woman."

"Oh! But—oh, I see; your husband lives in San Marcos—"

"San Marcos? Why, no, he lives in San Antonio, in the same house as I. Of course he's not always home, but—What in the world caused you to think my husband lived in San Marcos?"

"Why—ah—you said something about going to a party tonight with a man who lived in San Marcos, and I thought sure—"

The woman flushed almost imperceptibly. "Why, no, he is not my husband."

It was Hulda's turn to blush. "Oh," she said slowly. . . . She had heard about such marriages, but to her they weren't real. . . . She never thought nice-looking people like this lady . . . Hulda couldn't see herself doing things like that when she was married . . . Hilmar and she would never—

"Why, I believe it has stopped raining. And I shall have to go.—Think over my proposition. If you decide to come, let me know soon. . . . Here is a card with my address."

"Oh, yes. Thank you."

"And thank you for your hospitality."

The card still in her hand, Hulda followed the lady out on the porch. She watched her get into the car and drive off down the lane.

Sure enough, it had quit raining. . . . The late afternoon sun had come out between the remaining purple clouds. The widespread red glow

was reflected in pools and window-panes; it made the wet walls of the house glisten. Green trees were shedding crystal drops which fell into puddles below with musical "plunks". The fresh, clean air smelled of washed earth and growing plants. Chickens cackled hungrily; ducks waddled out to enjoy their private ponds. Far up the field Hulda saw her family coming home.—She looked at the card which she still held in her hand; then, slowly, deliberately, she tore it into fragments which drifted down into the mud.

EVELYN A. FIEDLER.



### Vivisection

Many a grown person has at some time in his youth imagined himself a full blown mechanical genius and has attempted to dissect an alarm clock. Those of us afflicted with this destructive mania go at the task with the precision and carefulness of a skilled surgeon. After all, every wheel, spring, nut and bolt is to the clock what our internal organs are to us. The fortunate part about this most delicate operation is that the operator can play havoc with the victim and need not worry about a death on the operating table.

I recall my first altruistic endeavor to relieve the suffering of an unfortunate Big Ben. After carefully laying out my instruments of torture and anæsthetizing my patient I went at my job with all the savageness of a cannibal. My entrance through the back was rather easy since this whole covering lifted off and exposed the infected area. As I removed each organ I placed it beside me on the operating table. Big Ben in his death throes gave a convulsive quiver and propelled his main spring clear across the room. At the same instant the alarm began to shriek as if to inform me the round was over and it was time to cease this slaughter.

I regained my composure and snapped out of this frenzied orgy in which I had indulged. The clock completely disemboweled and its visceral organs strewn out on the table before me, I became suddenly melancholy. This mess before me made me realize that this creature would never live again; not even the genius of an Einstein could rejuvenate this dead soul. I thought of the unfortunate Humpty Dumpty and found myself saying: "All my tools and all my skills can't put Big Ben together again".

BENJAMIN NOVEY, Sr.

## Exiled

ROUND, incredulous blue eyes filled slowly, and then she exclaimed, "Oh, Mommy, you couldn't send Belle away—not my Belle". Eight year old dignity flung to the winds, Joan fled from the living room heedless of stinging tears washing her cheeks. Belle emerged from her sanctuary behind the davenport with ears pulled back and tail drooping between her legs, and sorrowfully slunk after the little girl.

As Joan smothered bitter exclamations in her bed pillow, a moist sympathetic tongue licked her hand. "B-but they can't take you away from me, Belle. You're my best friend—I like you better than Dottie or Sallie even. Gosh, can you help it if you're not a watch-dog? Just cause you're not fierce 'n nasty an' ready to eat everyone up, they think you're dumb. . . . They're going to give you to a colored man who likes dogs—oh, B-belle, I won't let them take you away! I won't!"

### II

Belle sniffed the air luxuriantly. She liked the ripe smell of water-melons from dirty boats laden almost to the deck; she liked the clean tang of the breeze, the confused odor of green bananas, of McCormick's spices, of sawdust and burlap baling. Her great ears alert to catch the squealing of tug boats, the bass note of a steamer, the rhythmic melancholy songs of the stevedores, she stood apart from the frenzied activity, waiting. Belle's huge body stiffened. There was a shrill blast as the weather-beaten hulk of a bay boat slid through placid, oil-rain-bowed water toward the dock. The vibrations ceased and sure hands tossed the hawser on shore to an expectant figure—not a stevedore, but to Belle. She watched the whirling progress of the rope, caught it firmly between strong teeth, and tugged with every muscle taut until there was a scraping of wood against wood. Her keen eyes singled out Jasper from among the sweating stevedores—a strong figure with bowed back, like a piece of melting chocolate—and sought approval. Calloused black hands deserted their labor to come and stroke her rough shepherd coat. Belle was content.

Above the din on the wharf arose a feminine voice, "We're looking for Jasper Brown. Does he work there?"

"Why, yes, ma'am; he's over there. See him with that big dog. That's the finest animal I ever see'd—you should a been here a few minutes ago when—"

Joan broke wildly away from her mother and father to reach Belle, to hug her and tell the wonderful news. "Oh, Belle, they're going to let me have you back! They don't care any more if you aren't a watch dog—just so I'm happy. Gosh, I could hardly eat without thinking about

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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you—We'll have such a grand time together now. I can hardly wait to get home with you!"

### III

Joan patted Belle on the head and was rewarded with a tongue lick just as she always had been. Again she threw a grimy rubber bone across the living room, but Belle merely raised her head, rolled disdainful eyes, and carefully placed her nose back on the rug. Belle certainly was changed. Joan decided, she didn't want to play at all. She was friendly enough but couldn't seem to settle down even though it had been a month since they had brought her home again. No, she wasn't like the old Belle.

The door knocker fell heavily and Joan went to answer it. She took hold of the brass knob with a puzzled expression on her round face, still thinking about Belle's strange behavior. As Joan flung the door open wide there was the touch of rough fur on her bare legs, and she was brought rudely back to the situation. A tawny flash speeding far into the blackness met her startled gaze. A delivery boy stood in front of the door, but Joan never saw him.

### IV

Black Jasper grinned to himself as he watched Belle waiting patiently at the far end of the dock. She was a good dog. He had known she would come back—that's why he hadn't made a fuss when they had come to take her home again. Belle could never again have stood being cooped up in a house with nothing to do all day. If he got paid tonight, he'd get Belle some liver and fry it even though it might be midnight when they finished loading. Yes, Belle was a grand dog; she deserved the best.

Sleek black waters parted before the bow of the boat as it slipped along side of the steamer taking on cargo. Belle's great frame quivered expectantly—happily. Here was something she really could do. There was a whirl as the heavy coil arched through the darkness and into the region of garish artificial light, then the sharp sound as sure, massive jaws closed about the rope.

VIRGINIA SMITH, Fr. 4.



Now  
Children gather  
firewood  
When the north  
winds blow,  
And the leaves  
twirl 'round them  
As they hurry home.

3b CLASS at School No. 62.

## Cats

NO one knows when or how the cat first sprang into existence. Perhaps during the long weeks in which the Ark floated on the waters, the rats and the mice increased so alarmingly that the safety and the comfort of the inmates were threatened. Noah, rising to the emergency, passed his hand three times over the head of a lioness, and lo! she sneezed forth a cat. Pussy's first appearance in true history is a splendid one. Three thousand years ago the cat dwelt by the Nile. Sleek and beautiful she slept in the shadows of the mighty temples or watched the priests and the people with contemptuous disregard. She does not appear in Holy Writ; but when Moses led the children of Israel into the desert, she watched him go, satisfied to remain at home where there was comfort and leisure.

Egypt, the granary of the ancient world, had great need for Pussy's services in catching rats, mice, and even wild fowl, though her sacred character was in no way impaired. She was regarded as one of the favorites of the god Pasht. She was fed fish and milk by the State. Indeed, the cat was petted, pampered, treated with delicate reverence, buried in mummy cases and her form was carved on tablets, temples, and mummy cases.

Thanks to these inscriptions, embalming, and pictorial arts, we know today that cats were not domesticated in Babylon or Assyria. The animal was introduced into India at a very early period, since she figures in some of the oldest Indian fables. Her entrance into the Chinese Empire, described by ancient documents, appears to have been about 400 A. D. The cat entered into Greece, when that country's glory was fading. Coming late into Rome, the cat won distinction—not as a mouser, but as a lover of liberty. Eventually as a plaything, as a pretty household toy, Pussy was carried from Africa to Europe a few hundred years before the Christian era.

There was a general tradition that the cat was brought from the East and introduced into Northern Europe by the Crusades. But long ago before the time of Peter the Hermit, the cat appeared in England, sleeping by the firesides and held in high esteem in the nunneries. In 1205 a canon was passed, denying the nuns possession of flocks, cattle and swine, or other domestic animals, except the cat. No one knows the date or route of its voyages westward. The earliest record of a cat in England is a law in 948 regulating the market price of cats. The cat grew in time to be a familiar object in the homes of men and they looked at her with cruel and troubled eyes. Soon the god of Egypt, the plaything of Rome, became by some sad chance a symbol of evil things. The cat symbolized witchcraft. She was said to be the witch's friend and on murky midnights to cast shameful spells. The cat was practically banished from cathedrals,

except at Rouen where she was seen chasing a mouse around one of the pillars in the nave. So it came to pass that there entered upon it long years of persecution. It began in 1575 when a knight ordered a hundred cats to be thrown in the fire at a great festival. Other such barbarous sports continued until 1604 when Henry the fourth, a lover of cats, issued an edict forbidding the persecution of felines.

The close of the sixteenth century saw Western Europe undergoing a curious and comfortable change. Life became softer, sweeter with self-indulgence and self-satisfaction. The cat became once more the assiduous guest of a courteous and companionable society. Art and literature began to praise the cat. In France it was feline grace and sweetness which finally triumphed over prejudice. In England and Germany it was the recognition of her domestic qualities which won her first tolerance, then esteem, then loving and loyal devotion. Slowly and surely it dawned upon the minds of men that a house is transformed into a home when a fireside Sphinx takes possession of the chimney-corner. The personal note was struck and the victory of the cat was won!

ANNETTE DANKER, Fr. 5.



### Five and Ten From Six to Nine

"Help you in just a minute," I murmured and reached for the bottle of "Blue Waltz" perfume that danced before my eyes. "Ten cents," I repeated, mechanically, to the owner of the hand that held the perfume. It was Saturday night and as noisy and exacting a crowd as ever took possession of the store. Such shuffling of feet, the victrola blaring something about "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round," people asking to be directed to counters—I remember it all. At the candy counter, children hung on the case, looking with eager eyes at the nickel's worth of candy they were going to divide among themselves. I could imagine hearing one say, "You got four pieces and I only got three!" My toilet-goods counter was in a turmoil. Colored women purchased hair straightener; white women bought wave set or curling irons. One very timid girl asked for a light shade of lipstick. Next to her, stood a nondescript and heavily made-up blonde. Across at the jewelry counter a coarse, rowdyish girl was trying on rings. Dapper young men steered coquettish girls through the crowd. Old men talked about horses, crops, and weather, in the meantime being jostled about by the good-natured eddy of humanity.

Fortified by the thought of home's peace and quiet, I continued deftly to wrap packages and make change in that Saturday night hubbub.

M. BRASHEARS, Fr. 9.

## Calling All Hypochondriacs!

“WHY, come right in! Sit down and make yourself at home! I’m so glad you came to see me. It isn’t often that young folks come to see an old woman like me. And you came at such a good time! I was just about to become downhearted. You know I’ve been reading in the papers about this medical convention they’re having here and some of the things they are talking about. Well, they remind me of so many things. For instance, look here at what it says about heart trouble—so many people dying from it. So many of us are susceptible to it, you know. Why just yesterday I thought my heart was going to go bad, it beat so hard as I bent over to tie my shoestring. You know, don’t you, that that’s what killed Mrs. Harris. The poor dear soul, if she had done what I do, take those amazing heart sedative tablets, she might be with us today.”

“Does that paper say we are going to have rain tomorrow? Well, I needn’t wait for any paper to tell me that. My rheumatism and arthritis have been plaguing me for days and my feet are so swollen that I can hardly move. But my doctor, oh, he’s such a wonderful man, gave me the best treatment for it. He has me bathe my feet and the irritated parts in hot water and, oh, what is it, ’er, magnesium sulphate, and I believe you call it Epsom salts. Yes, that’s it, Epsom salts.”

“Oh look at that poor child out there! He just now fell off his sled and rolled into that puddle of ice and water. Why he’ll catch his death of cold. I’m going to get him in here and take some preventive measures before it’s too late. A nice glass of hot lemonade will fix him up all right! Yoo-Hoo! Oh, he’s gone already.”

“You know, honey, that the best thing in the world is a little bit of prevention. You’ve heard the statement that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. I certainly agree to that. Why right this minute I can think of the time when I used to bolt my hot food so fast that it almost burned my throat. Just imagine all the ulcers and abscesses I must have in my stomach. Some of these days they really drive me mad, and torment me to death! But my doctor, not the same one I told you about before, but my stomach specialist, gave me something to cure that. If I feel my pain after eating I just take a teaspoonful of this white powder. I’m not so sure what it is, but he gives me such a nice prescription for it, and I did hear the druggist call his clerk the last time and ask him for a can of that sodium bicarbonate. Maybe that’s one of the things in it.”

“Is it 3 o’clock yet? I must take my liver pills at three. You know, since I’ve taken these pills I’ve become a changed person! I no longer

have headaches, oh, I used to have such dreadful headaches, and my eyes are clear and my skin no longer yellow. Why, at one time I thought I was getting yellow jaundice. But my doctor gave me these liver pills and I'm getting along fine now!"

"Must you go now? I'm so sorry, dear. Wouldn't you like a cup of tea before you leave? You know it's so cold and tea will warm you up. Don't forget to bundle up carefully; so many things start out as just a simple cold that you catch without even thinking about it. Goodbye dear. I'm so glad you came to see me! We've had such a nice talk together. Goodbye."

A. Berlin, Sr.



## Lights On

Have you ever seen a city wake up from its afternoon nap? In the distance one little light blinks sleepily; soon a sign awakes with a big red yawn; then it is no time at all before the whole city is sparkling vivaciously. The light on the corner winks at the light on the porch when a well dressed young man puts a slim girl into a black roadster. The head lights wave "au revoir" as they blaze a path to the most fashionable night club in town.

Riding down Charles Street, you have a row of sentinels guarding the way. Each guard has a huge pearl in his cap, a badge of office. The jewels glow steadily and brightly, they might be rows of blazing torches and you an ancient Roman rushing down the avenue in your speeding chariot.

Light can make brave men. Many times a child has whimpered in fear of the dark, but when Mother leaves the hall light burning, he goes peacefully to sleep. One little shaft of light piercing the gloom brings a message of security. It is a ghastly feeling to plod along a dark road, taking step after step into an abyss of blackness; but, when you see the street light ahead you go courageously forward and forget to thank the beacon.

RIDGELY HILL, Fr. 9.



1936

**B**EING a brief enumeration of the highlights of the preceding year, which, because of its general turbulent nature, has become most significant in shaping the course of national and world history.



## THE TOWER LIGHT

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### JANUARY—

The Seventy-fourth Congress of the United States reassembles and is addressed by President Roosevelt in a speech advocating neutrality and denouncing autocratic nations which threaten world peace. In the second major defeat of the New Deal administration, the A.A.A. is declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, "\$200,000,000 in processing taxes being returned to those who paid them in; and the following day the President calls seventy farm leaders to Washington to form a substitute A.A.A." The President's veto on the compromise bill for the immediate payment of the veterans' bonus is overridden first by the House, then by the Senate, and the bill becomes a law. Italian "communiques" claim complete victories in southern Abyssinia by General Grazeans, while England and France reinforce their fleets in the Mediterranean. Gomez is elected president of Cuba in the first presidential election there since 1931; and King George V of England dies of a severe cold at the age of seventy-six. Edward VIII ascends the throne. The great author, Rudyard Kipling, dies.

### FEBRUARY—

The Supreme Court decides that the government may sell surplus power at Wilson Dam, a part of the TVA project; and the President, House, and Senate pass a bill to extend the neutrality laws until 1937. King Edward VIII delivers his first message before British Parliament, thanking the people for their loyalty and promising his interest in their welfare, regardless of class. The French Chamber of Deputies ratifies a treaty with Soviet Russia in the nature of a mutual-assistance pact, in which Italy digs deep into Abyssinian territory from both the north and the south. Takihashi, Finance Minister of Japan and other officials are assassinated by military fascist groups because of their alleged representation of peaceful elements.

### MARCH—

President Roosevelt asks Congress to draw up a bill taxing undistributed corporation profits in order to pay for the soldiers' bonus and agreements made under the A.A.A.; and a treasury offering of new bonds amounting to \$1,250,000,000 is oversubscribed in one day. Premier Mussolini temporarily halts his invasion into Abyssinia to discuss peace negotiations in the League of Nations; while Chancellor Hitler denounces the Locarno treaty demilitarizing the Rhineland area, and marches troops into this zone. Manuel Azana becomes Premier of Spain as Liberals sweep the Spanish elections to reestablish a radical government; and in a conference at London, the United States, Great Britain, and France agree to limit naval armaments for six more years, Japan withdrawing.

(To be continued)

## Let's Be Ethical

**W**ITHIN the last month there has been a serious moral issue involving several world famous persons. Have you ever considered how incessantly moral questions such as this are discussed by the old and young? Questions of right and wrong are woven into all conversation, they are as close to our life as the air we breathe. "Mamma, Jackie ought not to upset my block house." "Do you think it is right for me to spend so much on that silk dress?" "Should I tell Mary the truth even though I know it will hurt her feelings?" It is only through the study of ethics that we can learn to make the right choice and to do the proper thing in the best way.

The person whose conduct is ethical finds life nobler and richer than the "moral tramp".

Of course, we want everyone to like us. Then, let's be ethical, and we shall be welcome in any worthwhile society.

To be sure, life is not a steady march to victory with beating drums and flying banners. There are hard battles to fight and mighty foes to conquer. Yet, if you will recall your history, you will realize that most of the great and famous men had giant difficulties to overcome. They were able to attain their eminent positions only through force of character. It is chiefly in the formation of character that ethics has its value. William De Witt Hyde defines character as a "storage battery in which the power acquired by our past acts is accumulated and preserved for our future use." It has been said, "Sow an act and you will reap a habit; sow a habit, you reap a character; sow a character, you reap a destiny."

Ethics cannot help but be vitally interesting to everyone, for all who act consciously are concerned with ethics. Moral questions are often as engrossing as a novel, for they are alive, appealing, and above all, thought-provoking. How would you solve these problems?

- 1—My mother and father are away from home, and I wake up with a cold. I wonder if I should go to school, as my mother would not want me to make my cold any worse, nor, on the other hand, to miss school unnecessarily.
- 2—I need to earn money to suport my mother. Ought I go through high school and so be fitted to earn a higher salary, or should I go to work with only a grammar school training?
- 3—A friend gave me a concert ticket. I found the concert extremely dull. What ought I to say if my friend asks me how I enjoyed it?

Since moral problems confront us everyday at home, at school, and in the community at large, we should be ready to meet them. Moral life is voluntary, within our control, and we may choose wisely or carelessly.

The surest way of acquiring goodness is to take an interest in something and preserve that interest. Spend your time in attaining and enlarging this purpose. As soon as you are in the habit of guiding yourself by your aim instead of being tossed about on the waves of circumstance, you cease to kill time. To use time well you need all of the virtues: imagination, courage, memory, truthfulness, open mindedness, patience, and scores of others. Be ethical and these virtues will become habitual. Then you need never include such an item in the newspaper of your soul—

“Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.” — Horace Mann.

VIRGINIA HAGERTY, Jr. 1.



## Flying Young Men

“Flying Young Men” represents a fitting collection of pictures for any gymnasium, or haven’t you noticed the bulletin board at Montebello? Did you ever stop to think how difficult are the feats pictured?

In order to perform all the exercises shown the gymnast must have strength enough to hold his own weight supported only by his hands. In doing the back lever on the horizontal bar he must have strength to resist and defy the gravitational pull on all parts of his body.

Muscle coordination is another important point in performing gymnastics. While one group of muscles is taut the corresponding muscular group is relaxed.

The execution of the gymnastic movements also involves knowledge of certain scientific laws. One of the most important things to remember in doing the front fly away is the law of momentum. The swinging rings describe an arc. In order to land on his feet and not on his face, the athlete must release the rings at the end of the arc described, thus taking advantage of the forward motion of the rings. The backward lever on the horizontal bar requires a knowledge of the laws of balance. The center of gravity of a body must be so placed that practically no effort is required to hold the balance. This rule is used too in holding levers on the parallel bars; but, to a certain extent, it also is as important in executing the back lever shown in the picture.

An expert throughout an exercise must be mentally alert in order to utilize every movement; he must be able to change his positions in taking advantage of the forces of momentum and balance—in short, must possess the basic fundamentals—strength, muscle coordination, and certain scientific knowledge.

D. WOHRNA, Soph. 1.

## A Poultry Factory

THIS summer I worked at one of the most highly mechanized poultry plants, the Spring Hill Farms, located about one and one half miles above Cockeysville off the York Road.

In the latest laying batteries it is literally true that you put the feed in and the eggs come out. All rooms are air conditioned throughout the year and the windows are painted red to prevent cannibalism on the part of the fowls. Chickens are hatched, raised, and killed without touching the ground and in many cases without seeing daylight.

The farm's aim is to be as nearly self supporting as possible. Eggs produced in the Spring Hill Breeding House are hatched in Spring Hill incubators (capacity 18,000 baby chicks per week). The babies are transferred to the baby chick house. Here six men may handle as many as 30,000 infants at once.

At the age of four weeks the roosters are separated from the pullets and put in one of the four growing rooms. In these rooms 12 men may handle 28,000 chickens. Pullets stay in the growing rooms till the age of four months, but at eight weeks roosters are taken to the fattening room.

Feed is mixed in what looks like an overgrown cement mixer run by a 2 H.P. electric engine. When the clicks weigh two and one half pounds, the broilers are sent through the killing plant. A book could be written on the ultra-modern killing plant alone. There are facilities to kill, pick, clean, and pack 6,000 chickens a day. Chickens are hung on a conveyor. A man stabs each chicken in the neck to cut the jugular vein. The conveyor carries the chicken into a tub of boiling water. On the other side girls remove the long feathers of wings and tail. The chickens then go through the drier. At the end of the drier they are dipped in hot wax. When the wax dries and cools, girls strip the remaining feathers merely by pulling off the wax. Efficiency plus.

The chickens are rinsed in clear water, taken from the hooks and put into the first cold room. The temperature here remains around 30 degrees above zero. Here the viscera is removed, then the chickens go to the first storage room (temperature 10°) where they remain for eight hours until body heat is lost. They are kept in the second storage room, temperature 30°, until shipments are made by refrigerated trucks to Wilmington, Philadelphia, New York and even Boston, depending on where best prices can be obtained. The dressed chickens are packed in ice, 100 to a barrel, and the average daily shipment is 3500 to 4000.

Now to return to the pullets. At the age of four months the birds are transferred to the laying batteries. These are long steel affairs, four

feet wide, fifty feet long and six feet high divided into small cages. One man may take care of as many as 10,000 laying birds. Feeding is by motor driven conveyor belts. Eggs roll out of the cage to another conveyor and are gathered every two hours merely by standing at the end and turning a crank. Flowing water in troughs is furnished night and day. Individual laying records are kept and when a hen lays 250 eggs a year she is transferred to the breeding house. Less productive hens are sent through the killing plant. Industry pays even in such a plant.

Further results of efficiency are: a Diesel driven dynamo to supply electricity, a fertilizer plant to dehydrate droppings. In the killing plant the wax is recovered by remelting and straining the feathers. The feathers are reduced in sulphuric acid in the fertilizer plant. Connected with the plant is a 210 acre farm upon which much of the grain used is produced. Spring Hill feed is ground and mixed in a mill owned by the Farms.

The entire plant cost about \$300,000. The capacity is 200,000 chickens, chicks, broilers, and layers. Visitors are welcome and a man is provided to guide them through the plant. Some Sunday afternoon drive out and see this remarkable poultry factory.

C. M. FISHEL, Jr. 7.



### Revamping the Curriculum

The payment of taxes to schools can be justified on the grounds that schools perform such services as will fit individuals for life. Society makes constant demands upon education which necessitates a change in curricula to suit current needs. The problems of American life are numerous. In the main they consist of:

1. Provision of gainful employment to all who desire it
2. Problem of making available to all the benefits of contributions of science, invention, industrial organization and medicine
3. Question of states' rights vs. federal authority
4. Problem of taxation
5. Dishonesty and inefficiency in governmental activities
6. Scandal of crime
7. Hazard of war
8. Consumer education

"Most people are not aware of the increased importance of all these problems and their significance for education and curriculum makers. Yet for a hundred or more years, the leaders of great vision at least have foreseen that problems of the sort were certain to arise with increasing complexity."

M. CUNNINGHAM, Sr.

## The Library - - - At Your Service Give It A Trial!

THE circulation of books in your library may interest you. The total number of books circulating during October and November are as follows respectively:

	October	November
Main Library .....	6968	6414
Annex .....	9710	7742
Grand total .....	16,678	14,156

The types of books used most are as follows: Sociology (3828), History (2138), Science (2129), Useful Arts (2047), and Philosophy (1294).

What do all these figures mean? They may be an indication of a wave of ambition. We hope so. We are confident they show that many students still have the juvenile habit of waiting till night to study. Yet, as prospective teachers we are relatively mature persons.

If you stop to think that for every book circulated there are three stamps to be made and your library number to be copied, besides the work of filing the cards, you will realize the volume of work you make by carrying home many books each day. Every book you take out must be handled three times when it is returned.

I summon you to stop—to think! You may say I had not thought about that. Then, when are we going to start to think as teachers? I say now! If more reading was done in the library you could get better service, not routine service, but real help and counsel. We have a trained and experienced staff, and they want to help us if we will let them. I have asked their advice and know.

We have a democratic college. Let's keep this institution democratic by cooperation! If there are only two copies of a book, don't be a selfish child; use it at your first opportunity and leave it for your fellow men. This is a weakness of our whole society; you are educated; you are a teacher, and can improve society. We shall all profit in the end, each and every one of us.

B. ROYSTON.



DOUGLAS, LLOYD C., "*Green Light*". N. Y. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1935.

"Do I need advice? Is there anything that's perplexing me? I wonder if that was the correct thing to do?" If there was any doubt about any of these things in Phyllis Dexter's mind, that young lady would not have

allowed it to remain there long. She would promptly pay a visit to Dean Harcourt, everybody's beloved friend and adviser.

Dean Harcourt was just the sort of person Newell Paige, a young surgeon, needed. He wasn't called Newell Paige, however. He was Nathan Parker, "a collector of books". You see, there had been an operation at which Paige had assisted his very old friend, Dr. Endicott. But the operation hadn't been successful—the patient had died. Paige, overcome by a sense of loyalty to his old friend, took the blame, departed, and assumed a new name. But he wasn't happy—that is, not until he met Dean Harcourt, and absorbed from this great mind a new philosophy—a philosophy of the Green Light. "There are always disappointments, disillusionments," explained the Dean. "You have suffered, but *you can carry on through!* Take it from me. *I get the signal to go forward!* I have been delayed—long—long—but—at length—I *get the Green Light!*"

This isn't the kind of book you read, call "Swell", and let it go at that. It's one that you want to refer to—one that you want to understand and from which you learn. It contains adventure, excitement, love; yet behind it all is the Dean's calm, beautiful voice saying, "I get the Green Light!"

GERTRUDE JOHNS, Jr. 1.



CHASE, MARY ELLEN—"This England"; N. Y. MacMillan Co., 1936. 198 pp.

"The Weather"—"After a winter in any part of the British Isles the American is no longer moved to pity the Pilgrim Fathers through Mrs. Felicia Heman's moving description of Cape Cod in December."

"Manners"—"Three hundred years of a totally different environment and development have set us apart from them; and this must be coupled by the knowledge that each decade in their tight little island only serves to make them more uncompromisingly what they are."

"Food"—"Make the toast on the table instead of the kitchen?" cried he. "I never heard of such a thing! It may be done in America but not in this country. Besides, the toast would be hot and hot toast for breakfast is very indigestible."

"This Royal Throne of Kings"—"As her history has shown, England can behead or dispose of a king as wisely as she can love or honour him. Perhaps, indeed, in the very truth of this statement lies a goodly share of the reason behind that love and honour."

"Sunday"—"London is supremely careless of the comforts or the pleasures of her visitors on Sundays. If they are stupid enough to remain in the town, they can take what the town offers, and little enough."

MARY WASHURN, Sr.

M. ILIN—"Turning Night Into Day—the Story of Lighting." Translated by Beatrice Kinkhead; Illustrated by N. Lapshin, J. P. Lippincot Co. Philadelphia, London, 1936. \$1.00.

This book belongs to that rapidly growing collection which makes social studies so delightful to children nowadays. It retells the steps in the story of lighting from the time when bonfires were the only means of illumination, to the present day, when electricity is commonly used. It is an educational and useful book, interesting and well written. Facts are stated in a clear, simple manner and the book gives a comprehensive idea of the evolution of lighting. "Turning Night Into Day" contains the original Russian illustrations.

Somewhat surprisingly, M. Ilin, whose real name is Ilia A. Marshak, is a Russian author. He began his career as a chemist, but bad health made him turn to writing. He has a literary background, and has always been interested in studying. His wife is also a writer. They have a seven year old daughter and a son.

M. Ilin has written a number of educational books. Among them are, "What Time Is It?—the Story of Clocks", "Men and Mountains—Man's Victory Over Nature", "100,000 Why's—a Trip Around the Room", and "Black on White—the Story of Books".

J. CUMMING, Soph. 7.



POPE, NANCY—"We Three"; Doubleday Doran and Company, Garden City, New York, 1936. 355 pp. \$2.50.

Nancy Pope startles you with the assertion that she and her parents are unusual. In fact, they are universal favorites. From this place on she holds you by some piece of lovable audacity, subtle humor, or unexpected beauty.

Miss Pope has written in an informal, easy style about everyday happenings. Everybody has had many of the same experiences, but few can interpret them in such a significant way. The author also has the precious gift of knowing how much to say.

The story is a picture of an ideal family life in its various moods. It leaves the reader with the conviction that this is indeed a good world and that it is the commonplace things that make it so.

M. MCBRIDE, Sr.



HAMSUN, KNUT—"Growth of the Soil." (Translated from Norwegian.) N. Y., Grosset and Dunlap, 1926. 276 pp.

This is the life story of a man of the wilds who rose in an elemental strength and simplicity out of the very soil of Norway. We first meet Isaak, a barge of a man with a great love for nature, trudging under the



weight of a sack, in which is all his worldly possessions, to a kindlier spot in which to settle. This is the beginning of his home, this is no-man's place, but his.

He works untiringly and adds to his home as he is able. His needs grow, along comes the woman to share his toil and raise his family. A great love grows up between them. They both work hard, and as a result prosperity comes, and a large estate is built up slowly, but not without a terrific struggle and many conflicts.

Other settlers come, a settlement grows; they have friends and neighbors. Civilization encroaches and leaves its mark on the next generation. The other settlers are tossed about on the sea of passion and ambition; Isaak, the pioneer, remains as firm as a rock. He, the founder, shows them the way of the soil. As a great critic said, "he remains a ghost risen out of the past to point the way to the future."

This is truly an epic of the earth. There is a simple grandeur, a sincere live beauty to this story, for it is based upon the elemental theme that all things spring from the soil.

If you would like to meet Isaak, live with him and his friends, share his sorrows and joys and see civilization grow from a tiny spark, read "Growth of the Soil". Then, you'll know why the poet said, "Truth is Beauty".

BOSLEY ROYSTON· Sr.



## On A Bookshelf - - - Then and Now

A daughter speaks:

I browsed among my mother's books one day,  
Among old masters, seeking works of art.  
I drew one out—behind Jane Austen lay  
Keepsakes precious to a young girl's heart;  
A fan, upon the sticks her partner's names,  
A bow of ribbon, faded, yet still blue,  
A valentine of long forgotten fame,  
A miniature of "Jack", a flower or two.

A mother speaks:

I browsed among my daughter's books one day,  
Among new masters, seeking modern art.  
I drew one out—behind "New Woman" lay  
Keepsakes precious to a young girl's heart;  
A captain's shoulder bars, an old frat pin,  
A riding-crop, some pictures of her pets,  
A book called "Expert Golfing," one on Auction Bridge,  
A Red Cross pin, a tin of cigarettes.

LORELLE HEADLEY.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of  
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Make a resolution to contribute to the TOWER LIGHT during the coming year.

## A Comparison:

### Small Town Paper and College Periodical

OUR paper, our little country paper, "The Piedmont Herald", seems drab and miserably provincial to strangers; yet we who read it read in its lines an intimate story of life. It is the country newspaper which brings together daily the threads of the town's life, weaves them into something rich and strange, sets a pattern, directs the loom, and gives the color to the warp and woof of time.

When the girl at the glove counter marries the boy in the wholesale house, the news of their wedding is good for a forty-line notice, and the forty lines in the country paper gives self-respect. When in due course we know that their baby is a twelve pounder named Grover or Theodore or Woodrow, we have that neighborly feeling that breeds real democracy. When we read of a death in the home we can mourn with those who mourn. When we see the same two advancing to own a business and belong to the country club we rejoice with them. Therefore, wherever you may chance to pick up a little newspaper with the meager telegraph service of a few thousand words; when you see its array of countryside items; its interminable local stories; its tiresome editorials on the water-marks of flood walls, the schools in Piedmont hill, or the crops, or city printing, don't throw down the "contemptible sheet" with the verdict that there is nothing in it, but read the little paper as a record of the struggling, aspiring world of which you are a part.

Just as provincial as our county newspapers there has come into this peculiar civilization, the small college monthly. The TOWER LIGHT is the incarnation of the college spirit; it is, to a great degree, the mouthpiece of the college. A college periodical is as honest as its college, as intelligent, as kind, as brave as its college. And those curious phases of abnormal psychology often found in men and women, wherein a dual or multiple personality speaks, are found in colleges where many editorials voice the babble arising from the disorganized spirits of the place.

But the beauty and the joy of our TOWER LIGHT and its little world is that we who attend college know our own heroes. Who knows Murphy from Chicago University? Only a few. Yet in Towson we all know Dr. Tall. Who knows Grace Day at Columbia? One man in a thousand. Yet in Towson who does not know Miss Scarborough, our trusted friend and adviser for years. Princeton students pick up their periodical, "The Tiger" and read with shuddering horrors of the misdemeanors of their daily villain, yet read without that fine thrill that we have when we hear that the college minx is campused again at Towson. For we all know the poor child; we have listened to her episodes of Uncle Jack a score of

times. And we take up our TOWER LIGHT with the story of her frailties as readers who begin the narrative of an old friend's adventures.

Every issue of TOWER LIGHT brings some fresh and inspiring chapter of these great adventures; the small boy-girl romances between the lines, some budding into marriage and happiness; others drifting apart for new conquests and friendships, seeking for the eternal mate and companion.

To its readers, the TOWER LIGHT is "life in the making".

LORELLE HEADLEY.



### Junior Class Song

#### I

Here's to Teachers College,  
Our cherished Alma Mater,  
We pledge thee  
Loyalty.  
As in praise we raise our voices  
We'll strive to bring thee honor  
As to the heights we soar.  
Here's to Teachers College  
Thy sons we'll always be!  
We hope to make thee proud of us,  
As we are proud of thee!

#### II

Flying colors gleaming,  
For us they hold a meaning.  
Clear and true, our hopes not few—our  
Hearts with pride, are beaming.  
The green may long be shining,  
For silver is the lining.  
Our own Teachers College,  
With you we take our stand!  
Our class will e'er be grateful  
For thy guiding hand.

*Music by Charles Haslup*

*Words by Virginia Hagerty  
Sylvia Bernstien*



Muriel, criticizing first her Geography Wind Map and then her size—  
"Oh my, I don't like my latitude."

## Daily Duds

### MONDAY—

It was so cold on that stage I couldn't tell whether it was the North-wind or my nerves that made my teeth rattle during our assembly, today. But it's worth freezing to get a ringside seat like that on "the morning after the week-end before". It's funny to notice the various methods that students have for keeping awake or snatching a glance at a history book. I know I didn't look like energy itself nor a page out of Vogue but I was awake enough to notice the supply of new sweaters. The sweater and skirt certainly has become the college girl's classic.

### TUESDAY—

We had a basketball game this afternoon. We won. Hurray for our side! I sat in the balcony for the first time and it was a swell chance to look at clothes during "time-outs". Sweaters again. I noticed cardigans may be worn buttoned up the back as well as the front. For interest as well as economy the proud possessor of more than one twin sweater set may have a harmonious jumble of inner and outer sweaters. Brown over rust, yellow, green or white, and blue over red were the combinations I could see from "way up thar".

### WEDNESDAY—

I sold tickets for the dance Friday night in the hall today. A style show passed before me almost continuously for about fifteen minutes. A few models were a bit out of style but you were bound to get the general trend plus several new tricks. Everything from pearls to pigskin were accessories for sweaters. I really think I should list the various ways of wearing scarfs so I may fit them to any sweater and keep them from getting monotonous. Some were knotted in front, some behind, some on the side, and one was tucked under in the back of the sweater and knotted in front. They were pinned in front with initial pins, bar pins, animal pins, wooden pins, and one girl\* fastened hers with a bunch of tiny elephants which she had collected over the summer and fastened together. The word is "originality" when it comes to pinning. Look for crazy pins and good looking pins, but the idea is to have them different from everyone else's. Pearls add much to sweaters, much more than any other beads I've seen. Another addition to "the classic", new this year, are stiff white Buster Brown collars. They're most attractive and very popular but it must be a job to keep them spic and span and you couldn't wear them if they weren't. Narrow belts beautifully made with very unusual fastenings harmonizing with, or more often matching the skirt or scarf were pleasing additions which were noticed.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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### THURSDAY—

Danced up in 223 today. With all the lovely colors which are available in wools and tweeds it seems tragic that more people don't take advantage of showing off their clothes. Such colors as black and brown, brown and dark blue, dark blue and green are such drab looking colors together. Why not try certain shades of those colors and see how much more effective they are as grey and brown, brown and bright or turquoise blue, dark blue and bright green? And why some girls insist upon looking like part zebra and part giraffe is more than I know. Plaids, circles, and stripes have been much in demand these last two years in skirts, sweaters, and jackets and can be used to make good looking outfits. But deliver me from the walking circus!

### FRIDAY—

Our section had a party down in the Glen this afternoon and per usual we had Hot Dogs, but we were ready for them after gym. Most of the girls wore Tom Sawyer shirts under their sweaters with a triangle scarf or a boy's tie. They're so comfortable and sporty looking. A couple of the girls had dates afterwards and so they brought blouses to school and changed over in the dorm. Because they were wearing sport oxfords their blouses were tailored silk ones.

### SATURDAY—

Saturday, but washday in the dorm for me. I washed one sweater and hung two outside the window to air. I dampened cheesecloth and steamed my skirts and they look as if they'd just come from the cleaners. My collars and scarfs had to be washed and starched too. The whole morning taken up just for washing and ironing not to mention sewing on buttons, etc. I wouldn't mind so much if they'd only stay that way. But if you want to look well you have to work and you just have to look well because Morrison (ask any Junior who he is) says that a person who takes no pride in his appearance is bordering on insanity.

MADAME ROBERTA.

\*Persons described are fictitious otherwise the name is listed here.

\*Gertrude Tear has the elephant pin.



### Confession

Although it may seem bold of me  
To confess that you had hold of me  
No magician with his tricks  
Could put my heart in such a fix.

MARY WASHBURN.

## College Record Ho-Hum

The Naval Academy has long served as heart interest for Baltimore belles. M. S. T. C. is not without its recruits to the noble cause. Last month you heard about Healy and Hunter and their prom trotting. The Misses Helene White and Daurice Angulo (of Freshman fame) are heavily laden with trophies of Annapolis. (When the girls get on the scales they must deduct weight for buttons, pins, and anchors, especially anchors.) By the way, Miss White also wears a West Point pin. Maybe Christmas will decide the priority. Miss Belt went to the Navy-Army game with *his* parents which speaks well for Yvonne.

Since this noble number goes to press before the Christmas holidays we cannot recount the finery of various types which we feel sure will be donned after a season of gift giving. That should make an interesting item later, eh?

The Seniors are planning another rip-roaring party. Huddles in the hall reveal plans for what they are to eat. They'll exchange gifts 'never-thing. Muriel is giggling already in anticipation of a hilarious time.

Not to be outdone in New Year resolutions, the writers of this column suggest for the reformed 1937 person:

The talking ability of Bob Goldstein, to him breathing is unnecessary;  
The poise of the Mummers in their current successes;  
The neatness of Betty Straining and Ruth Hunter;  
The knack of speaking at length like Albert Greenfield;  
The dancing feet of Paulene Mueller;  
The stock of knowledge of Herr Professor Walther;  
The infectious laughter of Miss Neunsinger;  
The artistic talent of George Horn;  
The musical genius of Sydney Baker;  
The Badminton skill of Miss Blood;  
And a little work on the TOWER LIGHT thrown in.

In order that the ladies may improve their technique during the coming year we offer these suggestions given by the men of Northwestern University.

Wear a *delicate* perfume; otherwise he's liable to think there's a stray cat in your purse.

Be nice to the poor boy. After all it's his money.

Don't order milk when the others are having highballs.—Order coffee.

Don't take his fraternity pin too seriously. He doesn't.

Don't say "good-night" at 12:30 on a 1:00 o'clock night. He's liable to say "goodbye" to you.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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Don't talk about the other fellows when you're with him. Men are funny about that.

Among our sophisticated parents at the Te-Pa-Chi Dance we found Libby Blumenthal's Washingtonian, Royston and Pramschufer, Molly Hollander and a faithful swain, Isadore Seeman and a classmate, and another Seeman with one of the Freshman fashion plates.

Miss Shearer had considerable difficulty keeping her tickets straight for the last dance. To the admission price may be added 20c in phone calls. Finally, the errant tickets turned up. Some one had taken them for a joke.

Ask Miss Scarff about her chorus girl number.

Our attractive nurse of last year, "Miss Powers", who caused more ailments than the dorm has had in a long time, came to visit us the other day.

Who started the hair dance in the dormitory? I'll bet you begin earlier next time. Miss Daniels was certainly well splashed.

What kind of rouge does Mr. Allers use? The girls would like to know his beauty secret.

Mr. Samuel Miller still portrays Cyrano de Bergerac. Mr. Peelstein was reading the play during a Senior assembly. It must be contagious.

The Mutt and Jeff combination of the Freshman class is composed of Schauer and Lauenstein.

Good things come in small packages. There are numerous small packages in the group of underclassmen. Among them are the Dorothy Snoopes and Sisk. Very easy on the eyes, too.

We have so few boys at the school that we resent engagements. No fair, Lou!

Why does our best dressed Soph., B. G., make himself so scarce? Maybe he plans to get a B. S. in three years.

The "Simpson affair" brought night "Extras" to Towson. Betty Straining and Paulene Mueller were the bearers of tidings through the sleeping halls at 11:45. The Sun sales went down considerably.

Eleanor Williamson was caught in the act of playing Santa Claus. What, no Christmas spirit, Miss Dief?

Dr. Dowell excused the Seniors from seminar one hour to take a nap. Poor overworked dears.

Sarena Fried is engaged to an alumna's brother. This report has been circulating for some time with the statement that their first "date" was the TOWER LIGHT dance last year. That should serve as good publicity for that occasion this year. We may have a slogan like this, "Come to the TOWER LIGHT Dance and meet your future."

Miss Roach made a very fetching coronation hat from the cardboard packings of a game she is giving for a Christmas gift. Mrs. Grempler, too, had a becoming outfit for the presentation of the King.



I am not sure, but I think it rained the night of the American U. game. With the careful direction of Mr. Minnegan a number of gentlemen lost their way and had to hire a cab to lead them to the college. The meter ticked away and rolled up a fare of seventy-five cents.

Here are some popular songs of 1936. Do you remember them?

In the Middle of a Kiss  
Chasing Shadows  
Blue Moon  
Life is a Song  
You Are My Lucky Star  
With Every Breath I Take

Have you ever heard of "the Bader custom"? Her class always sings Christmas carols the day before the holidays.

Happy New Year,  
YE DIRT SLINGERS.



## Faculty Notes Here and There

THE memory of the dinner given to Miss Scarborough just before the College closed for the Christmas vacation still lingers.

Miss Scarborough retired from active work last June and this dinner was a testimonial of the affection with which she is held by the members of the staff and a tribute to the efficiency with which she carried on for thirty years.

The dinner was given at the Blackstone Hotel on Charles Street.

The tables which were arranged in U-shape were decorated with pink roses and snapdragons. Miss Scarborough, Dr. Tall, Miss Logan, Miss Wiedefeld of the Department of Education, and Mr. Purdum, former president of the Alumni Association of the State Teachers College occupied seats at the head table.

Short poems were read by Miss Kestner, Mr. Podlich, Miss Groshans, Dr. Crabtree and Miss Yoder.

Dr. Tall presented Miss Scarborough with an amethyst pin from the faculty, "with love".

Miss Scarborough will continue her work as field secretary for the Alumni Association of the College.

Mrs. Hathorne, formerly "Miss Jones" in the College, will not teach at Hopkins University next summer unless her husband changes his mind. If he doesn't, she will be very much missed!

The Christmas vacation proved a fine rest for Mrs. McNally whose unfailing good humor, willingness and efficiency are an integral part of

the machine which keeps the College going.

Dr. Tall recently talked at an educational meeting in Richmond, Virginia.

Mrs. Stapleton was chairman of the lovely Christmas Assembly which was held on Tuesday, December twenty-second.

Mrs. George Odell, formerly librarian at the College for thirteen years entertained some members of the faculty recently. We remember her as Miss Osborn.

Miss Adda Gilbert and Miss Merle Yoder each entertained at luncheon in their respective homes.

Letters from Mrs. Elsa Giles Clark, formerly of the Campus School, say that she believes that marriage surpasses teaching.

It is interesting to know that thirteen states may be claimed as the birthplaces of members of the faculty of the College—Illinois, Kansas, New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Texas, Tennessee, Virginia, Indiana, Michigan, Maine, Ohio, and Maryland. Maryland naturally has the larger proportion of teachers.

After a Merry Christmas in the places which they call "home", Miss Scott has returned from Texas, Miss Prickett from Kansas, Miss Tansil from Tennessee, Miss Roach from Connecticut, Miss Dougherty from Pennsylvania, Miss Blood from New York, Mrs. Brouwer from Michigan. The rest of the faculty made merry in the Free State or went away for a day or so.



### Instrumental Music

The last month of 1936 was given over to the study of music by Franck, Bizet and Dvorak. At the Christmas Assembly program the orchestra played two of these compositions, *Agnus Dei*, by Bizet and *Prayer*, by Franck. Compositions by Bizet and Franck afford an interesting contrast. Bizet is influenced by his interest in the dramatics, Franck by his years of experience in the organ loft. Thus the *Agnus Dei*, though sacred in theme, is reminiscent of the theatre, while the *Prayer* suggests the fervent outpouring of the spirit.

With the opening of 1937, we turn our attention to coming programs and to lighter music by Victor Herbert, and Moszkowsky.

During Miss Prickett's absence at the meeting of the National School Orchestra Association, the sectional rehearsals were in charge of Sydney Baker and Charles Haslup. Elwood Beam had charge of the general rehearsal.

## Overtones From The Glee Club

One of the privileges and pleasures of the Glee Club members is presenting programs for groups outside the school. On December 8 the Glee Club gave a program for the teachers of Anne Arundel County at Glen Burnie, Maryland. A special feature of the evening was an Alumni quartet. The audience was very appreciative. Money which we received for this performance will be added to a fund for vestments.

On December 22 we gave a concert for a group of parents and teachers this time held at the William S. Baer School. Christmas music was the theme for the evening.

The National Capital In and About Club composed of music teachers of the District of Columbia, Maryland, and Virginia will hold a meeting at the College on February 5. The Glee Club will furnish many songs for this occasion about which we shall tell you more later.

DORIS BURTNETT, Jr. 1.



## The Music Problem In America

I am greatly disturbed by the attitude that a vast majority of American people have taken toward classical music. Because of this I have on numerous occasions entered into heated discussions to espouse the music of the centuries.

Very recently, I was attending a movie in which Leopold Stowkoski and the world renowned Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra appeared. From the very moment that the orchestra struck its first tone until the last there existed within the theatre a general feeling of discontent. Immediately following, Benny Goodman and His Swingsters, probably as reputed in the jazz field as Stowkoski in the classical, filled the air with a modern dance tune. The previous atmosphere of moans and sighs was converted into one of pleasant relaxation. Obviously within musical art there exists a conflict. Although classical music has been universally proclaimed, America has conceded the upper edge to jazz.

In the light of this evidence one who is extreme and radical in his thinking might say that America is barbaric and primitive. Since the writer is not prejudiced against jazz music, and grants his readers that jazz music merits praise, he believes that he has treated the situation in a very liberal manner.

Idealistically jazz music depicts American life. In it is manifested American gaiety and joviality. Yet is it fair that America should degrade

the finest of all our arts? Why should both classes not be of equal significance? We, as future teachers, and a most influential group of people, should strive to fulfill the duties of our profession. In doing this, we shall be obliged to create within those whom we teach sufficient judgment so that they will realize both classical and jazz music have something in common and that both should be made a part of American life.

S. J. BAKER, Fr. 7.



## Christmas Parties In The Sections

Persons laden with bundles—square, oblong, round, triangular, all gaily wrapped, made their way through the halls. Where did these mysterious packages go? They went to the section parties, of course, where both faculty and students carefully and fearfully unwrapped their packages and saw themselves as others see them, through cleverly chosen characteristic gifts—gifts which ranged from brick houses to fly swatters.



## Y. W. C. A. Christmas Party

Small socks and large socks all found their way to the Y. W. Social on Thursday night, December 19. After a number of hilarious games Santa Claus appeared with his pack and gave to each and everyone of us a sock filled with a peppermint candy cane and a tangerine. Songs of Christmas and of Jolly Saint Nicholas resounded through the halls as we returned joyfully to our rooms.



## Rural Club Christmas Hour

The Rural Club held their annual Christmas Hour on Thursday evening, December 19, in Richmond Hall Parlor. The program consisted of Christmas stories and Christmas music. Members of the club remembering such programs from previous years' attended with real Christmas spirit and were not disappointed in their expectations.



For those interested in The Horace Mann conference at Antioch, the N. E. A. Journal for December, 1936, is an excellent reference.

## Sports

### Soccer Notes

The Maryland Collegiate Soccer Champions were guests of the School at a victory dinner on Wednesday, December the 2nd. Miss Tall, Miss Tansil, and Mr. Minnegan gave brief talks. The team members selected the championship medal award.

The dominant note of the championship team should not be forgotten. Cooperation, team spirit, and driving fight marked the group as a team. Team work means sacrificing selfish interests for the good of all. It means playing for the team rather than for self. It means an absence of stars, and an integration of players. This spirit brought to our school the Maryland Collegiate Championship even in the face of many handicaps.

No authority gave the team an outside chance of winning, however through the season, the team defeated every recognized college team in the state, and suffered no defeats. Western Maryland who tied Penn State, the Eastern Intercollegiate Champions, was defeated 4 to 1 when she was at the height of power. The Western Maryland team lost many players after the Army and Penn State games. Salisbury Teachers, University of Maryland, and Hopkins fell before the spirited Teachers. The calibre of these teams is equal to any in the United States. The team, and the student body is indeed proud of the season's success.

The fame of our team has spread far beyond our College walls. Its fine work has brought an invitation to join the National Inter-collegiate Soccer Association.



### Basketball

Have you ever considered the difficulty of our basketball schedule?

The basketball team has been battling through a hard schedule against heavier, larger, more experienced teams than usual. There are two types of teams played:

1. The large colleges, and universities with unusually powerful, experienced athletes. These schools are far out of our class.
2. The smaller colleges with strong teams but fewer large and experienced players. This competition is closer to our range.

At present almost half of our games are played with schools in the first classification. It is probable that this percentage is unknown to the whole student body. The team deserves credit for its courage and readiness to play against teams of such power. Our players frequently play

such teams on even terms for half a game but lack of enough players usually prevents a close game throughout.

Against such competition, every player has been "popping up" with some spectacular play. It is indeed thrilling to watch the team "steal" the ball, "tie up" a big opponent, snatch "rebounds", and toss lightning like "assists" to cutting shooters.

The interest of the student body at the afternoon games has been most gratifying to the team. The nigh perfect work of the first half when the Teachers outplayed the powerful University of Baltimore team might be due to the inspiration of fine student body support. There are many more home games in the afternoon. The team promises to furnish even greater demonstrations of fine team play.



## THROW INS Soccer

I wonder?

If "Putty Hill" or "Pewee" Smith have been able to find that town called "Junction" on the map?

If "Farmer John" Wheeler learned to leap by chasing rabbits?

If "Pinky" has gotten over the fact that Glen Burnie won the State High School Championship?

Where Jake received the spark that set him going in the Maryland game?

Who had the biggest appetite on the soccer team?

Whether certain players have been back to see "Simon Simone" from Salisbury?

If "Ham" has forgotten the Salisbury game?



## REBOUNDS Basketball

I wonder?

Whether the basketball team beat the soccer team in flat tire percentages?

How Frank felt fixing that tire on the way to Elizabethtown?

If Bob has found out what that stuff was in the field, from Farmer John?

How the basketball team rates a taxi escort to show them around Washington?

If a certain member of the basketball team spoke out of turn?

Whether Bob carries a horseshoe on those long shots?

If anyone knows how much fun the J. V.'s have tossing each other around?



## Badminton

Your opponent bats the bird across the eye-high net with all the power he has. It whizzes at you like a bullet, then suddenly halts, hovers like an autogyro and finally drops like a plummet at your feet. That's Badminton!

Historians of the game agree it started among the British Army officers in India some time in the late "60's". The exact circumstances of its origin are a little obscure now, but the most colorful as well as the most widely accepted theory is that it started by batting back and forth a champagne cork to which had been attached a ring of peacock feathers.

The first regular Badminton court was built at Poona, India, in 1873 and the game was introduced to England in the same year. It reached the U. S. via Canada.

A dozen years ago there were less than a score of Badminton players in Baltimore. Last year there were some 5,000. By next spring there should be 10,000.

Its rapid rise to popularity is probably due to the fact that of all the racquet games—tennis, squash, ping-pong, etc., it is the quickest game to learn and the game in which the player can most rapidly develop medium ability. To offset that, it is one of the hardest games in which to develop real expertness. But that doesn't bother the beginner. He is content to bat the bird around, swing his arms until they're tired, dash around the court until his legs won't hold him up and then stumble to the showers, satisfied that he has had a real work-out.

The Athletic Association has purchased Badminton. Already it has been introduced in several Physical Education classes where it was played with great enthusiasm. It is here for your use. Will you be one of that great throng of 10,000 Baltimoreans playing Badminton in the spring?

B. STRAINING, Sr.



Freshman: "I don't know."

Sophomore: "I am not prepared."

Junior: "I don't quite remember."

Senior: "I don't believe I can add any constructive ideas to what has already been said."

## The Athletic Assemblies

The first Athletic Association Assembly of the year was held December 3, to present awards.

Miss Pauline Mueller, president of the A.A., opened the assembly by explaining the point system. She urged all to attend basketball electives and enjoy the opportunities afforded. From the activity fees additional equipment for archery and badminton was purchased. Now these sports are being introduced into the school.

Miss Schnebly told of her experiences in an archery tournament. Miss Straining informed us of the increasing popularity of badminton. Mr. Minnegan reviewed the soccer record and the tentative plans for basketball season.

Dr. Tall then presented the following awards:—Three letters and four numerals to the girls; two gold stars, seven black stars and eight letters to the men.

Miss Mueller expressed the need of a new Athletic Song. The A.A. is sponsoring a contest the winner of which will receive a college letter. Until then she suggested that everyone "Stand Up and Cheer".

LOUISE FIREY.



## A Freshie's Reaction To Her First Sport

"Oh come on and go out for basketball," my room mate said, "it's lots of fun!" And I thought to myself, "Why I'd be mortified to death, a great big girl like me leaping for a basket; everyone will laugh."

However as I wanted to try everything once, three o'clock found me in my athletic suit and on my way to the gym.

Naturally I made many comical and absurd blunders. But did I hear stifled laughter or muffled criticism? No, everyone was very considerate of me. On that eventful day there was much excitement too—the ball circled the rim of the basket, while we held our breath awaiting the outcome. Maybe this was an everyday occurrence to the old members, but to me it was an unusual happening.

At the end of the hour I was panting for breath but how exciting and enjoyable basketball is!



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**FEBRUARY, 1937**



# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

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FEBRUARY, 1937

No. 5

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## Wings to Far Horizons

Many people are fortunate in having their careers and avocations as synonymous things. For these, living is a steady pursuit of a field for which there is felt an intense interest. Unfortunately, not all have acquired this happy state, and for them there must be a zestful following of something aside from everyday drudgery. The interest may not necessarily be a physically active one; with my eyes I may follow the winged flight of a bird and feel the exhilaration of its passage. The mind and spirit have been a-wing just as surely as if the body had been.

To the reader, a book with imaginative stimulus may open vast horizons for conquest. If I have seen the beauty of the ballet, and yet am incapable of self expression, I may read the great history of the Russian Imperial Ballet in Nijinsky", or "Ballet Profiles", or "The Flight of the Swan", which relates the life of the greatest of all dancers, Anna Pavlova.

My reading does not limit me to one field and thus it is that I may turn from the intricacy of choreography to the thirst and lore of travel. I may go canoeing in British Columbia with old explorers, or talk with the natives on the Tibetan Highlands. And truly I can say that dancing and travel are my hobbies.



## Hobbies Have Tales

ONE needs no entree to the faculties' diaries to become aware that the teachers of Towson State Teachers College are pottery minded. "I never pretend to be above having and indulging a Hobby", confided Madame d'Arblay in her Diary in 1768, and this faculty of the twentieth century also talks of hobbies with enthusiasm.

And why not! A tiny bowl in a certain college office bears mute testimony to its beauty loving owner whose face lights up as she relates the story of its purchase in a shop in Holland. In a home on the campus are several fine pieces of Rookwood which occasionally have been brought over to the college for the enjoyment of the students. One faculty member is studying with a potter in order to learn how to assemble a kiln, so that you may have a pottery hobby to talk about.

Many countries are represented in the fine ceramics collection of another member of the faculty. Wedgewood from England, and fine pieces picked up in quaint little villages in Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Germany, Ireland, and Spain delight the hearts of beauty-loving students in her classes. Some day this collector may write about ceramics but not English ceramics! Her real hobby is American pottery, especially the crude old pieces first made in colonial times. How many tales she can tell of her treasures—Newcomb from New Orleans, Roseville from Ohio, Jugtown from North Carolina, Dedham from Massachusetts, VanBriggle from Colorado, and Camark and Niloak from Arkansas! The collecting of these beautiful pieces from far and near is as fascinating to her as the writing of poetry was to Lizette Woodworth Reese.

This collector has made pottery too. To see the clay change in her hands or on her potter's wheel from a shapeless mass of white to a form of good lines is a tale of magic. The change from white to delicate pink or yellow by the baptismal fire of the kiln is to her a continual surprise, but to watch the glazed clay as it goes into the kiln the color of glass and comes out in endless varieties of color—that is one of her joyous tales that interests others in the pottery hobby.

I wonder if she would listen to my story of the primitive Bybee pottery in the mountains of Kentucky. Does she know of the exhibit of contemporary American ceramics that has just crossed the sea to be welcomed in Copenhagen, home of the Royal Porcelain Factory since 1775? The works of living potters were assembled for the exhibit by the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, partly in recognition of the fact that ceramics ranks fourth in American industries and is now a distinct contribution to the world's art, but more particularly in honor of Ade-

laide Alsop Robineau of Syracuse, maker of wonderful high fire porcelain. What a tale that journey will be!

Men used this commonest of material thousands of years ago. So it is used in Mexico today. Of its artists Ibanez writes, "Nowhere has the love of men towards earth become more beautifully manifested than here". Have you ever seen the Mexican designs? Wouldn't Mexican pottery make a fine hobby?

This oldest of the crafts has gained in interest to Americans since Marie Martinez of Santa Fe mixed her bluish white powder with reddish brown clay from the Black Mesa and molded bowls each day before eager eyes at the Chicago Exhibition.

In my office is an Indian bowl made by a little girl of Marie's tribe (the San Ilde fonso), who sold it to me on my way up to Taos. Come in and let me tell you about it.

Truly potter's clay is a hobby with many tales.

JANE E. JOSLIN.



### Play - shopping

HAS not everyone at some time borrowed (without consent) one of mother's sheets and fixed up a stage? There are very few of us who have not aspired to be either a Bernhardt or a Barrymore. But amateur acting is not limited to the two pin admission group. Barnstorming groups of adults have sprung up all over the United States. Perhaps you think that you have outgrown the age where you can don a costume and parade the boards. I am glad to admit that I have not.

You may ask where I find encouragement to continue amateur acting? I am a member of the Play Shop Jr. Do not be misled by the word "Junior". There is nothing "sissified" about our group. You too would have to admit this if you saw our football carriers. But to return to our purpose; to have a children's theatre in Baltimore where children's plays can be produced. The plays are enacted under the guidance of the Seniors, who do the main work, with the support of the younger children who compose the Junior group.

In a group of this kind there is great diversification of interests and I can assure you that everyone has his pet hobby. There are costume designers, scenery designers, music directors, dance directors, make-up

men, prop men, stage managers, script writers, playwrights,—and everyone acts. Yes, everyone acts from "One-man Mack", who takes at least eight parts, to me, who might take two parts.

So you see how childhood's attempt has grown more finished than can be imagined. Interest, teamwork, and companionship have established "The Play Shop, Jr." which is the natural termination of the child's desire "to put on a show".

BETSY EHRHARDT, Soph. 2.



### Let's Be Original

A FRIEND of mine came rushing up to me one day exclaiming, "Oh, I have finally learned how to knit, but I don't know what to make. I must knit something. "Will you help me?" Since my hobby and pastime is knitting and has been for several years, I have received many such requests, but none so urgent as this. Having myself, used the *Handicrafter* several times, I took my impatient friend to the library, and we looked through several numbers of the magazine. We decided that one of the sweaters we saw there was very suitable. My friend borrowed the magazine and used it until she had finished her sweater. If the library can be so helpful to one individual, it can certainly help many more if they will but use it.

Upon investigation, I have found many more aids for individuals interested in handicrafts. For designs for tapestry, samplers, basketry, rugs, weaving, and quilting, there are *Applied Art* by Lemos, *Design in Theory and Practice* by Batchelder, and *Industrial and Applied Art* by Bash. *Homespun Handicrafts* by Lea Shannon Bowles includes designs and many helpful suggestions for all of the above mentioned crafts with suggestions for knitting and crocheting. For anyone interested in carpentry, there is a very helpful book by A. Neely Hale called *Home Handicrafts for Boys*. In addition to the *Handicrafter*, the magazine department offers *Design*, *School Arts*, *Grade Teacher*, and *Good House-keeping*, all of which are very helpful. We have all of these aids at our fingertips; why don't we use them more? Come on girls, let's use our library and make something different.

VIRGINIA MORGAN, Soph. 7

## “McGuffey’s Eclectic Readers”

PERHAPS it seems odd to a reader of this month’s TOWER LIGHT that “McGuffey’s Eclectic Readers” should be included in a list of hobbies. Yet that is just what they are to some people—those who as children during the decades between 1860 and 1900 read them. These readers have become such a hobby with some people that they have formed clubs, and at regular meetings they read, recite, and declaim from the famous readers. On May 29, 1923 the first of these clubs was incorporated in Columbus, Ohio. Since then others have been organized in other parts of the country, until there is one in practically every state in the Union. On May 4, 1932, the fifty-ninth anniversary of Dr. McGuffey’s death, these clubs held meetings in his honor.

While Dr. William Holmes McGuffey was a professor at Miami University, he lived in a house just off the university campus. Here he tested the lessons for his “Little Readers” on his own children and those of the neighbors. Thus he worked for over ten years. In 1836 he sent the First, and in 1837 the Second, the Third, and the Fourth of his famous texts to the publishers. These were the originals in the Eclectic Readers Series. In 1841 a Fifth reader, with the assistance of his brother, was compiled; and in 1851 a Sixth reader. Revisions of these books enabled them to meet the changing demands of the school for many years. In 1901 the last revision was copyrighted. Within a few years these books were being widely read in thirty-seven states, and in a few more years they were the exclusive textbooks in twenty-seven states. For about fifty per cent of the children of the United States during the last half of the nineteenth century, these readers were their only taste of literature. Some of the aphorisms and fables have become so ingrained in American culture that many people feel as if they were born with them. The story of George Washington’s honesty about the cherry tree is an example of such a story. Many famous references like Theodore Roosevelt’s “Meddlesome Matties” may be traced to these readers. The readers, teachers of moral lessons, had only one big fault—the numerous selections dealing with death and dying. During the decades between 1860 and 1900, the outstanding feature of American education was the Reader. New England, part of the Pacific Coast, and after the Civil War, the South, were the only sections of the country where the “McGuffey Eclectic Readers” were not in general use. The “McGuffey” vogue lasted from the time of Van Buren’s presidency to that of Theodore Roosevelt’s. Since readers are the only books giving

an opportunity for distinct ethical teaching, the lessons they teach bear directly and positively upon the formation of character.

Dr. David Swing of Chicago considered these books so valuable, that he said one time that he wished that instead of having been forced to memorize the boundaries of every state in the Union, he had been forced to memorize the whole of the McGuffey Readers. Since the people who were taught from these readers have formed clubs, a McGuffey Museum has been established at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio; with Dr. Harvey C. Minnich, dean of their Teachers College as its head. A McGuffey Memorial Volume composed of extracts from the readers was made. Among those making the selections for the volume were Dr. John W. Studebaker, the present Commissioner of Education in the United States, and Mr. Henry Ford, the automobile magnate. In September 1934, Mr. Ford went to Ogunquit Park, in Wheeling, West Virginia. The director of the park told him about a simple cottage which lay about sixteen miles from the park. The cottage had a dirt floor which was badly in need of repair. There was a mortgage due on the surrounding farm, and the old couple who lived in the cottage were to be evicted. The director also told Mr. Ford of an old book he had found in the parlor. Upon examination, the book proved to be a Bible which had been used in Scotland in the seventeenth century. In this Bible there was record of the McGuffey family, including William Holmes McGuffey's birth. Mr. Ford immediately went to the cottage. Within two weeks, the mortgage had been paid, and the cottage had been bought. Soon a new house was built for the old couple. The cottage was taken to Dearborn, Michigan. In the fall of 1935, a tablet was erected on the farm and appropriate ceremonies were held celebrating the birth of Dr. McGuffey. Mr. Ford was the principal speaker at these ceremonies. So you see, odd as it may seem, readers are some peoples' hobbies.

R. PHILLIPS. *Soph.* 2



### Did You Know

That the "Christian Science Monitor", an international daily newspaper, has been given to us for six months by the Christian Science Publishing Society? If at the end of that time it is found that we are making use of it, they will continue this privilege. This newspaper is well written and will be especially useful in your *World Today Courses*.

### Old Glass

EVERYONE should have some hobby; everyone should have an avocation that stimulates the mind and body, that provides for the inquirer either a wealth of knowledge or a desirable pastime. My hobby is collecting old glass. The person may collect for varied motives. Some love old things merely because they are old; others care to have only articles that are beautiful, whether old or new; and still others are interested in anything beautiful or ugly, which forms a link in the history of an industry, a nation, or the human race. The character of a collection depends upon the motive that actuates the collector. Whatever basis of glass selection you may choose, you will be able to enjoy your collection more intelligently if you know more than the surface facts about it.

When you come to consider the collecting of old glass, one of the most discouraging things to be faced is the number of frauds and fakes. In the presence of the pontil mark, a rough scar, found on the base of old blown glass after it had been broken from the pontil rod, which enabled the workmen to hold the glass securely while finishing the top, collectors used to place their trust. This is no longer an infallible test. The form of the foot in drinking glasses is a means of identifying old pieces. It is generally large, the diameter being equal to that of the bowl, and it is conical or domed. On a genuine piece the wear shows evenly, coming from use and moving about. Most of the old glass was less clear and brilliant than the modern, having many tiny bubbles in it. Old glass lacks the sharpness of new and has a feeling of softness.

It seems hard to realize that the glass which we consider an absolute necessity was one of the great luxuries in the early days of the settlement of this country. For general use dishes were fashioned of wood or pewter and oiled paper or wooden panels were the substitutes for window glass. Fortunate indeed was the possessor of a glass bottle or a bit of window pane. The need for glass became so acute that the colonists finding it nearly impossible to obtain it by import were forced to attempt its manufacture in this country. In 1607 at Jamestown, Virginia the first glass blowing furnace was erected and only bottles were made. When glass making was seriously attempted in America, has not been definitely settled but all authorities agree that Salem, Massachusetts was early in the field having glass works there in 1683 which operated successfully until 1670 when they were finally closed for lack of capital.

Many other glass works were later started in various parts of Pennsylvania and bottle making became one of America's most important

industries. Then various articles were made for lighting purposes; candlesticks, and all kinds of lamps in which were burned lard, tallow grease, and oils. The early lamps of the better class had two wicks instead of one. Then glass knobs for furniture, mirror supports, and curtain hold-backs were made.

The average collector who loves his glass for its own beauty, the pleasure he had in finding it, and the delight of possession does not concern himself too deeply as to where it was made.

One of the most attractive aspects of glass collecting is the opportunity it offers for combining utility with pure enjoyment of color and form. Old pieces are being taken out of the employment for which they were designed and raised to positions of great honor. For instance, bowls used long ago and made for dairy or kitchen use are now gracing our tables, filled with flowers that harmonize with the clear tints of their substance.

Whatever the collection may be, it possesses potentialities of endless delight. There is a fascination in trying to identify each piece; to learn who the maker was, if possible, to pick up bits of romantic history connected with the various owners who had it before it came into your possession. Above all, there is the joy of having always at hand things that are in substance and form beautiful; interesting things from which no amount of familiarity can take the magic and the mystery that are a part of old glass.

CATHERINE N. COOK



### Skating In The Moonlight

The air was keen, the earth frozen to a hard crispness; the cold, round moon came peeping over the horizon, casting its yellow beam over the surface of the mirror-like pond. The rhythmic sound of the skaters as they glided swiftly over the ice, echoed through the moon-tipped trees of the forest. Through the branches of the leafless willow trees that bordered the side of the pond, the smoke of a small fire curled like fumes from a large incense burner. The moon rose to its height, the rays caught the steel blades of the numerous skaters, made them look like long silver knives cutting the ice. Gradually, two by two, the merry skaters departed. The embers of the fire glowed feebly, and the moon continued to keep silent watch over the skaters' paradise.

C. Paula.



## The Play's the Thing

WHEN I was asked to prepare an article on my avocation, I was confronted with the task of deciding what part of this vast field to cover. Finally I decided to touch lightly upon the stage in general.

My interest in the drama has led me not only to the art of walking upon a stage and delivering lines, but also has made me acutely interested in literature, human nature, writing, music, and painting, for all the arts are inseparably united. The world's literature presents to the dramatist a rich and exhaustless store from which to draw his plots and themes. After picking his plot or theme, the student of literature becomes the student of human nature and works out, in outline, the human angles and elements of his theme. Then, he dons the toga of the writer, and the dialogue and action of the play takes shape under his flying pen. While writing, he sometimes finds that music can do more to put him in the mood of the situation than anything else. Let us assume that the play has been written, sold, and production has started. Generally, the work of the writer is then finished, but occasionally we have a figure such as Noel Coward, who writes, directs, produces, and acts his parts.

Now that production has begun, the writer has become a director-actor and shouldered his many problems. It is now that his knowledge of painting is of value, for scenery is to be painted, set furnishing arranged, lighting effects to be arranged, and costumes to be decided on, requiring a knowledge of balance, color harmonies, and color blending. Then, in the role of an actor all his accumulated knowledge of music, speaking, human nature, and literature must be utilized in order to give an intelligent performance. However, no one actor is a Wagner, a Webster, an O'Neill, a Rembrandt, and an Anderson rolled into one. In the case of many of our finest actors, they will have a working knowledge of them all, but be master of only one or two.

Let us now leave the realm of the professional and semi-professional and briefly see the benefits received by those who have had some dramatic training. His speech will, perhaps, be the most benefited. The good actor will never be guilty of sloppy pronunciation and enunciation. His voice will, rather, be clear, resonant, and beautiful to the ear, and his every word spoken in a way that makes the speaker stand out from the crowd. Next, his bearing will, as a rule, be almost noble, his movements generally, poised and graceful. The above mentioned benefits are visible to the eye and the ear, but there are other things within

the man that only he can see or feel. If he has taken his stage work seriously, his appreciation of music, poetry, painting, and literature will have become a vital part of his existence. A different note is here in order. Stage work and training can not give to the person with a bad voice, a golden tone; with faulty habits of speech, a perfect speech; with little talent, a Da Vinci. The drama is a human force, one can't expect miracles. However, it can do much to improve and correct our faults.

I leave with you these thoughts. First, if you think the reward is worth the price of hours of work, of heartaches, and of sacrifice, take up amateur dramatics. It is only fair to say that once you think seriously of the stage, nothing else will satisfy you. Secondly, all the stage is not applause and glamour. For every hour spent before the audience, ten hours are spent in preparation. Lastly, when you next see a play, think briefly on the years of experience and preparation, as well as the weeks of intensive work that has preceded the performance you are comfortably witnessing.

G. MILLER. Fr. 7.



## Photography is My Hobby

O H! Look at that streak of light! O-o-oh and there's another! What shall I do? This is positively humiliating. Here I am ruining my first roll of panchromatic film. Such were my thoughts when I discovered that I was not developing my film in absolute darkness as stated in the directions. However, the pictures were a success. At home I do my developing and printing in a closet that is about five feet by two and one-half feet. It is not the developing and printing that is work but getting ready to do it. Measuring the solutions, raiding the refrigerator for ice cubes in the summer, to keep the solution at the proper temperature, borrowing a light blub—sometimes two—from one of the lamps, are some of the things to be done in preparation for work. But worse than that is putting away the things after finishing the work. The climax is the question, "Who took the bulb out of this lamp?"

Naturally, I haven't mastered the art of developing and printing but I do get results that aren't too bad. Many people have the idea that all you need to do to get a good snapshot is to click the shutters. I once thought that too, but have learned otherwise by experience. Today, the unusual appears to be the attraction in photography. Every day I

see snapshots of telephone wires, bridges, buildings, etc., taken from an unusual angle so as to make an interesting picture. However, I think it is more fun to take pictures of my friends. Yet, I do find myself wondering as to just how you could get an interesting picture of the legs and undersides of chairs and a table. Someday I may try it. At least, if I fail, the chairs and table would not be able to say, "But that doesn't look like me", or "Please, promise you won't let anyone see that."

Seriously, though, photography is interesting in that it takes head and hands to make of it a worthwhile hobby.

L. GRAYBEAL, Fr. 8



### Bay Fishing

SURELY my ears were deceiving me—"Say, how would you like to go on a fishing trip with me tonight and tomorrow?" "Cousin, I am as good as gone", I stammered, "but where are we going?" "Delaware Bay", he answered. Bay fishing—at last one of my long hoped-for opportunities had come true.

That night at eleven o'clock, I was traveling toward my destination. About four o'clock the next morning an auto full of hopeful fishermen arrived at Bowers Beach, Delaware, a fascinating little village. House after house, all gray, rested solidly and peacefully upon its upright cement pillars. It was a hustling hour for these shore folk. Numerous parties of men, and some women, stalked over the crunching sand and pebble paths, tramped up and down the rattling boardwalk to await the signal to board a boat. Some few gathered around the weather-boarded food stand, hastily drinking coffee or masticating a "hot pup". The chattering of voices indicated that the men who had returned from the bay had not brought a large catch—the wind was too strong and the water too rough. A large crowd gathered around the supplies building where the fish were brought in. Here the first of the morning's catch had been counted and displayed. Many an eager soul glanced enviously at the silvery, scaly "whoppers", each hoping to bring in some bigger ones.

"Sol" began to appear above the horizon, and this seemed to be a signal for the boats to begin moving out of the cove into the bay. We carried our supplies aboard a forty-foot boat and soon the puttering motor was taking us out into the rougher water. Captain Walker said, "I'm afraid it's going to be pretty rough boys, but you'll catch some fish and certainly several sharks". Everyone of us was so enthusiastic about the idea of who would catch the biggest fish and the first shark, that little attention did we pay to the tossing waters. Now it was

evident we were "in for a beating". The tossing boat slid dizzily down the hissing walls of gray-green water advancing upon it. We were in a wave-tossed wilderness, each giant instrument of nature destined to bury the man-made contrivance of wood. "Captain" looked straight ahead, only occasionally glancing upon the tossing horizon, as the boat rode to the foaming crests, trembled there on the wave-top an instant before tobogganing down in the trough below. He had experienced such waters before—we hadn't.

After we had gone about three miles out from shore, the boat was anchored and each of us baited our hooks, then dropped the lines into the water. Every man waited patiently for a strike. Occasionally the other men would pull in a large hard head or a trout, but I waited on.

I had not minded being battered about until now. I felt weak and giddy. "Eddie", I said, "how does it feel when you are seasick?" "I think you already know", he replied. By this time I could agree with him. It was my first experience of being seasick. Shyly I gazed around at the rest to see how they were "taking it". One of the men, who was known as "Pop", a stout human weighing about three hundred pounds was desperately ill. Occasionally, I glanced at him for he amused me by the frightful look he gave when our boat leaped the waves and had its deck sprayed as the water lashed against the sides. Periodically I would cast aside the rod and reel and lie down. Once I fell off in a nap.

We anchored in mid stream till the blow was over and then resumed fishing out in the bay. The water was still rough but not as violent as it had been before. "Captain" anchored the boat in various places of the bay and throughout the day each man kept a vigilant eye upon his line. Toward evening our craft slid smoothly over the now calm water back to shore. "Pop", seriously ill, was delighted to know that we had caught eighty fish—big and little, and five sharks. This was the largest catch reported that day by visiting sportsmen. Most delighted was I with the whole experience of bay fishing—yes, seasickness included!

I. G. NOLTE, Jr.



### This Paper

This paper is a great invention  
The school gets all the fame,  
The printer all the money,  
And the staff gets all the blame.

*Holly Leaf*—Salisbury.

## Socially Undesirable?

HAVE you heard the weird whistling noises that have been haunting our school? Did you know that a member of the office staff threatened to go get an ocarina in self-defense? The chances are even, dear reader, that you are one of the culprits. If so, be lenient with my theorizing about you, but *please* for the sake of the public peace, develop some ability in playing your instrument.

Man makes music for the enjoyment or satisfaction he derives from it. The more experience he has, the more he enjoys music made by others. Most people have at one time or another felt a desire to play a musical instrument. Probably no one will question that those who have had the experience of playing an instrument are in a better position to appreciate fine instrumental music.

Then why don't more of us play instruments? In the first place, there is the obvious reason that learning to play one of the generally recognized instruments entails expense, study, and practice. If the initial satisfaction is not sufficiently strong to overcome these obstacles, the potential player will not become an actual player. In the second place, we have been almost ignoring a group of instruments obtainable almost anywhere, at a price often negligible and which may be played on first trial. They are always ready for use; they never need oiling, tuning, adjusting, assembling; they never need polishing, strings, pads, reeds, or any attention for their maintenance.

*Although these instruments are simple, they are none the less musical.*

Simplest and easiest to play are the musical comb and the "kazoo". To play the former, place a piece of tissue paper on one side of an ordinary comb, and hum into the other. You don't need a "voice". The "kazoo" applies the same principle. The new "bazooka" is merely a kazoo in disguise. These instruments have almost unlimited musical possibilities. The comb and the kazoo can be played with a range of over three octaves and a great variety of tone qualities.

The "mouth-organ" or harmonica is an old favorite, needing no introduction. However it seems hard enough to discourage some players.

Not as versatile, perhaps, as the comb and the harmonica, but possessing unique and pleasing (?) characteristics of their own, are the fifes, flageolets, recorders, or pipes. The range is two full octaves, with limited chromatic possibilities. It's all done with six finger-holes, believe it or not.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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Similar but more difficult is the ocarina ("little goose") or clay sweet potato. The ocarina has a distinctive tone (as you have probably noticed). It plays chromatically, with a somewhat tricky fingering.

The song whistle looks like a bicycle pump and slides like a trombone. (You have probably heard one in the orchestra of "Uncle Ezra's" radio station.)

There are many other instruments which you may assemble yourself or purchase at little cost: musical saws, musical glasses, tire pumps, fire extinguishers, marimbas, drums, "jews-harps", and others.

If you consider all these things mere toys—try to play one! There are a number of recreational and educational values to be received from the devices listed above. The performer may play jazz and folk tunes by ear, or he may read classics; he may play only for amusement, or he may become a virtuoso; musical careers have been started with simple instruments. To become proficient the player must develop a keen feeling for pitch, tone quality, and time. The instrument becomes a part of its owner with a minimum of interference from mechanics of playing. Many simple instruments have rudiments of finer instruments. Probably the most important value, however, is that the player is having fun.

The person who likes to do things with his hands will find some "nifty" problems in the construction of musical instruments, with unlimited opportunity for development of skills.

The surface has barely been scratched in this article. The opportunities for research and invention are simply appalling. There are techniques to be developed, such as rolling the tongue in tooting the flageolet (inspired by a "grind-organ"). There are new instruments to be developed—the application of a megaphone to a kazoo, or the crossing of kazoo and fife (horrors!!), for instance. The museums are full of primitive instruments which are undoubtedly playable. They need only someone to reproduce them. This paragraph may be taken as a warning of what to expect.

JOHN KLIER

(ED. NOTE: Prices of instruments to be found on page 27.)



"Slippery slim slimy saplings" and "rubber buggy bumpers" are some of the tongue-tanglers that were given to Renselaer Polytechnic Institute students who were trying to win a position on the announcing staff of a local radio station.

## On Pipes

Civilization has progressed so swiftly that Mr. Average Man has had little chance to sit back and relax. The mad whirl of society holds him bound to the grindstone, unable to enjoy the true aim of life—happiness. Mr. A. Man must fight back at this monster "Society", so he should regularly take a few minutes time out with his best friend—a pipe.

Smoking a pipe gives this much needed lull; a few precious moments of tranquil rapture, a chance to forget the world and its burdens and browse in peace and calm; a time to drift on and on in a new world, all your own, building fanciful notions in the pale blue haze of your favorite tobacco.

Having once tasted of this happiness you crave it more and more, each time trying to improve it with a new and better pipe. Soon you find yourself with nine or ten different specimens, each one an improvement in style and each bringing back memories close to your heart. You add to your collection an old German model which you call "Bismarck" after that famous lover of pipes; a Turkish water pipe accommodating four smokers; an aged Indian clay pipe with a long thin stem, and lastly that deeply cherished, carved, English Briar, "Henry the Eighth".

Collect and smoke pipes and have all your friends "haunted" by the memory of a pipe filled den harboring everything from cleaners to sweeteners.

DAVID JETT, Fr. 4



## The Rights of A Student

In the National Student Federation of America paper for the week of October 15, 1936, there was a brief report of the John Marshall College of Law Committee on Students' Rights. This committee concedes the following rights to students:

1. The right to be taught only what is true by their teachers.
2. The right to just grades.
3. The right to send committees to the proper faculty authorities to present grievances or suggestions, subject to the rules of the institution.
4. The right to the proper means to carry out their school work.

## Writing Poetry

Once in the life of every boy there comes that period when he gets a notion that he can write poetry. It is, in general, a period of happiness, although it is not without its mixture of melancholy.

How one first gets this idea that he will some day be a great writer of poems is not exactly known. Probably his first adventure into verse deals with the moon or some other innocent object. He learns that "June" rhymes with "moon" and "gleam" can be made to go with "beam." Ah! What a thrill he receives. The effect is wonderful. Already the young writer is visualizing his name above some epic in the manner, let us say, of the inimitable Vergil.

And so he advances. His verse no longer sings of such trifles as moons and Junes, but deals with heavy philosophy and things usually beyond the common understanding. That he receives a yellow rejection slip for his poem "Life" never once discourages him.

Then arrives the most dangerous period in this era of a boy's versifying. Perhaps it can be best explained by saying that "dove" rhymes with "love." Here the poet clutches his heart and chants something to a fair young maiden. It is during this epidemic that the poet produces his very worst writings.

This "love" period may be the final curtain for the youth's ventures into versification. After that he usually settles down and becomes a plumber or a shoemaker. The poet thus passes into oblivion. He has grown up.

LINDENBAUM, Fr. 4.



## Social Experiences

Mrs. Lu Verne Crabtree Walker, our Dr. Crabtree's sister, is an Editor of "The Journal of the Education Association of the District of Columbia." Fortunately we receive a copy of the magazine as an exchange for our college publication.

The November issue is devoted to social studies and is worthy of inspection by those interested in this particular field. Members of the various social science organizations should find the material expressive of the current emphasis in the study of human relationships.

The article which would probably have the most appeal for college students is written by Delos O. Kinsman of American University. It is entitled, "Do the Social Sciences in Our Universities Teach Human Relations?" This is the general content of the article: Social sciences have



won their popular position in the curricula of colleges and universities in a short period. The answer for this rapid growth is found in the new order. Our rapidly socializing world is forcing social studies into education from the kindergarten to the college.

An effective training in social relations must include three approaches. It must be practical, informative, and inspire to action. This infers a shift of viewpoint. Formerly, the student of social relations was too largely individualistic. However, "we must view society as an environmental entity that acts and reacts upon an individual personality, making for the development not only of the mind but of the spirit." The student has come to recognize that only as the individual promotes the good of others can he attain his best.



## Parties

Communists, liberals, leftists, all men!  
Each forms a party, each wants to mend  
The other man's government, nation and creed  
But none want to follow, and all want to lead.  
Republicans, democrats, fascists, and we  
Think none are more able, better than "me"  
"With all other parties I cannot agree  
Which proves that I only can really succeed."

Anarchists, monarch, rightists, and reds  
All stand a chance of losing their heads  
When bayonets, tear gas, machine guns, and tanks  
Confront them from the enemies' ranks.

God in his heaven must think us so queer  
When non-partisan Death is always so near.

CLARA BESTRY.



The N.E. A. Journal for November, 1936, contains a remarkable section on aviation entitled "Aviation Creates a New World".

## Sir Herbert Ames' Address

ON January 15, 1937, Sir Herbert Ames opened his speech by asking "Does the rearmament of Germany mean another World War?" Proceeding to answer this question he then briefly related as a background the history of Germany since the World War. From 1919 to 1925 Germany was humiliated and the victors of the war were arrogant. In 1926 Germany became an equal state in the League of Nations and pledged peace with France. In 1933 Hitler was called to be prime minister. Sir Herbert then discussed Hitler's rise to power. By this time memories of the hardships of the war were growing dim in the minds of the rising leaders. Mindful of this, Hitler then made the people believe that the depression of 1932-1933 was due to the Treaty of Versailles, not to the war. He condemned the republic and promised the people equal status with the other nations of the world.

Having put his leadership to a vote and gained popular acclaim, Hitler went before the League, demanding an equal status in armament. The reply to this demand was disappointing to him. He was handed an eight year plan by which German arms should be gradually increased and those of other nations should be decreased until equality would result. This he immediately refused.

By the end of 1933 Hitler had begun to assume the dictatorship of Germany. When he asked the people to vote whether or not they were in favor of the present form of government, he held that 93% of the people approved of it. In 1935 Hitler repudiated Part V of the Versailles Treaty, which restricted the army, navy, and the armaments of Germany. On May 7, 1936 Germany reoccupied and fortified her western boundary. At every move Hitler had combined his aggressive policy with skillfully contrived peace proposals in order to cover his actions. Each move of his had been unchallenged and thus Germany has once more assumed the full strength of a sovereign state.

According to Sir Herbert, in the various demands Germany has been making, there are two purposes—demands that the shackles of Versailles be removed and demands for external expansion. Germany wants a change of boundaries, colonies and raw materials, and a revision of her covenant so as to separate it from the Versailles Treaty. The last two cannot be settled by force. The first some think can be brought about by peaceful methods while others say that it can be had only through force.

In concluding, Sir Herbert listed some of the reasons why he thinks Germany will not start another war at this time. First she is economically

weak. She has little foodstuffs and cannot buy them from other nations due to a lack of money. Second, the external opposition against her is too great. The force of England, Belgium, and Russia will be too strong for even Hitler's army to oppose. Third, her own general staff is against a dubious war. The next war will be fought largely in the air and it will be a war of reprisals. Germany would have nothing to gain from another war.

ANNETTE DANKER, Fr. 5.



### "Women on Juries"

THE question of whether women should serve on juries has long been a vital issue of society. A strong supporter of the positive side of this question is James Hepbron, managing director of the Baltimore Criminal Justice Commission. Mr. Hepbron believes in jury service for women. He bases his argument solely on the conviction that jury service for women will improve and make more efficient the administration of justice. Nor is there a lack of foundation for this very firm belief.

Every public enemy has his female accessory and every organized gang its moll. A woman is less inclined than a man to deal sentimentally with such women. Police and prosecutors, realizing the utter futility of securing a male jury to convict "anything in a skirt", often allow female "gunmen" to slip through their fingers. Why should they put such women on trial? The result is usually a determined refusal to convict and a disgusting flow of cheap publicity. Scientists have made an extensive study of the findings of juries and have discovered the interesting fact that women juries, on the average, excel male juries. It is reasonable to note that this was seldom true in the case of an unusually alluring male suspect. However, this only proves the necessity of a mixed jury, in order to maintain a "balance".

Ironically enough, a survey has revealed that many of the men who lived in the most exclusive residential section of an Ohio metropolis escaped jury service on a plea of illness. Mr. Hepbron apparently has no patience with any expression of personal desire in regard to jury service. It is a matter of public service and duty; consequently, it just as deeply concerns women as men. James M. Hepbron's sincerity in favoring jury service for women is best revealed in his own words: "We sink to pretty low levels in this country when it comes to the matter of jury personnel. Juries in many places all too frequently represent the

lowest stratum of society. It does seem strange that England, the country from which we borrowed our legal system, should have adopted jury service for women while we still lag way behind. I have watched the system as it works there as well as in our own country, and it does in my opinion tend to improve the administration of justice."

S. BERNSTEIN, Jr. 1.



## Monthly Review

### APRIL

Roosevelt addresses the Young Democrats of Baltimore to inaugurate his campaign for renomination, while the Socialist Party nominates John W. Aiken as their candidate for the President of the United States. Secretary Morgenthau estimates that the Treasury deficit will reach \$5,960,000,000—due to bonus payments and loss of the AAA revenue; and the Senate adopts the President's plan to tax undistributed corporation profits, the most experimental plan since the income tax. The League of Nations Council reassembles at Geneva to seek assurance from Mussolini that he will end his aggression against Ethiopia promptly; while Italian armies defeat the Abyssinians in an important engagement at Lake Ashanyi, opening up Dessye, headquarters of Emperor Haile Salassie, to occupation. Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland introduces a surprise bill into Congress, providing for Puerto Rican independence by a referendum to be given in 1937 with liberty after four years.

### MAY

Prohibitionists nominate David L. Colvin of New York for President, and Norman Thomas again becomes the choice of the Socialist Party. The Guffey Coal Act is nullified by the Supreme Court, the judges deciding that Congress exceeded its authority in regulating wages and hours; and the Frazier-Lemke plan to have the farm mortgages taken over by the government, with the payment to the banks in inflated greenbacks, is defeated in the House. There are many changes of National leaders as Socialists under Leon Blum becomes the strong party in the French Chamber of Deputies, Manuel Azana is elected the second president of Spain (succeeding Zamora; who is removed by parliament), Clerical Chancellor Schnuschnigg assumes the role of dictator in Austria in place of Prince Strahmberg, and Col. David Toro becomes the new president of Bolivia, as former president, Tegada Sorzana, is forced to resign. Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, flees to Palestine as the Italian armies enter Addis Ababa; and Premier Mussolini reads a decree before an assembled populace, placing Ethiopia under Italian sovereignty, and proclaiming the King of Italy the new Emperor of Ethiopia.

### JUNE

The Seventy-fourth Congress of the United States adjourns, having made provisions for appropriating nearly 20 billion dollars; and the largest peace-time bond offering in our history, seeking one billion dollars for the soldiers' bonus and one billion for refunding, is oversubscribed in one day. Republicans nominate Governor Alfred M. Landon, Democrats, President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Communists, Earl Browder, as candidates for the president of the United States. The Garment Workers' Union refuses the demand of the American Federation of Labor that it withdraw from the Committee for Industrial Organization, while the steel workers decide to affiliate themselves with the Lewis organization. Leon Blum, Social leader, becomes Premier of France, and immediately engineers a strike settlement for over one million workers with an increase in their wages and a greater union recognition. Haile Selassie pleads his cause in person before the League of Nations; and British intervention becomes necessary to subdue Arab and Jewish riots in Palestine.



### Awakening

Softly the dawn steals o'er the earth,  
Out comes the sun;  
Life nods its sleepy lazy head  
At everyone.

Twilight appears and shadows creep  
Upon the earth;  
Darkness descends, and Life, discreet  
Begins with mirth.

Night now upon the earth is hurled,  
For day is done;  
Night comes upon this busy world  
And Life's begun.

VICTORIA

## The Library - At Your Service

THE year nineteen hundred and thirty-six leaves with us a colorful achievement in the literary field. The flood of public interest has claimed many offerings as its own. We view the panorama of novels and select those which have become spectacular through their selling power, new approach, or startling appeal. "Gone With the Wind", previously reviewed, has gone down in the history of the year through frequent comic and classic reference as one of the best sellers of many years. We offer three book reviews in a class with the fine ones of the past year.



MORGAN, CHARLES—"Sparkenbroke"—The MacMillan Company, N. Y., 1936. 551 pages.

Few are those who understand the depth and sensitivity of a poet. Charles Morgan, with several novels of great beauty to his credit, has achieved victory in writing of the true poetic personality. In the manner of a classic "Sparkenbroke" should long remain a monument to a contradictory, commanding character. It is impossible to read the novel without some form of intense feeling, varying from distaste and revolt to thoughtfulness and appreciation. The characters are so vividly sketched with sure, blunt strokes that they will ever remain in the mind. Reactionary opinions will furnish heated discussions.

In the picturesque English county of Dorset was born Piers Tenniel to become Seventh Viscount and Twelfth Baron of Sparkenbroke. In the conservative tradition-laden manor where he lived, Sparkenbroke remained an enigma to his mediocre father and half brother, whose beings were not so keenly attuned to the delicacy of his nature. His home retained a sparse regularity of religious observance but was without spiritual tradition. The remote self within Piers yearned for expression and caused him to have a feeling of isolation as though no one shared the five senses with him. To rid himself of these emotions he had recourse to deeds of daring and mischief. Punishment was of no avail. He feared no pain. He seemed entirely separate from the moral substance of flesh, an invincible force of will and strength.

At times the great spiritual force within him increased its pressure. Then it was that his imagination created a Being whose nearness was necessary to life. During periods of absence of the Being, Piers suffered extreme agony. It was as though a part of him were missing, a kind of self division without which he remained incomplete. The force

had still another aspect. Piers felt that if he ever attained this remote part of himself "he would be possessed by all that is and become a part of all that is, as a detached flame becomes a part of a conflagration or a raindrop loses its identity in the sea." He then no longer would be an individual but a tree, one with the earth and the water of the earth. He would feel the joy of life and growth.

Piers growing into manhood expressed his longing in poetry deeply reminiscent of Byron. He snatched what he wanted of life ruthlessly to secure his completeness. The companionship of those he loved would bring him into proximity with his goal. As each person helped to fulfill the desire and ceased to inspire the poet he was flung aside for someone new and exciting.

Though two other personages are of interest, the character of Sparkenbroke temporarily holds main interest. Later one refers to more steadfast lights who have brought the title personality into prominence.

Though hating Sparkenbroke as a tale of greedy temperament one must concede beauty of expression or a stimulant sufficiently strong to produce a lasting memory.



ABBE, PATIENCE, RICHARD AND JOHN—"Around the World in Eleven Years"—  
Frederick A. Stokes Company, N. Y. 1936. 204 pages. \$2.00.

Who among us has not been charmed at one time or other by the chattering naiveté of a child who in one breathless paragraph divulges family secrets, personal philosophies, and a tale of daily adventure? It is a turbulent, choppy flow of words not to be stemmed by hasty remonstrance or by an air of indifference. "Around the World in Eleven Years" is a child's conversation written by Patience, John, and Richard Abbe, as it was said. The America of sophisticated intrigue stared aghast at its uncensored approach, paused a bit, looked again, and laughed heartily.

The three are children of James E. Abbe, an internationally known photographer, and Polly Platt, formerly of the New York stage. The Abbe family has traveled like gypsies all over the face of the earth. They have lived in all sorts of countries, in queer, quaint cities and towns, and under unique conditions. They knew everyone from Stalin to Alexander Woolcott, of whom Patience remarks, "A big man in a big coat made out of a camel. He is a very nice and smart man. He loves children".

The events of the book are told mainly by Patience, who constantly refers to herself as "I, Patience," with the collaboration of her two younger brothers. Patience tells what happened from the time of her

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birth in Paris and carries one through France, Austria, Germany, Russia, England, and finally to America.

Scattered observations and comments may whet the curiosity of a casual reader.

"M. Perrin one day got the Nobel Prize and M. Clemenceau came in our garden and saw me, Patience, and said, 'What is your name, little cauliflower?'"

—Pavlova was a beautiful lady with beautiful thin legs and eyes that looked as though they had a lamp in them—Then Papa phoned from Moscow that he had photographed Stalin, but we didn't get any money.—When we paid the hotel bill the man nearly fainted—Johnny wanted to be a garbage man in Berlin because they had such lovely garbage wagons.—But she saw Von Hindenberg in the window and then saw Hitler in another window and all the people were shouting and singing—Mamma said, 'It sure looks as though the Nazis are here!'"



FARSON, NEGLEY—"The Way of a Transgressor"—Harcourt, Brace and Company, N. Y. 602 pages. \$3.00.

Here is a saga of adventure, of travel, of the experiment in living. It is well to profit by the experience of a life that so few have the fortune to lead. This 600 page autobiography comes as a fitting climax to similar attempts in the field made by such fine characters as Henry W. Nevinson, Vincent Sheean, and Bruce Lockhart. The book entrances one with stark facts of a very recent period which may be interpreted through the eyes of one who seemed to crowd as much of life into one day as was possible. Negley Farson relates candidly, with little sentimental reference, the events of his life. For those who read thoughtfully there is frequent reference which reveals a feeling of comradeship not unusual among men.

Farson lived an active boyhood in the home of his Grandfather in New Jersey. After attending Andover he studied engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. He got a job in New York, and then went to England as an engineer for two years. Some American capitalists sent him to Russia on a mysterious mission at the outbreak of the war. In Russia, which he loved, he sold American machines and munitions for three years. He lost out when the Bolsheviks came into power and went to England to join the Royal Flying Corps. In Egypt he cracked up in a plane and was hospitalized for several years. He married an Irish girl and returned to America where they lived practically as hermits in the wilds of British Columbia for two years. They returned to Chicago where he was highly successful in a year as sales manager of the Mack



Truck Company. Following an idea, with the approval of Victor Lawson, publisher of the Chicago Daily News, he bought a twenty-six foot sail boat and sailed it across Europe 3,600 miles from the North Sea to the Black Sea. For eleven years after the trip he was a world newspaper correspondent for the Chicago Daily News.

In a very brief chapter may be summarized the essence of "The Way of a Transgressor".

"For the next ten years I watched the world come to bits. For the first years I was not in any country over six months. I talked with Dictators, I shot the great fin whale with the dean of Norwegian gunners, I sat with Ghandi under his mango tree at Karadi, and I went up to Lossiemouth, to talk with Ramsay MacDonald, at "The Hillocks", after the fall of the British Labor Party government. I watched ten years of conference fulsomely announce that they had "agreed on all major points", and then collapse. After an absence of seven years I had made a trip back to my own country to sit with the strikers, listen to the wails of my taxable friends, talked with drought stricken farmers and cowboys of the Dakotas, to see if America was really getting a new sense of values under Roosevelt. I talked with Roosevelt in the White House and had a private view of John Dillinger on the slab, after he had been shot. I watched Stalin review the Red Army in the Red Square. I met some great men such as Roosevelt and Ghandi. I met some good men such as Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, and George Lansbury. The strongest Englishman I met was Stanley Baldwin.

But for the rest of the world's public figures I am waiting to see their retribution which is long overdue."

MARION CUNNINGHAM



(Continued from page 16)

Prices for simple instruments:

Kazoo—5 or 10 cents

Fife—5c in the "five-and-ten", and up.

Flageolet—an excellent Chinese flageolet may be had for 35c in Chinatown, N. Y. C.

Ocarinas—15c to 45c at Montgomery Ward's  
25c to \$1.50 at a music store

Musical saw—borrow a carpenter's saw and a violin bow

Song whistle—\$1.50 at a music store

Harmonica—25c to \$10 (for a good instrument)

# THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of  
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

"A hobby will give life a better balance. It is a matter of mental health, of spiritual happiness, and when more time comes for play, the hobby we have developed becomes our chief interest."

## Skills and Judgment

"The college can develop skills in the individual. Most important is the skill of self-expression, which is dependent upon the development of the whole personality. Knowledge avails little for social purpose if the individual cannot make personality effective in the lives of other people. Another important type of skill lies in the ability to adjust one's self to a vocational interest, to "take hold" in some practical work. Skill in art, usually confined to the specialist, may become a means of unlocking the creative instincts so fundamental in leadership.

Ability to marshal and analyze facts and to make logical deductions from them is essential in most endeavor. A primary concern of the college should be training in the ability to reason. Practical application of the conclusion reached helps to mature judgment."



## The National Capital In and About Club

ON Friday, February 5, and Saturday, February 6, a few days before this article comes from the press, the National Capital In and About Club, composed of music teachers of Washington, Virginia, and Maryland, a professional group affiliated with the Music Educators National Conference, will meet here at our college.

The Music Educators Conference is an enormous organization, which has a general meeting, national in scope, every two years. The sectional conferences which compose it meet the year when there is no general conference. And the "In and About Clubs", of which there are a number in the country, meet several times each year, providing for exchange of ideas among the teachers of smaller areas. The National Capital In and About Club, is one of the youngest of its sort in the country, having been organized only last year, when the first meeting was held in Washington. A second meeting was held in the spring, in Baltimore, and now the third one is the one to be held here.

Naturally our music department in the college was much concerned for the success of the meeting. The children of the Elementary School, the Orchestra, and the Glee Club, will contribute under the direction of the faculty members most concerned with those departments of the music work. In addition the Montebello children will participate under the direction of Miss Moore, and there will be important speakers, including Mr. George L. Lindsay, of Philadelphia, Miss I. Jewell Simpson, of the State Department, Dr. Barnes, of Washington, Mr. Denués, of Baltimore, whom we all know, and our own Dr. Tall.

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The program for the two days is given below:

Dinner Meeting, February 5, 1937, 6:30 P. M.

### Greeting

Dr. Edwin N. C. Barnes, President of the In and About Club.

### Welcome

Dr. Lida Lee Tall, President of the State Teachers College at Towson.

### Greeting

Mr. John Denues, Vice-President of the In and About Club.

### Musical Program

Atila .....Károly

Am Meer .....Schubert

Prayer .....Franck

Hungarian Dances, Nos. 7 and 8.....Brahms

Violin Solo .....Selected

State Teachers College Orchestra,

Miss Elma Prickett, Director

Lost in the Night.....Finnish Folk Song

Arranged by Christiansen

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring.....Bach

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming.....Praetorius

Oh, Sweet Content .....Rebikoff

(Adapted from "Romance sans Paroles")

In These Delightful Pleasant Groves.....Purcell

Wake Thee Now Dearest.....Czecho-Slovak Folk Song

Arranged by Deems Taylor

State Teachers College Glee Club

Miss Emma Weyforth, Director

### Address

Mr. George L. Lindsay, Director of Music Education, Philadelphia.

Saturday, February 6, 1937, 9:30-11:30 A. M.

### I. Songs from the original operetta, "The Mischievous Monarch".

Children of the Montebello Demonstration School, under the direction of Miss Eleanor Moore.

### II. Original Songs—Primary Grades.

Chorus—Intermediate Grades.

Rhythm Work—Demonstration of work of the grades, with brief explanation of aims and procedures.

Children of the Campus Elementary School, under the direction of Miss Hazel MacDonald.

### III. Some Comments on Creative Expression.

Miss I. Jewell Simpson, Assistant State Superintendent, in charge of Elementary Instruction.

## Assemblies

January 11—Mr. Moser

The first talk by our new mathematics instructor was well provided with figures—and could anything be grimmer than statistics on auto accidents. To intensify the situation Mr. Moser made a startling prediction that "one out of every three in this audience will, within his life, suffer injury or death in an auto." Going deeper into statistics Mr. Moser disclosed that 95% of the accidents are due to the driver and only 5% to a fault in the vehicle. More statistics: the impact of a car colliding with a stationary object at 60 m. p. h. has the same force as if the car had fallen ten stories; 0.7 second are required to apply a break after the eye has seen the vision.

In closing Mr. Moser queried, "Can thirty million people become capable of controlling their high speeds? According to physiological and physical laws it seems doubtful."

January 12 and 19—American Youth Act

On two successive Tuesdays we have had discussions on the American Youth Congress and the American Youth Act.

On the 11th the Reverend Hutchinson directed most of his time to clarifying the policies of the A. Y. C. We find that its basis is the Declaration of Independence. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are its tenets. Youth wants peace, the right to live in security, and a chance to cultivate its talents.

The present situation makes it impossible for youth to live ideally. Despite some upward trends in business the situation is far from hopeful. To alleviate the present condition and give youth a fair start the American Youth Act was introduced into Congress. The speaker pointed out that the N. Y. A. is extremely inadequate for two reasons: (1) it is poorly administered and (2) the funds are insufficient. There can be no doubt that an act such as the A. Y. A. is necessary when millions of youths are out of work. A brief discussion by the student body followed the talk.

The second meeting was an open forum discussion. Mr. Novey presided over the meeting. Miss Jones and Mr. Shpritz gave preliminary talks.

Miss Jones pointed out certain weaknesses of the bill. If such a bill is passed there will be a great influx of people now working for low wages, into the more lucrative government wages. Furthermore there is no reason in sending everyone to schools and colleges, because obviously not all are suitable for higher scholarship. Really worthwhile

students, always receive scholarships. The plan may seem attractive to many of us, but is it beneficial to all youth in general?

Mr. Shpritz pointed out similar facts to those of Reverend Hutchinson—jobs and professions are overcrowded. "The A. Y. A. is an attempt to give youth the same chance as their parents had." Railroads and steamships have all received government subsidies, and have benefited immensely thereby. Is not this measure akin to such government subsidies? Economically the bill may be unsound but if one believes in the N. Y. A. one must acquiesce regarding the A. Y. A.

The discussion on the part of the students indicated general assent to the bill. Considerable time was spent in discussing whether it is wise to send all youth to schools. Apparently the fact that youth outside of school will also benefit from this plan was forgotten.

January 15—Sir Herbert Ames

Our periodic visitor who so keenly analyses the pulse beat of European affairs spoke to us on the question: "Does the Rearmament of Germany Necessarily Mean Another War? Briefly surveying the post war history of Germany it may be divided into three periods. The first period 1919-25 can be described as a period of humiliation and "arrogance on the part of the victor". The second period 1926-32—the Period of Reconsideration; Stresemann negotiated peace everywhere but not enough was done to humanize the war treaties. The third period begins with the advent of Hitler.

Hitler's rise to power is a direct result of Germany's position as a vanquished nation. The Führer promised to remove the shackles of war guilt, and thus in a series of coups Hitler has kept his word. Sir Herbert explained that these moves were unchecked because after each Hitler made peace offers.

We find that Germany's demands were of two kinds (1) to remove the shackles of war—this has been done, and (2) external expansion. Germany desires her old territories which of course cannot be obtained without infringing on the other countries. These territories may be obtained by conquest or negotiation.

Sir Herbert is definitely of the opinion that the latter will be done for several reasons. Hitler was not elected to provoke war and his military experts know full well that Germany would eventually lose in combat due to the overwhelming odds." In regard to the overwhelming activity in arms manufacturing—once having begun it is rather difficult to curtail operations. However, Germany has repeatedly expressed her desire to reduce armaments if other nations do likewise.

WALTER R. RHEINHEIMER.

## College Record

### Dr. Ernest Horn Meets With Faculty

Dr. Ernest Horn of the University of Iowa was a recent guest speaker at an evening faculty meeting. The evening's program was informal, but Dr. Horn spoke chiefly of teacher training. In his opinion there are three most important prerequisites for those who would enter the field of elementary education:

1. A student must be able to read.
2. Only the best of college students should be advised to take elementary education.
3. The student should see and understand excellent demonstration teaching before attempting to teach.

Much of failure, discouragement and faulty learning he attributed to an inability to read accurately. The faulty reader is also the faulty teacher. The element of speed in reading is a minor matter, but the ability to get information accurately from written sources would seem a minimum essential for a student teacher.

Dr. Horn would scrupulously examine all who desire to enter elementary education for a very high academic record; for a superior, dynamic personality; and for clarity of thinking as manifest in an oral conference. He feels that elementary education is worthy of the best teachers and its problems can only be met by superior intellects.

Much repetitious, semi-blind practice teaching seemed to him less essential than the opportunity to observe excellent teaching. He would have students understand clearly the principles involved in teaching any specific subject, such as spelling, then see these principles excellently demonstrated in a classroom, following which the student in training should be entrusted with a class of children. Just practice, he emphasized, is less promising than demonstrated technique, assuming, of course, that understanding precedes observation.

CLARICE BERSCH.



### "Teachers Are People"

"A hobby," says the dictionary, "is something in which one takes an absorbing interest."

It is a source of enthusiasm when activities have been routinized; a profitable occupation for free time.

Since the spirit of play does not enter into the major activities of life, it can best be preserved by hobbies, which open up lines of interest

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and maintain enthusiasms when there is nothing to do but work.

Teachers have hobbies. Below is a test of your knowledge of instructor personality. In the columns below match the name of the instructor with some one of the hobbies found in the second column.

Bersch .....	home life
Weyforth .....	making her own dresses
Brown .....	commuting across the Atlantic annually
Tansil .....	peace and freedom
Joslin .....	a better half in Frederick
Walther .....	outdoor interests
Bader .....	whistling
Tall .....	sketching and painting
Brouwer .....	a little cottage on a lake
Moser .....	knitting wool dresses
Woodward .....	cats and dogs
Neunsinger .....	patchwork quilts
Munn .....	a good game of bridge
Daniels .....	high degree for College professors
Minnegan .....	pioneer tales
Scott .....	wearing a derby
Cook .....	the glen
Blood .....	long, learned discourse
Van Bibber .....	ice skating
Birdsong .....	traveling
Dowell .....	reading and crocheting
Prickett .....	her little black book
Roach .....	symphonies and concerts
Stapleton .....	the other one

The answers to the above test can be formed in the class room, in the halls, and on the campus.

THE IDLE REPORTER.



### A Belated Bouquet

These people contributed to the decoration for the Christmas assembly: Chairman Dorothy Snoops, Fr. 5, Freshmen; Ida Wolf, Alice Trott, Edith Lowery, Gertrude Tear, Martha Schnebly, Constance Reesor, Shirley Thomas, Twilah Elliot, Dorothy Sisk, Doris Henkel, Freda Hoffman, Mary Hutton, Louise Traband, Norma Caple.

Junior: Edith Jones.

Junior Specials: Frances Bechtold, Sally Horn, Helen Sollers, Christine Grace, Margaret Adams.

Senior: Marion Cunningham.



## The Camera Club

The Camera Club is still in its infancy, being only three years old. However, high hopes are held for it.

Miss Brown, who is the faculty adviser and chief booster for the club, believes that invaluable aid is available through contact with the Camera Club. The knowledge of how to take good pictures, indoor activity pictures, and outdoor scenes is useful to anyone, but is especially valuable to teachers. A record in photographs can tell more than many words in describing a project which a teacher has directed. Miss Joslin declares that no one can tell another what effect he wants in a picture nearly as well as one can get the effect himself. Aside from the points of professional interest the Camera Club is an organization for an interesting hobby which can be developed to a great skill.

The officers of the club are: Max Berzofsky, President; Charles Hopwood, Vice-president; Lillian Graybeal, Secretary; Doris Shipley, Treasurer.



## The League of Young Voters

As an organization, this club is an integral part of our student self-governing body. Such a position is readily noticeable by the League's activities at elections, by their securing guest speakers for the student body, and the rendering of decisions on questions of parliamentary procedure; in fact, in meeting any need for the betterment of the student body which lies within its jurisdiction. The field in which the League operates is a wide one and is constantly expanding; recently the League accepted a request from Dr. Tall to organize a group of Forum Leaders composed of members of the student bodies of our college and other colleges in and around Baltimore. Representatives of the League of Young Voters were present at the Carnegie Peace Conference in Newark, Delaware, Emergency Peace Campaign meetings in Baltimore, Open Forum in Baltimore, Radio Conference in Washington, Youth Congress meetings in Baltimore, and other meetings of national and local importance.

Through the activities of a social chairman and committee, refreshments are served at all meetings. A friendly, informal atmosphere permeates the room where food for thought occupies the bulk of the menu. Discussions of the Social Security Act, Old Age Insurance Bill, National Youth Act, etc., by guest speakers and students tend to acquaint future

voters with the problems and issues of the day, give social contact, and "furnish experiences in parliamentary procedure". Courtesy is the only restriction to this open-minded, free discussion group. Are you in contact with the doings of society?

ISADORE STEIN.



## Daily Duds\*

Monday—

City Student teachers here for conference and according to the traffic in the library at three o'clock they seem to have multiplied instead of becoming mere shadows, as expected. With all their burdens most of them still find time to look their best. (Is it pride or practice teachers?)

Tuesday—

The Men's Club gave an assembly today and I used my eyes as well as my ears. One of the men had on dark blue trousers and a gray coat—nice combination. It's a shame they don't have suits with three pairs of trousers, then they wouldn't have to worry about getting *pleasing* varieties. No more plaids and checks or checks of different kinds together, no more blues and browns, or browns and dark grays. I'd advocate three trouser suits or a store where there would be enough variety to make a good selection to harmonize well with the coat.

Wednesday—

The Men's Glee Club sang at Annapolis today. While they were sitting on the stage I couldn't help noticing all the socks wrinkled around their ankles—if a girl's stockings were like that she'd get reminded soon enough. One pair of white or very light socks practically hit one in the eye. Their one redeeming feature was—there were good creases in all the trouser legs. Hurray for creases. Boys, have you seen the newest gadget—an electric creaser.

Thursday—

Game today. The boys look so neat after a game or gym. Tough, we can't have one every morning. "In the dim dead days beyond recall" a boy was a sissy if he had clean fingernails and a man was thought to be a genius if he let his hair grow long. But "them days are gone forever". Remember a "genius" would have long curls, no in between business.

Friday—

School dance tonight. The men always expect (or hope) their athletic pals of the day to look like "sophisticated ladies" for a date or a dance. Well, we *hope* for a similar change in our date. When he has two suits and wears them both to school how can we see a change or tell he appreciates us. Why not save one and give us a treat. Wear a different tie for a change too. You can buy plenty of goodlooking inexpensive ones. We won't look for the price tag on it but watch the color or the shirt and suit with which it's to be worn. We don't expect you to look like an ad for Esquire, in some respects we hope you won't (our taste can't yet accept all the Duke of Kent collars, bow ties, and pink shirts in Esquire) but we do hope you'll have on your best suit and a different tie. And, for a very special occasion when we're in our best evening dress and you have a tux why not wear it? We appreciate it as much as the moths. If you complain of the stiff collar think of the extra foot or so of material we drag around.

MADAME ROBERTA.

\*Persons described are fictitious, otherwise the name is listed here.



### Ho-hum

THE writers of the column pay tribute to all the other ladies of the school who have Annapolis "interest". Gwen Sadler and Anna Quintero were among the missing. Mary Sloan, too, holds down her collar with Navy trophies. Any who were insulted by being forgotten in two issues will please leave their names in the TOWER LIGHT office.

Marriages are made in heaven. Engagements are made, etc. (Substitute the name of your community.) Doris Eldridge received her ring at Hagerstown during the Christmas holidays. Louise Webster sports a diamond, also acquired during Christmas. Elaine Hopwood has been engaged for some time. (We just got around to it.) Hinters include Vera Slama on the list. One of ye editors is considering the rosy path of matrimony, too.

Here is a tale for reading on rainy days. Once upon a time there was a Teachers College. In the school there was a dormitory. In the dormitory were some girls. (Does this resemble The House that Jack Built?) Among the girls was one, Ruth Hunter. One Sunday at the door there came a stranger to ring the bell. "Quick," she cried, "To the door. It's a man!" (Are men such strangers to the dorm?)

Mrs. Brouwer told a section that she was once in a class made up entirely of football players. What position did you play, Mrs. Brouwer?

Do you know that Mr. Walther is quite an authority on romantic developments of the school? For latest information see the Professor.

Whose boy friend reads "The Economy of Abundance"? Miss Van Bibber will not tell us any names but the student said that "he" didn't like it.

The school is in a state of nervous excitement. Statistics are flying to right and left about how many will be killed in automobile accidents, how many are poor readers, how many will be unemployed for life. According to Mr. Moser of the four hundred present students only one hundred will be left. (I say, are you morbid?)

The new men's room is so elegant that boys have to walk around the rug. This can't last long. See the faculty authorities on textiles.

Miriam Farwell collects Indian pictures. Beware, cigar stores.

Who brings Miss Touchstone's books over to the dorm for her every day?

Ye poore \*W.P.A. workers in Junior 4. look as though a steam roller did a good job.

Miss Howeth will find in the ad for the TOWER LIGHT Dance (April 2 to you), the solution of the ostrich problem. The story goes that she thought someone couldn't observe her actions because she couldn't see that person. "How did he expect to find the man with his head in the sand,"—said she.

Ask any Freshman on second floor Richmond for the best ingredients of pie beds.

Louise Traband finds nightly walking in her sleep good exercise. Miss Trott finds it ghostly.

Miss Helen Waters is adding to the rogue's gallery of her room. Is that why she "sings" in the morning.

Why do the ladies take refreshments to the movies when they go with Rush and Swas.

Room mates furnish substitutes for dancing and church, don't they boys?

Not to be outdone in the hobby number we discover people who collect string, queer bottles, and still others, scalps.

Mr. Samuel Miller finds "the city of brotherly love" an interesting one. The little lady is a ravishing blond.

A merry birthday party was held in the dormitory for Miss Brashears. There was much surprise, much laughter, much fun.

We constantly hear that our students are a select crowd. The students who go to the Saturday night dances at the Armory form a Paul Jones of their own.

Those who stay to electives too late may find themselves riding home on the street car in their gym clothes.

The day of the Inauguration it rained. The students who went to Washington had many unique experiences. Muriel, what was your purpose in going to Washington?—It was nice of Ruth Hunter to escort us to the station.—Chester Smith's tie faded over a new shirt. The tailor found his suit too wet to press.—Soggy lunches found their way to the gutter.—Four lucky Seniors received a free turkey dinner.—Shank's muskrat was soaked.—Larue had a pocket full of water from the drip of an umbrella near at hand.

More hobbies:

Soph. 6—Cutting pictures for Mr. Minnegan's course.

Miss Birdsong—Eating graham crackers in the cupboard.

Miss Bersch—Proof reading.

Miss Brown—Revising the guide to student teaching.

Miss Gilbert—Wearing beautiful knit suits.

Mr. Gammerman—Tracking down ads for the TOWER LIGHT.

Miss McBride—Ethics.

Miss Straining—Attending all electives.

Miss Goldstein—Skating in the assembly.

Mr. David Smith—Being the perfect "stooge" in skating (guaranteed not to stand up).

Miss Cunningham—Wearing "different" collars.

\*Weak, Puny. Apollo's.

NOTE: Miss Birdsong once had a suppressed desire to be an actress. She wrote to "The Ladies' Home Journal" for advice.

WE THREE



### Alumni News

THE Harford County Alumni Unit held its annual tea and business meeting December sixth at the Circle Inn, Bel Air, with president, Miss Sarah Sheridan, presiding. Miss Hattie Bagley, the founder of the unit and the general adviser as always, was with us to help.

The brief business meeting covered the annual benefit and the payment of dues. A sum of money was voted for the cultural fund of the College which yearly supplies tickets for lectures and concerts to the students.

Dr. Tall brought college news, always a pleasurable matter for graduates. Dr. Dowell and Miss Scarborough, too, renewed old friendships.

Senator Risteau talked of unemployment conditions in Harford County, particularly among the young. She discussed the state budget and its relation to the restoration of teachers' salaries.

These officers were selected for the coming year: President, Rebecca Gilbert. Vice-Presidents: Eleanor Sterback, Clara Everest, Esther Tharpe, Margaret Murray, Mrs. Mary Gilbert Phelps; Secretary-Treasurer, Virginia Treacle.

We deeply regret the death of Miss Lucy Allen, a member of the class of 1867. She was graduated in the second group to complete the training course and was appointed by Miss Richmond as the first Social Director of Newell Hall. Miss Allen served in this capacity for two years.

Her great devotion to the school is shown by a perpetual membership in the Alumni Association left in the form of an endowment.

### BALTIMORE CITY ALUMNI UNIT

The Baltimore City Unit of the General Alumni Association has held three meetings with the general aim of creating a large representative alumni group. On November 21, a small group met at the College Club to discuss the possibility of a Baltimore City Unit. Various means of gaining a large membership were discussed. The second meeting was held on December 12. A larger representation than the former meeting had been gained by having each person who was personally invited, bring five others who were interested. Miss Scarborough, the adviser for the Unit, made a plea to the group for a tremendous membership, to set up a constitutional government containing purposes for the welfare of the school.

Mrs. Eason, president of the general alumni association, spoke of the ways the city group may help the general one. Many worth while projects are accomplished for the general betterment of the State Teachers College each year, and toward these, additional graduates will add greater purpose. County and City students will have a choice as to which group they will join, depending on the convenience of either.

The social program for the second meeting was highly entertaining. Mrs. Rosen, of the general alumni group, sang two numbers. Mr. R. P. Harris, executive editor of The Sun, talked of his new book, "The Foxes".

In a third meeting on January 16, the report of the Constitutional Committee was given.

This group under careful planning will be an important one. It is to be hoped that it will be aided by members who will make it function most effectively.

We have received announcements of two weddings of recent date. Miss Kathryn Virginia Henderson became the bride of Mr. Charles Edward Towson on Wednesday, December twenty-third. On the same day two alumni members were married, Miss Stella Cohen to Mr. Edward A. Gersuk. May we wish happiness for each of you?



## State Teachers College Needs A New Gymnasium

Physical education in a college is most important because it helps develop vigorous, growing bodies and wholesome minds. In the life of the ordinary college student there is so little time left for physical activity after the routine of the day is over! Each and every day is filled either with classes or with studying, and the student participates in little physical activity other than that which comes from walking to class. If there was no formal physical education class many students would choose other ways of spending their leisure time. Furthermore, physical education provides opportunity for leadership and competition. Captains of teams and referees have splendid opportunities for leadership. There is competition between teams and individuals without any hope of reward other than that of personal satisfaction. Moreover, physical education promotes a happy mind. Few people can join in a strenuous game or participate in a dance to rhythmic music and continue to worry about the examination next period or the composition to be written.

At Teachers College the rooms in which physical education activities must be held are extremely inadequate. First, they are too small for the growing classes. In the auditorium barely half of our class can play at one time. In the barracks the same thing is true. A large percentage of the class must wait for an opportunity to play. Secondly, the auditorium has a very small and inconvenient basketball court in which to hold games. Often, when the ball goes out of bounds, it is either under the piano, or the stage, or under the chairs. This, of course, causes a loss of playing time. Then, too, most of our visitors are accustomed to larger floors, and thus they are able to shoot more accurately. Practicing on a small floor places S.T.C. team at a decided disadvantage. Not only is the progress of the physical education classes retarded, but also that of the classes that must work in the rooms adjoining or under the room in which these activities are held.

Obviously, State Teachers College needs a new gymnasium. A well trained mind needs a healthy body. One of the best way of encouraging the physical activities which are important to good health is to build a well planned and larger gymnasium.

KATHERINE FEASER.



## Basketball

For the first time in three years, Towson Teachers College beat Wilson Teachers by the score: 38-13. But that isn't all! We have chalked up victories against Gallaudet College, Elizabethtown College, Salisbury Teachers College, and Frostburg Teachers College. These were against veteran teams. Elizabethtown and Gallaudet had every man back from last year.

After a belated arrival due to a heavy fog and rain, our team arrived just in time to begin the game with American University. Before the boys could get "warmed-up" they registered six points, which was the margin by which we lost the game.

Danny Austerlitz did some fine percentage shooting in the Wilson Teachers game; fifteen shots—eleven field goals. Nice eye Danny! Smith and Bennett are really moving that ball, and their passing is showing results. Bob looks nice on those long shots, and of course Farmer John is really jumping around. All these points have kept the team moving along at a good pace. We can't forget the defensive work of Frank, Sid and "Windy" either.

So far we are undefeated in our own class!

However, look what we have in the future! The really big basketball day is February 24, 1937. Towson Teachers College will play Loyola College at Towson Armory. Preceding the varsity game, the junior varsity (who lost by two points to Johns Hopkins J. V. in their first encounter) will try to seek revenge for this defeat.

YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS!!!

P. M.



## Flash

The soccer team is still in the limelight! There is in the process of being formed a Maryland Collegiate Soccer League. Recently, Johnny Neun, writing on the subject, remarked that our soccer team was the best ever produced by the College. We are to be one of the teams in the league.



### Archery

I now have a real hobby. It is archery. Even though I am still very inexperienced in the art, I love it, and when weather permits, I still struggle along with it. Here is a thought for you; when you are tired of the wear and tear this modern living seems to put on you, there is nothing better than a change of scenery and a quiet hour alone. Let your thoughts turn back to that famous incident concerning William Tell.

To think that in this day and age we should go back to this age-old sport of archery, which is becoming more popular every day! Colleges are adopting it as one of their athletic activities. There are archery clubs all over the United States that are only too willing to take in new members, and budding Robin Hoods.

Archery is a sport that requires no great physical energy, and yet it develops good arm and chest muscles and tends to give a certain amount of poise to the body. It is necessary to have a keen eye and patience for there is something discouraging to the person who continually misses the target. Remember this, it is not a game of merely shooting with a bow and arrow. There is a form that the beginners in archery must learn. If he stands with his feet slightly apart, his body straight, his arms at shoulder height, and he is aiming somewhere near, but not squarely at the target, then he will stand a better chance of hitting it. These are only a few things to be remembered, but when the beginner has learned the form well, it will as most things do with practice, come easier to him and he will find that results are more encouraging. Keep in mind that old proverb, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again". When you do hit a bull's-eye just imagine it is "The Apple", and William Tell will have had nothing on you. Why not make archery *your* hobby?



### Men's Revue

The men are planning a "Variety Show" for their forthcoming production. The wheels of production are beginning to turn.

The Alumni will welcome this type of production as well as we, the student body.

Both nights, Friday, March 19, 1937 and Saturday, March 20, 1937, there will be dancing following the show. For Friday we have Joe Dowling's Alcazar Orchestra and for Saturday, The Original Round Towners Orchestra.

The Men's Revue will be excellent entertainment! One hour and three-quarters of a Variety Stage Show and two hours of dancing to an excellent orchestra.

Be sure to save a date for the "Variety Show".

NOTE: Those "sweet potatoes" you see the boys chewing on and producing such weird sounds, are called "Ocarinas".



## Campus School News

This year the Te-Pa-Chi Club's annual dinner and the 70th Founders Day celebration were held on Tuesday, January 12th. The dinner was served at small tables in the Newell Hall dining room by students of the college.

After dinner the guests adjourned to the Auditorium where Mrs. O. Warren Buck, president of the Te-Pa-Chi Club, opened the meeting. The College Glee Club sang several Christmas carols. The credit for their splendid performance is largely due Miss Weyforth, their director.

Mrs. Clarence Eason, president of the Alumni Association spoke briefly before Dr. Lida Lee Tall introduced the speaker of the evening. Although it was regretted that Dr. Isaiah Bowman, the scheduled speaker, was ill and could not attend, we were indeed fortunate in securing, for the evening, Dr. George H. Preston, State Commissioner of Mental Hygiene.

Dr. Preston effectively gave a talk on the various kinds of mental cases, the individual care for each and the necessity for more equipment in the hospitals of several counties. His deep interest in the subject enabled him to transmit much of his enthusiasm to his listeners. After his talk a number of questions were asked by members of the audience.

The meeting adjourned and the guests, still discussing the new ideas they had received during the evening, went their respective ways.



## King Harold's Wedding

On Friday, January 22, the Elementary School was taken to Denmark by the Fifth Grade. We arrived just in time to see the Princess Gyda married to Harold, who had made himself King of all Norway to win her hand. In honor of their marriage a banquet was prepared at which many brave vikings told heroic stories and graceful dancers performed. On the following day King Harold and his bride left for Norway with the good wishes of their admirers.

The entire school enjoyed its delightful trip very much.

SEVENTH GRADE.

## **Hobbies of Campus Seventh Graders**

### **Have You A Hobby?**

I have. My collection of dolls is small but I hope to get more all the time. A Canadian Indian was the first of my collection; but in spite of her eight years, she is still in good shape. The newest members of my family are two Chinese dolls. Some of my friends are large and some are small. This is due to the fact that all of them are made in the country which they represent. They all seem to fit in together, however. My German girl with yellow braids and the lace cap is very much like the little Swiss girl. Their dresses are similar but their expressions are different. Of course, it is all in fun, but I like to play with them as humans. I now have my eye on a huge French doll of 1800, who is a lady even to the leather gloves. This is something to look forward to. I can always be sure of having a lot of exciting times with my hobby. Why don't you start one?

RUTH ANN WINSLOW



### **The Hobby of Kings - The Kings of Hobbies**

Stamp collecting is as interesting and fascinating a pastime as anyone could wish. It is a hobby which is both expensive and inexpensive—it depends upon how seriously you take it. The highest price ever paid for one stamp was ten thousand dollars. On the other hand five cent packets, with from three to twenty-five stamps in them make up an entire collection.

If stamp collecting is to be your hobby, start with cheap stamps and gradually build up to a better collection. After collecting for several years most of my stamps are worth less than ten cents apiece, but who knows, maybe in fifty years even a king may want my collection.

HARRY BERRY.



### **How I Started to Collect Stamps**

One Saturday as I was in the house, the door bell rang. When I went to answer it, I found the mail man had left a few letters. One had a large air mail stamp on it. I thought it would be fun to keep this stamp and start a regular collection. I knew a man who traveled around the world and I thought maybe he could send me a few stamps on some

letters. My relatives gave me some stamps and I bought some. Now I have quite a collection. If a person would start a simple hobby like this, I am sure it would be well worth his while. When one has nothing to do in his spare moments I am sure a hobby like this would be very entertaining and interesting.

MARY MOTTER.



## Verse Writing In The Third Grade

The Third Grade had been studying about the life in the desert, (Sahara and Arabia). They seemed especially interested in the dress of the people; in the religion; in the camel; in the water problem; and the nomadic life.

We were reading some of the parts of "Our Little Friends of the Arabian Desert" including prose and verses. The children selected phrases or parts which appealed to them as being pleasing,—poetic, expressive—for example "swaying motion" of the camel; "singing a soft lullaby"; "by yonder sheltering hill";—these selections being made both from the prose or the verses.

One child then spontaneously said, "I can say a poem I just made up". She did so, and three or four other children attempted to also, but more or less copied the first child. We then discussed various themes or possibilities for making verses, and the children enthusiastically began writing the verses—asking the teacher for help with spelling.

The following are but three of many which are truly creative composition.—ED. NOTE.

### Spin

Spin, spin faster, spin!  
The wool into thread  
The thread into cloth  
Spin, spin faster, spin.

BILL HUNT.

Ho! run ye fast camels,  
Ho! run to the well,  
to the well, to the well!  
We shall soon have some water.  
Ho! hurry ye strong fast camels,  
Ho! hurry to the well!

BILLY HARROP.

MARY LYNCH, Teacher of Third Grade.

(Continued on page 48)

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I think I'm falling in love, Professor. Do you think I ought to marry?

Young man, do you know what a wedding is? A wedding is a funeral where you smell your own flowers.



**Lullaby**

(Continued from page 46)

Good night little Bedouin of the desert wide.

Go to sleep for we shall move tomorrow.

You shall have a long ride.

The camels are hungry.

The water is low.

And so we shall move tomorrow.

Sleep well, little Bedouin, sleep.

DICKEY BALLARD.





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pleasures of 1937*



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*for the good things  
smoking can give you*



# TOWER LIGHT





# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

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VOL. X

MARCH, 1937

No. 6

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## Said The Hatter To Alice

"We quarreled last March—just before he went mad, you know' (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare); 'it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing'." Before then he was just an ordinary hare, not even worth mentioning in "A Mad Tea Party". But because we quarreled in March—you see, he insisted it was the month of February by his watch—I called him the March Hare. The Dormouse settled the dispute in my favor because the March Hare's watch was clogged with butter.

Why is he mad? Really, young lady, your questions show a lack of intelligence or perhaps you are unacquainted with the details of the concert, which I mentioned just before the March Hare "upset the milk jug into his plate." As I stated before I was to sing. Let me show you:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!  
How I wonder what you're at!  
Up above the world you fly,  
Like a tea-tray in the sky."

But I had scarcely finished before the March Hare turned colors and asked in the name of poetic justice to have my head cut off. Oh, yes, the Queen and the Duchess agreed with me that he was a Mad March Hare, for I am the Hatter and have no head. Have you?

CLARA BESTRY, Jr. 1

## Lion and Lamb

LONG ago when the world was young, King Winter ruled supreme over all the earth. This mighty tyrant was feared and hated by everyone in his kingdom because of his frigid nature, his gaunt appearance, and his cruel disposition. Most of all did the people dread King Winter's pet, a powerful lion, for although this lion was tame, he took savage delight in harassing them all. He roamed about the land, biting ears and toes, and exhaling icy blasts which chapped skin and reddened noses and cheeks. Wherever he went, he sent his strident roars echoing through the trees to announce his coming and to terrorize all hearts. Together the king and his lion reigned in this desolate land of miserable people.

For some time King Winter had seriously considered taking a wife, for he desired that after his death his own son should be ruler. Accordingly, he issued a proclamation which announced his intention to wed and which set forth the conditions by which he would select his bride. She was to be young and beautiful, and was to have a pleasing personality. Within two weeks' time, the king hoped to have made his choice.

When the people heard this news, they were filled with consternation. No one, however desirous of power and regal splendor, wished to marry the tyrant. Those whose daughters were especially lovely forbade them to leave their homes, for they were unwilling to sacrifice their children's happiness to please the despot. If their daughters were kept in seclusion, there would be no opportunity for King Winter to see or to desire them for his mate.

For two weeks the king roamed the earth, seeking vainly for a wife. Very few girls did he see, and these did not prove satisfactory. They were either too old or too young, too ugly, or too frivolous. Not one was fit for the task of ruling as his queen and bearing him a son. At last, King Winter despaired and returned to his snow palace.

Thwarted in his attempts to find happiness, he became an even harder master than before. He waved his magic sceptre, turning everything to ice and removed the last vestige of blue from the heavens. His lion roared twice as fiercely as before and indulged in ever bolder sport. Great was the trepidation everywhere.

Mother Nature, seeing their oppression, sympathized sincerely with the people. It was time for her to intervene. Immediately, she devised a plan to improve the world.

Spring was the fairest and kindest of all the maidens on earth. Her

chief pleasure was derived from playing with a little lamb whom she loved very dearly. During King Winter's reign of terror, Spring painstakingly guarded her lamb lest it be destroyed by the king or his pet lion.

One day, however, the frisky lamb escaped. Spring had just discovered that her pet was gone when she heard a roar so terrible that the glass in the windows rattled and the very foundations of the house were shaken. The lion was again ravaging the land! Fearing for her pet's safety and disregarding her own, Spring rushed from the house. If she could only come upon her lamb before the lion did! She ran frantically through the streets, increasing her speed each time the lion roared. Suddenly, she saw the snow palace loom ahead of her, and there on the frozen ground within its gates lay her precious pet. Spring ran eagerly toward the shivering creature, but before she could place it in her arms, the lion flung himself upon her. Her piercing screams reached the ears of King Winter who quickly came to her rescue.

To this day, no one knows exactly how it happened, but a great love sprang up between King Winter and Spring. It is supposed that the maiden's beauty and gentle disposition so pleased the King that he treated her with kindness and consideration. Be that as it may, a great change came over him. No longer was there fear and hatred among his subjects, for he ruled them justly. A genuine spirit of cheer pervaded the land. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and gay laughter betokened the happiness of the people.

On March 21, Mother Nature saw the consummation of her plan, for King Winter and Spring were married. Everyone agreed that it was a perfect union and the beginning of a new era for the world.

In due time, a son named March was born to the joyful pair. March was a boisterous child, strong like his father, yet possessing some of his mother's gentleness. During his early life, this child played constantly with his father's old pet. He enjoyed frolicking with the lion, blowing the clouds about in the sky, lifting off boys' hats, and twisting girls' skirts. He liked to hear the lion roar as he sent his blasts over the land. After a time, however, March became tired of this strenuous play. With his mother's help he caused the earth and the lakes to thaw. Beneath the melting snow a few brave blades of grass began to appear. The last strong puffs of wind removed the gray clouds from the sky, revealing a beautiful blue. A calmness spread over the earth. It was then that March turned to his mother's pet as a playmate. Amidst the beauty of a growing world the gentle lamb and he gamboled about. What joy there was everywhere! Birds sang, flowers began to appear, and the sun shone jovially on all.

To this day, March plays with his two pets. He cannot play with both of them at the same time for the lion is too rough for the lamb. Because of this, he spends the first part of his life each year in blustering sport with the lion. But on the 21st day, in celebration of his parents' wedding, March puts aside the wild playmate and enjoys serene pleasure with his mother's old pet, the lamb. The people on earth, observing this change in his disposition, remark knowingly to each other, "March comes in like a lion, but goes out like a lamb."

V. HAGERTY, JR. 1



## Our Wanderlust

THIS is the time of year when those of us whose noses are being worn by the daily grindstone like to lift our heads for a while and scent adventure. We are apt to grow tired of our surroundings and wish for a change in environment. We begin to formulate desirable vacation plans—half dreams—for satisfying the gnawing wanderlust. But for many of us, the revealing summer sun soon dispels such hazy plans; we stay in or near the same city, we see the same faces, our lives remain in the same rigid patterns.

But the person whose adventure plans have materialized will find his world taking on new meanings. When he sees great wonders of nature—as Niagara, or Carlsbad, or Grand Canyon—his soul cannot help acquiring a sense of magnitude, of sheer wonder and awe. When he sees parched Mid-Western grain fields, or Southern cotton plantations, or arid Western deserts, he cannot help understanding his country's problems more fully. When he mingles with people in other busy cities, or in ambitious towns, or in sleepy isolated villages, he feels more closely allied with his fellowmen. If he is fortunate enough to visit other countries, he grows in appreciation of international relationships. And when the traveler returns, he needs only to apply his experiences. Whether he returns to study, to teach, or to other work does not matter. The impetus to that work, the greater knowledge and outlook, the more developed personality are beneficial everywhere.

And what are those of us to do who "can't afford it" or who "haven't time"? If we earnestly plan for travel, we can overcome our handicaps. Nothing is fully appreciated unless subordinate and trivial things are sacrificed to obtain it. If we substitute a third showing of a motion picture for a more expensive first showing, if we forego an extra cigarette or bar of candy, if we deny ourselves a really unnecessary piece of costume jewelry, we shall be able to save more than we had



thought possible. We should realize that travel need not be expensive. If we are not happy unless we go by the costliest method of transportation, stop at the most luxurious hotels, eat the richest food at the most exclusive restaurants, we cannot expect to get far on limited finances. The wise, economical tourist can see much, comfortably, on little.

And what if we "haven't time" to travel? Well, have we seen all the places of interest within a day's journey of our homes? If not, (and it is doubtful if many of us have) we are certainly neglecting a fine opportunity for small-scale travel. After all, the essence of travel is seeing new places and associating with new people. And we Americans need not go abroad for such experiences.—If we enlarge our scope further, and give more time to travel than we feel we can spare, we may still gain thereby.

Let's start our vacation planning now; if our efforts are sincere, we should find a joyous answer to the call of the open road.

EVELYN A. FIEDLER, Fr. 4



## Realism

'Twas by a marble fount you stood  
In some quaint garden rare,  
And in and out the old box wood  
You danced without a care.

The moonlight tinted everything—  
Your gown was molten gold.  
Your whispers seemed to almost sing,  
And I became quite bold.

But you—you gave a fluttered cry  
And left me there to learn  
That you were just a butterfly  
And I—a poor glow worm.

## A Sport of Sports

**M**ARCH! This month means just one thing to a certain group of sportsmen, angling. It means that in just one month's time the season of seasons will open. Before that date, however, much must be done in preparation for the whole season. All tackle must be got ready; the fly rod, the casting rod, and dry and wet flies must be tied. Then the excitement of the first day must be awaited.

Many persons think that fishing is just sitting on a rock and waiting for a fish to nibble at a worm. This may be the lazy way to fish, but it certainly isn't the real way. Real fishing is the following of a good trout or bass stream for some few miles, casting under clumps of bushes and beneath stones which border the stream and project over it. Furthermore, a real angler does not use worms as bait. He uses dry or wet flies for a fly rod, and plugs for a casting rod. These baits add more to the sport than worms possibly could.

Some individuals are absolutely amazed when they hear of a girl going fishing. It seems as though they just can't understand why she would want to participate in the sport. In a recent magazine article the author put fishing at the top of the list of sports for a girl. He said that nothing thrilled him more than to see a girl make a beautiful cast with a fly rod. More and more girls are putting fishing at the top of their list of sports.

Does one only need to participate once to be able to handle a rod perfectly? The answer to that question is "no". There are certain skills to master in fishing just the same as there are in other sports. Much practice is needed. One who fishes for the sport of it doesn't keep the fish when he catches them, instead, he returns them to the stream so someone else may have the same chance for sport as he has had.

Fishing is indeed a sport which helps one get exercise, health, and satisfaction. For spring is it not a sport of sports?

E. WARD, Jr. 7



Miss Keys—"Why do we call pasteurized milk pasteurized?"

R. Owings—"Because the cows feed in the pasture."

All work and no pay makes Jack a dull school teacher.

"If you don't think the TOWER LIGHT jokes are funny, just burn a copy and listen to the fire roar."

## The Tragedy of Spain

“**M**AKE Madrid the tomb of Fascism”, say the walls of the street trenches in Madrid; the eyes of the entire world are focused on the heroic people of Spain courageously fighting the cause of world democracy.

Why is the outcome of Spain's struggle so important to the entire world? Let us survey the alignment of forces in Europe today. On one extreme we have Fascist Italy and Germany, ready to plunge the world into another war, countries whose existence depend on war to divert the attention of the populace away from their internal crises; on the other, Soviet Russia, the bulwark of peace, the first country to suggest to the League of Nations complete disarmament, and to volunteer to be the first to disarm. Next comes France, whose Peoples' Front government is trying hard to avoid war, and at the same time to suppress the Fascist forces attacking it from within. Then comes England, whose ruling class cannot decide which is the lesser of the two evils: a victory for the working class of Spain, or the threat to their Empire which would result from a Fascist victory. So far, superficially it has been passive, thus aiding the Fascists, whose battles are being fought by the armies of Italy and Germany; and has been piling up additional millions of dollars through its arms trade with Franco, through its puppet Portugal.

What, then, will happen if the democratic, legally elected Spanish government is defeated, and a Fascist dictatorship is set up? France, a lone democratic country surrounded by Fascists, will not be able to withstand the pressure from both within and without; and it, too, will fall into the hands of the Fascists. England, unless it elects a Labor government, will continue to help the Fascists: actively, indirectly; passively, directly. Picture the situation in Europe now: peace-desiring Russia, anxious to build up her internal productive machinery, lacking imperialist ambitions, the basic cause of war, closed in on the West by a solidly Fascist Europe, and on the East by Militarist-Fascist Japan. The new Anti-Bolshevism pact between Italy and Germany and Japan has proved to be nothing more than an anti-Soviet pact. This means, of course, a general European war.

History has shown us that it is impossible for one country to remain aloof and apart from the struggles of other countries—and so it has been with our country. With many billions of dollars invested in foreign countries, with the Hearst press ready to whip up a superficial military fervor, with Japan casting greedy eyes at our possessions in the Pacific, probably no force will be able to keep us out of a general war. And this war, aided by the application of modern science for the manufacture of

death-dealing machinery, will be so destructive that, in a word, it will set world civilization back a hundred years—perhaps more; and will result in an irretrievable loss of human life, and an unalleviable amount of human suffering.

The young people of America are faced with many complex problems which require solutions: unemployment, insecurity, suppression of civil liberties, abridgment of free speech and press—but as it concentrates its energies on them, it must keep watch out of the corner of its eye on heroic Spain, and be ready to give it a helping hand; for if Spain loses, the inevitable war will nullify everything we accomplish, and annihilate everything we build.

A. GREENFIELD, Jr. 4



### His Hobby Moved The Earth

CARL AKELEY's dream created by a childhood hobby so enlightened him and disturbed his thinking and scheming that he finally succeeded in actually transplanting Africa with its zenith sun, shadowy jungle, and unmolested animals into the Museum of Natural History in New York City

Born and raised on a large farm in the Mid West where from early boyhood he acquired an interest in hunting and trapping and preserving his trophies, he decided from the start to be the adept and proficient student of the greatest teacher, Mother Nature. At fifteen his resolutions and interests had led him to establish a business for himself as a taxidermist. Prior to this time specimens were only stuffed and not mounted: his great contempt for such a pointless destruction caused him to invent a method for stretching skins over sculptured models thus preserving their life proportions, actions, and habitats. So, obviously, while hardly more than a boy his determination had made him an inventor, a sculptor, a naturalist, and an explorer. He had invented a fast motion picture camera for outdoor work, the first of its kind, and a cement gun for shooting wet cement into mounted skins. Seemingly whenever he had a pet scheme in mind, he could always devise some method for carrying it through.

Several years later while in Africa collecting mammals and making studies and photographs, his life's ambition, characterized by his childhood hobby and his key word "determination" was realized. He wanted his life's work in "African Hall" to be constructed in New York.

In the form of a model and with actual photographs of typical animal scenes in Africa which he desired to include, he presented his plan to the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History at New

York. Two years later, in 1914, he had created such an interest among these officials that actual construction of the hall began, but halted soon because of the World War. Determination still dominated him, so Akeley bore half the expense for a new expedition into the African Jungle. This time his purpose was to collect real specimens and the scenery to represent their environments. A tremendous problem, you say, but, as usual, he attacked it systematically and scientifically; the most common size, type, and color of an animal, as seen by the inquiring observer, was chosen only after deep thought. In some instances innumerable photographs were made and compared and what seemed to be the most life-like situation was used in arranging the exhibit. Furthermore to avoid pointless slaughter the actual size of the animals was obtained through scale photographs and the measurement of shrubs and trees in relation to the animals.

Akeley became ill and died while studying shrubs and trees in the Uganda Mountains, but because of a great inspiration which he started, his dream is being completed.

"African Hall" was exhibited for the first time to the public in August 1936, and I had the pleasure of visiting it one week after its opening. The whole scheme of the marvelous work is to create a jungle atmosphere accurate to the minutest detail. In the center of the vast domed hall is a herd of elephants; perhaps twenty in number, ranging from a clumsy, fearless, giant male with ivory tusks, to a meek, friendly calf several weeks old. Along the walls are groups of other animals seemingly in their native haunts, unaware of hordes of visitors. In one of these groups a huge male gorilla stands beating his breast as an enemy approaches. The female utterly unconcerned, is leaning against a tree looking at her baby eating wild celery, the gorilla's favorite food. The background includes a winding river with mountains in the distance. The experts in all the groups have perfected even the vaguest detail. Every detail concerning the animals and the plants is made absolutely true. Even the celery plants, shown in full foliage serve the purpose of partially hiding day old rodent's tracks. The hot, almost perpendicular sun's rays in the exhibits are filtered through translucent glass above the animal groupings. The glass protecting the exhibit from the public is not perpendicular to the floor but is placed at an acute angle, which together with its spherical shape, gives the optical illusion that there is no window present. To make situations complete, the lighting for the entire hall is very dim. It gives the feeling of dusk in the jungle, although midday events are occurring.

Here we have a hobby that so inspired and delighted a developing individual that it determined his vocation, and culminated in a memorial which is not merely a triumphal arch but a transplantation of a section of

the earth about which we know very little, to a nearby place where we may return again and again for enjoyment, study, and appreciation. We, too, may do great things, but the first step is to get interested. Develop a hobby!

JOHN F. WHEELER, Jr. 7



### The Three Mysteries

A tiny seed is windswept from its mother,  
And finds a new home hidden 'neath the earth.  
Is it asleep? Oh, no, a life is forming;  
A growing infant seeks its birth.  
Gently pushing, struggling upward  
Through dark, rich soil, free from fear.  
The first young blade comes forth to sight.  
Soon—soon the flower will appear.  
Already, tender leaves come forth  
So green, so fresh, so new;  
A tight bud slowly is unfurled;  
A radiant flower bursts in view,  
A gift of God, all bathed with dew.

Life!

The slender babe is nursed with care  
By Mother Rain and Father Sun;  
The gentle breeze croons lullabies  
To summon sleep when day is done.  
The babe is gone, and in its place  
A youth stands—stronger and more fair,  
Its lovely head raised to the sky,  
Imbued with gaiety, free from care.  
And though cruel winds and pelting rains  
May shake the flower, yet it clings  
To life, undaunted, unimpaired  
Trials passed, once more its beauty sings,  
And joy to earth this young life brings.

Death!

Daily, the flower's head bows more;  
Its gown is fading fast;  
Its stem once strong and straight now droops;  
How much longer will life last?  
And now the leaves are brown and seared;  
About the earth curled petals are spread;

One last sweet fragrance is breathed forth,  
And life is spent, the flower is dead.

Death has followed where birth has led.  
Birth, life and death—three mysteries  
As old as life, or sea, or sky  
They will go on eternally,  
And no mortal will e'er know why.

VIRGINIA HAGERTY, JR. I



## The Mother

THE mother could not understand—her child—the one who was learning to call “mumsy” ever so often—the one who needed his nose wiped, his little neck powdered—his hair brushed with vase-line—not her baby—God! No!

But her baby was dead. He hadn't reached the hospital in time. The doctor could not operate. The child suffered—his appendix burst—only a babe not so long ago—a suckling at his mother's breast.

And so the child died. Many friends came to visit. The mother had helped wash the tiny, stilled body—had passionately kissed the cold, taut lips—to no avail. There was no cry “mumsy”—only stillness.

They buried the child under the earth and covered the spot with flowers in bud.

But once home she could not forget. Every Sunday and Wednesday, arms crushing dewy flowers, she travelled to his quiet resting place.

One day when she was home,—sitting wearily beside a gleaming fire, she bethought herself of her son. It was snowing heavily outside. Yes, she said to herself, what kind of a mother am I? Absolutely useless. Well, there was one thing she could do. Her son would not be frozen by the cold snow that smothered him.

She hurried to his familiar resting place. Staunchly setting to work, she uncovered his grave. All the snow was cast off. She felt a presence—close—all about her. All her thoughts rose to meet it. And clearly she heard whispered to her—“Daughter, you have sinned—against man and against me? Have you no greater faith in Me? Am I not the Truth and the Light? Am I not the Saviour?”

Timidly the woman pleaded—“What can you mean?”

Sternly the answer came—“Do for others—forget self—only then shall we be one. And this dear child of yours—suffer little children to come unto Me—I will keep and bless him.”

“Yes, I will be always near. And someday soon when you understand, you shall join us. Together we shall be happy and gay. You shall be with your son.”

MILDRED MELAMET, JR. 2

## The Drama of Conowingo

NOT untouched by drama is the story of the Conowingo water-power development. In 1926, Conowingo was a quaint little town of about two hundred inhabitants, clustered at the foot of some hills on the Baltimore Pike in Cecil County, Maryland, near the shore of the Susquehanna River. There was a garage, a church, a school, an inn, several canneries, and a number of homes—a typical little town of its kind.

Today a lake covering an area of about fourteen square miles hides all trace of the little town and its activities—and two miles down the river there is the great dam and power house which turns the water of the Susquehanna into electric energy which carries over seventy-four miles through the air by means of a steel tower, a transmission line to light Philadelphia.

It is interesting to recall a few historical facts about the Susquehanna River. During the earliest colonial days, a great deal of interest was manifested in the possibilities offered by this river as a natural waterway. Later, but before the day of the railroad, canals were built and operated on both shores of the stream. Parts of these canals may still be seen. As a matter of fact, the Susquehanna is intimately connected with the history of the United States, for the early debates on the subject of a permanent seat of government hinged largely on the question of whether this volume of water would give greater means of communication to the northwest territory than the Potomac or the Delaware.

The vicinity of Conowingo is rich in historic interest. French troops who came to help the colonists in the Revolution landed at the head of the Chesapeake Bay. One of the outstanding landmarks on the highway between Philadelphia and Conowingo is a huge old oak, still flourishing, marked by a tablet establishing the location of Lafayette's overnight camp during his march to join Washington at Yorktown.

The Conowingo Hydro-Electric Project is an outstanding achievement in electric power engineering skill and efficiency, but also in that the speed of its construction is without parallel in the history of projects of similar size. It was begun on March 8, 1926 and completed by March 1, 1928. From the standpoint of installed capacity, Conowingo is the second largest hydro-electric development in the United States.

The dam is 4648 feet in length and is laid on solid rock at an average depth of 96½ feet below the surface of the lake formed by the impounded waters. This lake is fourteen miles long and over a mile wide. An unusual feature of the design of the spillway is the overhanging crest which is surmounted by fifty movable steel gates by which the reservoir



level is maintained constant, regardless of variation in the volume of water flowing.

The delivery of the energy from the hydro-plant at Conowingo to Philadelphia is a great undertaking. This has been accomplished by means of two steel tower transmission lines. The terminus of these lines is located at Plymouth Meeting, near Philadelphia.

There is much more to be said about the mechanical operations of this power plant but a trip through it would reveal far more than I can tell you. Several classes in the campus school have visited Conowingo and have found it to be exceedingly interesting,—a liberal education. Some day when you go for a ride, visit one of the largest hydro-electric developments—Conowingo.

G. L. WILSON, Jr. 7



### What Now?

In the days of Alexander the Great, and Caesar, the warriors thought of victory in terms of land, gold, and slaves. What are the results of the World War? Did it serve as a war to end wars? Was it a war to preserve democracy? What would the mothers and wives whose beloved ones went to war and never returned answer? What of the soldier in the trenches, who received his dollar a day?

The men who manufactured and sold the death dealing instruments of war grew enormously rich. They cared not what their weapons were used for, nor to whom they sold them. Friend and foe alike distributed instruments of death.

How can we eliminate this type of exploitation by unscrupulous persons in a time of national emergency? Prohibit the shipment of arms from one country to another? I don't think so. Small countries who do not manufacture their own arms would not allow this. Strange isn't it? They would protest to the League of Nations on the grounds that they need and must have arms because a larger neighboring country was making menacing gestures which imperiled their national safety. Another objection to this plan has been that small countries would be pawns to be bought and sold over the counter of rifle barrels. This problem was with us at the end of the last war, and it is still ever present. What are we going to do about it?

B.GAMERMAN, Soph 4

## Assemblies

February 4—MISS STROUT

After living in Brazil for eleven years, Miss Strout, who is a worker of the W.C.T.U., believes that it is the most wonderful country in the world. Brazil is larger than the United States, makes up one-half of South America, and much of the territory has never been explored. It has a delightful climate, fertile soil, and beautiful scenery. The people are also very fine. There are as many races as in the United States. However, there is no discrimination against the negro, and some intermarriage occurs. The Brazilians are a mixture of Portuguese, Indian, and Negroid. The Latin element is frequent, and they are a lively, temperamental, warm-hearted race. Eleven years ago 85% of the people were illiterate. This situation is getting better because of the new school system. Their staple foods are black beans and rice, but they are gradually adding more vegetables to their diet and the general health of the people is improving. Miss Strout was sent to Brazil by the W.C.T.U. with only two letters of introduction. She persuaded a society leader to be president of this organization there. The objective of this movement is good health. The people welcome such efforts. Brazil has accomplished four reforms without bloodshed: freed the slaves, established a republic, granted religious liberty, and introduced civil marriage. At one time the Brazilians looked to us for ideals and morals, but our movies and popular magazines have changed this attitude. This is a real demand for the young people of the United States to meet.

February 8—Elwood Beam

Mr. Beam, a Senior, spoke to the College on "The Deaf and Their Language." According to Mr. Beam, the teaching of the deaf is a comparatively recent trend in education. Up until 1800, no successful attempt to teach the deaf had been made. At this time, Colonel Bolling, the father of two deaf children, advanced sufficient money to found a school in Baltimore. The money was illegally used by the teacher to whom it had been entrusted, and it was not until 1817 that the first permanent and free school for the deaf was founded by Thomas Gallaudet. Gallaudet was a graduate of Yale, and, while studying Theology at Andover Seminary, became very much interested in a little deaf girl. His success in teaching the child caused her father to secure enough money to send Gallaudet to Europe to study methods of teaching the deaf. At this time there were schools for the deaf in England, Scotland, and France. Gallaudet returned with three French teachers, and using the \$15,000 donated by the state of Connecticut, founded the first successful school for the deaf. One by one, the other states followed the example

set by Connecticut, until today, each state has its own school for the deaf.

February 16—Dr. Ramsdell

Dr. Ramsdell told us an old story in a different way. Most people still have the old-fashioned attitude toward posture, that it is something one does because it is expected of him. They don't realize that proper carriage is the easiest way, and that it really takes extra effort to maintain an abnormal position. The majority of women are handicapped in maintaining natural good posture because of their high heeled shoes. With the use of a model Dr. Ramsdell showed the correct easy posture, both sitting and standing. To the up-to-date person, posture is not just the way you sit and stand, but "the way you act because of the way you feel, because of the way you sit and stand."



## A Bouquet

I say, more assemblies in which the campus school children participate. I can wager the majority of students were amazed at the ingenuity of the small folks who skipped, hopped, jumped, whirled, and danced in rhythm to the beats of music.

Posture was forgotten as the upper classmen leaned forward in their seats or sat on books to give them added height. Remarks fairly bounced around the assembly.

"That's Edward, yes, the little fellow, who seems so seriously engaged in the art of dancing. "I taught him last semester," exclaimed a proud student teacher.

Indeed this was a novel demonstration of the various grade levels' response to music. Rhythm was outstanding in the first grade, although some lacked muscular co-ordination and ignored pauses between measures. As the grades performed, improvement grew until a climax was reached in the sixth grade with the complicated Irish Lilt and the Russian number.

Dancing is not only a fine social acquirement but an excellent exercise. Thus both the college and the campus school gained; we in a keener appreciation of their powers, and they in the pleasure of performing.

SARA SNYDER, Fr. 8



He: "Why do they measure the ocean in knots?"

She: "How else could you expect to get the ocean tied?"

## Return to Life

In the past when one was offered green vegetables in mid-winter, he could be fairly certain they came from that great American tradition, the tin can. The frosted peas, beans and corn served to the students in the dormitory gave the first hint that civilization had rid itself of tin shackles. These vegetables look and taste as though they had just been plucked from the vines.

A scientist on a vacation in the Far North, by making a hole in the ice, caught a fish which froze very quickly when it reached the below-zero atmosphere. Stiff and hard it was dumped into warm water to thaw out before it could possibly be fit for the frying pan. Several hours later the scientist was amazed to see his catch swimming serenely in the tub. The return to life puzzled him until, by experimentation, he found that not only fish, but all kinds of flesh, vegetables and fruits could be kept fresh for an indefinite period of time by a similar quick freezing process.

M. T. and H. D.



## Project In Progressive Education

ROOM FOURTEEN at Teachers College was the scene of an experiment in progressive education on Thursday, February 18, when Sophomore Three and Four, students of Miss Keys' Health Education, exhibited the results of their study of nutrition.

With several purposes in mind, Miss Keys devised a plan to display the foods which best supplied each of the six "food principles". The class was divided into two committees; an executive committee of six members and an exhibition committee, composed of the rest of the class. The duties of the executive committee, headed by the two section chairmen, were administrative: they assigned tables for display, arranged schedules and procedures for visitors, and were in general responsible for the efficient management of the undertaking. The exhibition committee was divided into pairs, each group being responsible for its table of food display. The tables include Vitamins A, B, C, D, E, and G; Water; Minerals, including Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron, and Iodine; and the calorie principles, Protein, Fat, and Carbohydrate. Besides providing and displaying the best sources of the food element, each group prepared a brief article on the functions, requirements, and interesting facts about its particular food. An invitation was then extended to the faculty and student body of the college to visit the display.

But the surprise was yet to come. In order to make the exhibition more realistic, the upper grade teachers of the Campus School were invited to bring their classes for an explanation of the exhibit. Since Miss Dougherty, Miss Kestner, and Mr. Podlich had done work on nutrition, the material at the exhibit was well integrated with their program. At about 9:15 on Thursday morning, the fifth grade children filed into Room Fourteen accompanied by Miss Dougherty. They were divided into three groups and then the procession visited each table and an explanation of the material at each was given. Grades six and seven followed soon. By 10:15 about one hundred children had been through the lines.

The entire program was a success from all angles. Primarily it was to be a review on the subject matter. It was an excellent review: purposeful, comprehensive, and practical. Secondly, it was a valuable experience for the Campus School children. And finally, it was not without its human element: Miss Keys announced that the project would eliminate a test on the material.

Miss Keys has carried through a successful project in progressive education. Who will take her cue—will you?

ISADORE SEEMAN, Soph. 4



### In-Service-Courses

Did you know that In-Service-Courses are being held at the college during the second semester? If you see strange faces in the library on Monday or Thursday evenings you will know that these are alumni who are returning to their alma mater for further work. The classes this semester are being given by Miss Munn, Miss Van Bibber, Miss Weyforth, Miss Birdsong, and Mr. Walther. And if you could look in at the School Board Office Building in Annapolis on Monday evening you would find a large group of enthusiastic Anne Arundel teachers engaged in the pursuit of Art under the able direction of Mrs. Brouwer. This in-service course was arranged at the request of our alumni in Anne Arundel county and each Monday afternoon you will see Mrs. Brouwer setting out for Annapolis, loaded down with art materials, to share with these teachers who have chosen to improve their art background and who in turn share the benefits with the children under their guidance.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

## A Promise

The evening lamps are no longer needed to dispel early evening darkness. The lengthening day bespeaks the coming of a new season.

Daily, without my window, a cardinal sings gayly and makes my work a loathsome task. A chance warm day entices me from dutiful labor.

Spring has not come. But the days hold bright promise of its advent. With laden hands they proffer a rebirth of earth and the senses. I pluck their promise with a quickened heart and eager hand.



### A Symbol

I have seen the daffodils upon a flower stand. They tell a story, hardly new but never old. Their all too brief gayety is a symbol for the loveliest season of all time; lovely because of the hope of rebirth they express. The allure of fresh spring blossoms is so great that I wish each wintry day were behind me. I brush each one aside ruthlessly striving to bring nearer the gracious happiness of a new season.

Through all ages the poets have sung praise to the season of great spiritual awakening. May all their tributes be reinvigorated by your presence!



### All 1936 Graduates are Teaching

Each year we pause long enough to take stock of the most recent group of alumni who have gone from our doors. Since a college is known by its product the success of these alumni measures the efficiency of the college.

It is a well known fact that there is at present a shortage of trained elementary teachers in Maryland. This shortage was predicted two or three years ago and became a reality in the fall of 1936. This need for teachers meant that the graduates of 1936 had little difficulty in securing immediate appointments. Let us turn our thoughts back to last June and refresh our minds with the numbers we saw going forth at that time.

There were twenty-three students who received the B. S. degree. All of these graduates are now teaching either in the counties of Maryland or in Baltimore City. Of the sixty-eight who received three year diplomas thirteen returned for the fourth year and will form the cap and gown procession in June, 1937. Of the remaining fifty-five all are teaching either in fully appointed positions in the State or as substitutes in Baltimore City.

The shortage of elementary teachers increases the responsibility of the State Teachers Colleges of the State, to maintain a high standard of training and to fill teaching vacancies only with the best. Each graduate may become an influential member of the educational system of the State by rendering invaluable service to the community in which he is appointed.

REBECCA C. TANSIL

## The Library—At Your Service

### A New Library For Towson

A little more than a year ago, at the December meeting of the Woman's Club of Towson, it was decided to organize a public library for Towson. One hundred books were brought by different members of the club, hoping this would be the nucleus of a free library for Towson. At first they were stored in orange crates at the Odd Fellows' Hall, and were circulated only to members.

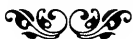
In April, 1936 a room was hired at 21 West Pennsylvania Avenue where shelves were installed, and the library was opened to the public. In June, 1936, 230 books were circulated to the public. This number has steadily increased so that in January, 1937, over one thousand books were circulated. The library now numbers 1922 accession books besides some duplicates and series books, for which permanent records have not been made.

The little room is already overflowing with books, all of which were donated except two copies of "Gone With The Wind".

Mrs. Odell, former head librarian of our college, organized this library. Mrs. Frederick Stieber is chairman of the library committee. The work is done by a voluntary committee, or a voluntary group of about twenty-five club women. Three of the students of Teachers College: Catherine Dinsmore, Sarah Hatton, and Hazel Naylor work there on Saturdays.

*Any books, new or used, would be welcome.*

A little colored branch has been established in the home of Margaret Davage, who is a sister of our own Lewis Gwynn.



### Your Own Library

Did you know that you, too, could have a library of your own for the price of:

1. Old newspapers
2. Old magazines
3. 3 in. x 5 in. filing cards
4. Mounting paper
5. Old books.

This is how mine started. When a classmate of mine got married, he willed me his complete stock of old newspapers, magazines, exhibits, and



illustrative material, little of which was indexed. When I went after this material there was such a mass of it, I could hardly get it all in my rumble seat, to say nothing of the work it was getting it into my own attic.

The process of sorting took me about two years, and seemed like what I imagine rebuilding a city after an earthquake would be.

I now have all my old newspapers catalogued according to subjects. I find the Sunday Sun Supplement to be one of my prize numbers and am building it into what vaguely resembles an encyclopedia. I have my pictures mounted and catalogued, most of which came from newspapers and old Geographic Magazines. I have all my material indexed and put away where I can put my hand on it *quickly* (I hope). Most of the work is over now. Now I try to make it a routine habit and catalogue my material as I get it. I spend some time exploring old bookstores looking for bargains. Try it sometime.

BOSLEY ROYSTON



DURANT, WILL—"Adventures in Genius", Simon and Schuster, N.Y., 1931.

Unlike most of the book reviews found in the TOWER LIGHT, this particular one deals with a volume published in the late lean years. Though this book has been on our shelves since 1932 only four of our dynamic students have bothered to withdraw it. And its almost virgin newness leads me to suspect that few more have even investigated it.

Such neglect is most unfortunate, since Dr. Durant has given us here the most delightful and comprehensible treatment of difficult material since the *Mansions of Philosophy*. With his characteristic feeling for knowledge and beauty he essays a critical choice of the ten most important thinkers, the ten greatest poets, and the hundred best books for a liberal education. Then, as adventures in philosophy, he gives brief and intelligent expositions of the thought systems of three important contemporary savants: the mystic Count Keyserling; the ponderous aristo-philosopher, Oswald Spengler, whose most atrocious theories have been appropriated by the Nazi scholastics as philosophical support for their retrogressive social régime; and Bertrand Russell, the bane of the prim conservatives that infest intellectual fields today. As he proceeds to three literary masters, we find him in the field that I suspect has become his greatest love. He praises Flaubert; he traces the development of Anatole France from an Epicurean ivory-tower conservative to a significant social-minded radical; and he charms us with the profound sensitivity of John Cowper Powys.

After such delightful excursions into the realm of greatness we can omit our pedantic objection to Dr Durant's theory that the Great Man is a prime mover in historical progress. And I believe that when the delights of these excursions are brought to their attention, they will appeal to even the most phlegmatic of our flock.

CHARLES LEEF, Fr. 4



MYER, WALTER E.—Studies of Public Opinion N.E.A. Journal, February 1937, p. 48.

It is time that we stop putting the cart before the horse in the teaching of civics. Our present system of building the study of civics around a detailed examination of governmental and party machinery is not adequate as it does not begin with the citizen. It is the citizen who must choose those who are to operate government machinery and must himself deal with the problem of government. An effective course must introduce the student to problems of public life—but must not stop there—it must start the student on a course of continuous current reading. In addition to a habit of reading the student should know how public opinion operates and its translation into public action. Studies of the formation, guidance, and control of public opinion coupled with the encouragement of wide and varied reading habits in the field of public affairs constitute the most important elements of a well considered course in civics.

A. BERLIN, SR.



### Inspiration and Knowledge

"College students typically have high ideals; their 'Bull sessions' solve the problems of the world and build Utopias. They are optimistic, adventurous, generous, impatient of practical limitations."

With sympathetic understanding the college faculty can do much to direct and temper this idealism. It can make vivid those personalities of the past whose leadership deserves most to be emulated, and can bring before the students, both in person and in ideas, the leaders of today. It can also infuse the essential quality of inspiration.

Hand in hand with inspiration goes knowledge. Four to six years of college study should greatly enlarge one's knowledge; and a realization of the achievements of the race in religion, literature, science, exploration, and social planning broadens the basis for leadership. At Antioch not only intensive study in some one field, but at least one course in each of the primary fields of knowledge, is required."

## TEACHERS COLLEGE RECORD

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### Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

Whereas, due to custom and habit, it is hereby brought to the attention of all and sundry that the dates of the Men's Revue are Friday, March 19, and Saturday, March 20;

Be it hereby known that the said Men's Revue will be a glorious and well rounded entertainment; to wit, minstrels, radio stars, chorus, orchestra, etc.;

It is therefore proclaimed that on these days, March 19 and March 20, that we, the people, will support and enjoy the said Revue;

And be it known that we shall dance to the music of Joe Dowling on the aforementioned Friday, and to the Round Towners on the above mentioned Saturday;

Therefore, we, the Men's Revue Committee, do make it known that the friends and relatives of all concerned be notified of these occasions, and be advised of their portent.

ENACTED BY THE HAND OF THE MEN'S REVUE COMMITTEE,  
ON THIS DAY OF FEBRUARY THE 19TH, IN THE YEAR 1937.



### Girls Demonstration

Yea-a-a-a!

Yea-a-a-a!

The auditorium echoes and re-echoes with the loud and prolonged cheering of enthusiastic classmates. Every girl is sitting on the edge of her seat, yelling at the top of her voice for her own team. (The teams are also supported by the more lusty cheers from the balcony.) Who wants to miss all this excitement?

The evening of fun begins with a stunt put on by each class-supposedly a surprise to the other classes. These are followed by dances, relays, team games, and more stunts. Every girl takes part in some activity and all are ready to do their best to bring honors to the class. Where could one find a better exhibition of class spirit. The competition ends with the assembling of each class in a group to sing the class songs. Last is the announcement of the judges' decision. This is a really tense moment—but exceeding joyful for the lucky winners.

## Entertained at Glen Esk

I carefully adjusted my hat, joined my coterie of friends and admonished them to hurry. A brisk wind whipped more color into our faces as we approached stately Glen Esk. We, the Freshmen, were seized with a sense of importance.

Crossing the wide veranda, we became part of the streaming line of students that flowed down the stairs to the reception hall below. The gay colors against the dark background of blacks and browns suggested the radiant glory of a garden.

As I awaited my turn in the receiving line, the soft lights and the subdued murmur filled me with a sense of friendliness and well being. I heard a voice at my side and came back to reality in time to greet our hostess, Dr. Tall. Above the humming of the voices arose a happy song. The Glee Club members sang some melodies from the past. Members of the orchestra, too, furnished a background of lovely music.

The animated, colorful and happy scene lingers in my memory, as I still see in my classmates the familiar figures I beheld at Dr. Tall's tea. A common thought and purpose produce a sense of fellowship, whether it be in the classroom or at a social gathering.

MARY BRASHEARS, Fr. 9



## Transformation

It snowed, and tiny white flakes wove a delicate covering for the campus. Awed youth silently worshipped the lovely scene, for the campus seemed refreshed and purified by this thing which had happened to it.

Spring sunshine came and melted white into green. Ardent youths dreamily passed unobtrusive trash cans, and dotted the front campus with pieces of grimy paper. Brilliant red wrappings from "Baby Ruths" merrily chased each other over the soft grass. Torn copies of last term's history assignment valiantly struggled to free themselves from the branches of the hedge. Paper banners floating everywhere startled dreamy youth out of his lethargy and made him wonder why he enjoyed the campus better when it was hidden by snow.

He decided to reform. Will you?

M. McBRIDE, Sr.

## It's in the Air

"TEACHING Music in the Elementary School" by Elma Prickett is making its first appearance in the hands of the students.

Dr. Tall and Miss Brown have returned from New Orleans where they attended the Department of Superintendence meeting.

Speaking of educational meetings, glance at the lovely poster in the hall as you go to and from classes. Japan, "Land of the Rising Sun", has invited the World Federation of Educational Associations to hold its next world conference on Education at Tokyo next summer. It is rumored that Dr. Crabtree, Dr. Dowell, and Miss Bersch are planning to visit this land of "indescribable beauty".

Miss Weyforth finds her new car a "thing of beauty and a joy forever".

Flowers seem to grow on Miss Gilbert's desk in the main office.

Miss Barkley and Miss Cook contemplate a trip at Easter to Charleston, South Carolina to visit the lovely magnolia gardens which are open to the public at that time.

Someone says, that Mr. Walther and Mrs. Brouwer will teach in Hopkins again this year.

Classes in Parent-Teacher Education will be offered to the Juniors and Seniors of the College who are interested in knowing how to guide such meetings in the school in which they will teach. Mrs. Coppage, Mrs. Levin and other officials of the Maryland Congress of Parent-Teacher organizations will teach this course.

Dr. Bliss Forbush, Director of Religious Education, Friends School, and Miss Jewell Simpson, State Assistant Superintendent of Education talked to the Child Study group, on "The Child Religion and the Progressive School." The Child Study group consist of forty parents who are particularly interested in the scientific study of parent-child relationship. Miss Birdsong talked to the Mothers of the fourth grade children recently. Her topic was "How to Form Habits that are Worth While".

Students and faculty of the Teachers College and the Campus School contributed \$295.95 to the Red Cross in their drive for funds to take care of flood victims in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

The rainy season is hard on Miss Blood. With her telescope tucked under her arm she wanders from room to room seeking a place in which to study the stars.

Lunches in the cafeteria are more palatable because of Mrs. Cantler's broad smile.

The Food Exhibit in Miss Keys' room was a source of education to all the house-keepers in the faculty and among the student body.

Miss Pauline Rutledge, Principal of the Ethical Culture School, Brooklyn, N. Y., visited friends in the city recently.



## Junior Dance!

Can Juniors dance? Juniors did dance on Friday, February twelfth. Each Junior brought his valentine to the Junior Dance. And all friends, pals, schoolmates, and their friends danced with them to the tune of the "Chieftains". Junior and his valentine said that they had one "swell" time at *that* Junior Dance.

D. A.



## Instrumental Music

February was a busy month for the College Orchestra, beginning as it did on the fifth with the program for the In and About Club. Always before we had played from the balcony of Newell Hall dining room. To be on the main floor was a new experience, but one we liked, for the acoustics were excellent. Playing for the In and About Club was a genuine pleasure, the members were an appreciative audience, their attention was so keen as to be in itself inspiring.

On Tuesday, the ninth, we repeated the In and About program with the exception of the violin solo for the children of the Elementary School at their assembly hour.

Wednesday, the tenth, we gave our annual broadcast over W.C.A.O. This affair nearly came to grief. Down at the station with just time enough to get set and warmed up for the program, it was discovered that the music for the organ was still on Miss Prickett's desk. Only Miss Rawling's quick response to an agonized appeal over the telephone and the good driving of John Gwynn saved the day. But by four o'clock our nerves were calmed and one of the swiftest fifteen minutes of our lives were spent in playing

Atilla .....	<i>Karoly</i>
Am Meer.....	<i>Schubert</i>
Hungarian Dances Nos. 7 and 8.....	<i>Brahms</i>
Prayer .....	<i>Franck</i>

At the President's tea, the orchestra was represented by Jane McElwain and John Klier playing a saxophone duet, "Valse Bluettes"; Harold

Goldstien and Elwood Beam a clarinet duet, "Simple Aveu"; and by Sydney Baker playing the first movement of Mozart's Concerto in D Major No. IV, accompanied by Charles Haslup. Margaret Lowery also contributed to the instrumental program of the afternoon by playing two piano numbers, Air from County Derry by Grainger and Waltz by Levitzki.

## Concerts

The past month has given us some delightful concerts. In order that you may recollect these in detail, we give you the several programs below:

### Folk Songs

Marche des Rois.....	Old French
Chanson Aavergnate.....	Berceuse Bretonne

### 18th Century Songs

Maman, Dites Moi	
From "Bergerettes" .....	Weckerlin
Jeunes Fillettes	

### Modern Songs in the 18th Century Style

Le Pepit Gars, Pierette, Et le Pot au Lait.....	J. Nam
Vous Dansez, Marquise.....	Gaston Lemaire

### PIANO RECITAL, FEBRUARY 12, MR. GARDNER JENCKS

Preludes, E. Major and C $\sharp$ Minor.....	Chopin
Nocturne in C $\sharp$ Minor.....	Chopin
Intermezzo, A Minor, op. 118, No. 1.....	Brahms
Lullaby, E $\flat$ Major, op. 117, No. 1.....	Brahms
Rhapsodie, E $\flat$ Major, op. 119-4.....	Brahms

### PROGRAM OF SONGS, FEBRUARY 17, MR. CHARLES IRVIN, MISS EDNA OSBORNE *at the piano*

Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.....	Old English Air
Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life.....	Victor Herbert
I Love Life.....	Mana-Zucca
Shortin' Bread.....	Jacques Wolfe
Because .....	Guy d'Hardelat
Without a Song.....	Vincent Youmans
Water Boy.....	Avery Robinson
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.....	Ernest R. Ball
The Oregon Trail.....	Billy Hill, Peter de Rose
The Big Brown Bear.....	Mana-Zuca
Duna .....	Josephine McGill



## Sports Angle

THE half-way post having been reached and passed, our basketeers now prepare for that final dash down the home stretch. As we look back over the records we can feel justly proud of our team's work this season.

Through the careful guidance and untiring efforts of Coach Minnegan, the State Teachers College five has developed into one of the best in the school's history. We have won nine games while losing six, which seemingly constitutes only a mediocre average. But consider the colleges we've lost to: (1) University of Baltimore, conquerors of the University of Tennessee and Washington College, 1936 State Champions, (2) Catholic University, one of the best combinations in the East, and (3) Mt. St. Marys, the apparent state champions for the current season. Each of these schools have student bodies, far surpassing ours in number, from which to select a squad.

Our vanquished foes have included Gallaudet, Wilson Teachers, Elizabethtown, Frostburg, Salisbury, and Westminster, the first four of which were defeated twice. Against these teams, which more closely represent our class, we have amassed an excellent record.

What is the secret for this success? We aren't sure, but we believe it is chiefly due to a mystic formula which Coach Minnegan has adopted. It reads: "Spirit+Team work=Success." The boys have applied this equation whenever possible with the results mentioned above.

This fine record has been compiled despite a long list of misfortunes. Austerlitz, Wheeler, Jacobson, and Hewes have been out with injuries; severe colds have handicapped Curland and Novey; and to top it all Dave Smith has withdrawn from school.

Now do you agree that we have a right to feel proud of our team and elated at the fine performance it has turned in.



## Sophomore Class Song

Music by Esther Bull

Words by Esther Bull and Sarah Hatton

We'll be loyal to our colors, blue and silver bold and true,  
Ever mindful of the friendships we have formed through you.  
Our devotion will be lasting, even though we soon must part,  
And our class will always linger in our hearts.

In our praises, Teachers College, we shall also sing of you  
You have been our loyal guide in all the long years through.  
May our hearts forever echo with thy praise.  
We will never lose the memory of our college student days



## Ho-Hum

THE attractive cover (we really thought it was) of the February Tower Light brought forth some comments on ingenuity in procuring a snow picture on the one day when our campus had been graced. With downcast head and truthful eyes we admit the age of the snow picture to be something like three years. Sorry that we went to press a week late!

We feel that no longer should we impose on the gracious good humor of one, Muriel Jones. Much reference was made to our "latitude" joke. The noble lady received about five too many "Hefty Hetty" valentines. In strictest confidence we report the loss of twenty-seven pounds since her camping days this summer. All hecklers will kindly "lay off". From now on you might recommend Ovaltine ads instead of Rye Krisps.

The highly enjoyed, highly satisfactory Junior Dance has become a matter of history. The substantial money returns are only surpassed by the fun we had. There were so many old familiar faces that we glowed with friendship. Alumni members of years gone by outnumbered the students. A quick glance over the number of revelers revealed the Seeman family (en masse), with the exception of the Sophomore member of the group, Sara Jane Wilson, Ed Brumbaugh, Hilda Walker, Mildred Lumm, Doris Pramschufer, Charlotte Orem (and you'll never guess who she was with), Mackey Hergenrather, Jerry Nathanson, Dee Middleton, Isadore Cohen, Isadore Miller, Katherine Riggs, Jud Meyers. Alumni members, you note. Seniors enlisted Martha Holland, Ruth Hunter, Bosley Royston, Elwood Beam, Larue Kemp, and one sometimes identified with the Tower Light. Of course, all Juniors supported the green and silver.

Comic valentines scored another triumph. Those who were not too hasty in throwing theirs away experienced some mirth at their discovery. Elwood has now become the "Hair Tonic Wonder" to his classmates who recommend Vitalis and Wildroot to all. Ben Novey, the old drugstore sheik, came in for his share of ribbing.

Mrs. Stapleton has been running close competition with "the har-binger of Spring" outside her classroom windows. Tennyson is being read to many trills and much laughter.

Between assembly talks on the signs used by the deaf (an excellent talk by the way) and an advanced course in phonics, one class has become almost overriden by queer sounds and signs. We know two languages now. English and phonics.

May Day is out of sight but hardly out of mind. The four boys of the Senior class are being rushed into service as possible candidates for the court. Blonde or brunette choices are gladly offered though there is no lengthy selection.

We recommend for youthful appearance Mrs. Alice Middleton, lately added to the fourth year group, who is often taken for Dee Middleton's sister rather than her mother, and rightly so. It's like old times having a member of the family with us.

Mr. Royston was St. Valentine at the Senior party. He and Elwood fed each other cereal blindfolded. Need we tell you the results? Miss Keys has a dog named See Me. Turned into Si Mi it has that Chinese touch.

On Sunday night Hazel Moxley refuses to hear the Tower clock strike ten. A lot of us don't like to hear it.

Mr. Schreiber got a very unique valentine. Who else likes dogs in the school?

Miss Hunter lost the key to her suitcase the night of the Junior Dance. She stayed at another Senior's house and no amount of lock picking would do the job. The next day she appeared at school in the clothes of her friend, (slightly large for her, by the way) and maroon evening slippers to top them off.

In the middle of an explanation of a difficult science problem Martha Holland exclaimed in a loud stage whisper "Oh, I see it". Instead of lightening comprehension she was referring to a cardinal outside the window.

Did You Know

1. That Virginia Barnes hurried down to post a chapel notice and posted it upside down?

2. That Miss Roach and Miss Bader have a tally card to see how many mice each can catch?

3. That some Junior girls think they know who writes this column. Wrong! Guess again!

4. That Sara Hatton writes poetry in her spare time?

5. That seven people have lost an appendix? Once again the epidemic has seized us.

6. That the Tower Light Dance is April 2? Our orchestra will be surpassed only by Guy Lombardo and Benny Goodman.

7. That finally spring left us? It snowed.

8. That cupids now adorn some of the dormitory walls (and hearts)?

9. That Miss Weyforth can't get to school any faster in an automobile than by street car?

10. That Mrs. Grempler likes pie beds?

11. That Miss Ruth Held plays "4, 5, 6, pick up sticks"?
12. That Edith Pennington is responsible for the elegant dormitory parties? Miss Pennington is chairman.
13. That Miss Irene Shank offered invaluable aid to the TOWER LIGHT while our trusty business manager was student teaching?
14. That money is not wealth? (See Miss Van Bibber).
15. That we ought to have more male faculty members? They look so distinguished in tuxedos.
16. That you may walk in your most comfortable position?
17. That we are selling corsages at the Tower Light Dance? Tell him to save his pennies.
18. That the discussion was "like a hoop skirt, surrounding everything and touching nothing"?
19. That Miss Daniels got a waste basket full of water in the last storm?

TWO OF THEM



### "The Builders"

All are students here together  
Working in these college walls,  
Some with careless habits throwing  
Papers all around the halls.

No one helps to clean the mess up  
No one stops or even cares  
When they see the littered campus  
And the rooms for rest upstairs!

Let us make ourselves so useful,  
Put the trash all in the cans,  
That the campus looking beautiful  
Soon will be a boon to man.

Let us stoop and work for neatness  
In every place unseen and seen,  
Make the grounds that students dwell in  
Beautiful, enjoyable, clean.

EDITH PENNINGTON, JR. 7

## Under The Weather Vane

February has been a busy month in the Campus School. In reply to the plea of the Red Cross for flood relief funds, the Campus School collected a sum of money from the grades and from an entertainment given by some seventh grade girls.

To celebrate Valentine's Day the first grade gave a party for the second grade, for which they prepared refreshments. The same day the fifth grade gave a party for their mothers.

The second grade is showing great interest in a boat they are building. Two decks are finished and it is ready for paint. The third and fourth grades are turning an old sand box into a blooming garden. Grade five had a most interesting visit at the Baltimore Art Museum.

The sixth grade invited the State Roads Commission to show the film, "Safety for the Schools of Maryland", as assembly. The fourth and seventh grades gave a flag assembly. Different American flags were explained and patriotic poems were recited. A special program, under the direction of Miss MacDonald, was given for the In and About Music Club, in the Campus School Auditorium.

At an impressive meeting of the Student Council, the third grade were admitted as active members and the new officers were inducted. Bill Green is the President, Billy Osbourn the Vice President, and Sally Crane, the Secretary.

Washington's Birthday is Fathers' Visiting Day in the Campus School. The sixth grade is presenting "What Washington Means to Maryland" for their entertainment.

The weather vane has turned again on another month of activity in the Campus School.

February 19, 1937

SEVENTH GRADE

## How I Started My Hobby

One day when I was in the sixth grade we went to a museum to see some colonial articles. One room we went in was arranged like a real room with colonial furniture and pictures. At the end of the room was a case with glass sides. On the top shelf in the glass case was a collection of miniatures that belonged to a colonial lady. There were miniatures of windmills, little china statues, china figures of dogs and cats and other animals. We saw ivory figures of people and animals. There were tiny spy glasses of pearl, tiny glass candle holders, and small gold shoes. From the moment I looked at them I wished I could have a collection of miniatures. Since then I have enjoyed collecting miniatures myself and I think that you would too.

ROBERTA ZERR.

## 5A Composition from School No. 22

NOTE—A group of compositions were written as an outgrowth of the consideration of a list of imaginary topics in oral and written English—developed in Grade 5A—School No. 22—Scott and Hamburg Streets, Baltimore, Maryland. Teacher—I. H. Miller.

### The Complaining Pen

One day as I was writing very recklessly I heard my pen talking. It said, "Please don't throw me around as you do. You are hurting me inside and it gives me a pain. It hurts sometimes so bad! Won't you take better care of me? Can't you realize that it is heart-breaking when you treat me mean? My paint is almost off. Now I can never go out and see the world. Won't you please take better care of me after this speech?" After this pleading from an ill treated pen I have tried to take the utmost care of it.

RUTH NOLTE

### What the Wind Whispered

One windy day as I was walking down the street I heard the wind blowing a queer message. It seemed to be saying, "Go home or I'll blow you away and you shall never see your father and mother again." "Please Mr. Wind, don't do that, I shall return home." I ran home as fast as I could go. When I arrived, my mother asked me whether I had seen a ghost for I was as white as a sheet. I tried to tell her what had happened and she started to laugh. My mother said it was my imagination but I did not agree. Soon after I heard a great laugh. I looked out of the window and there was the wind laughing at his pranks.

NORALEE GRIFFIN

### The Cuckoo's Manners

Last night while I was going to bed I heard a voice say, "Oh, I'm dying." I quickly ran and wound the cuckoo clock up. When I was about to doze off the clock said, "Thank you, Thank you." I think the clock has very good manners.

MELVIN HUX

### The Proud Mirror

I was looking at myself in the floor mirror, when a girl appeared before me. She was very pretty and had long silvery hair. When she saw me she lifted her nose in the air. I asked, "Who are you?" She answered

in a bold way, "The Mirror Girl." Soon after she said again, "My, what funny people you mortals are!" She was very pretty I admit, but she was a bit too proud for me.

GRACE MENDELL

### The Life of Our Front Door

One day as I came in and slammed the front door I heard a voice say, "There I go again, my knob will be off soon." Thinking it was only my imagination I started to walk away. Then the voice said, "See here, not only do you hurt me but you are rude to me. Now stand there and I am going to tell you what you do when you slam me. You shake my stomach and give me a headache." I told Mr. Door I was sorry and would always shut him gently. I guess Mr. Door hopes he could make that speech to everyone.

HELEN TRACY

### The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

If you are interested in adventures and fun you will enjoy reading "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" by Samuel L. Clemens. Aunt Polly asked Tom to whitewash the back fence. At first Tom objected but Aunt Polly said he had to do it. While whitewashing the back fence some boys and Huck Finn came around and laughed at Tom's work. Soon he had all the boys and Huck Finn convinced it was really fun. They gave him fish hooks, a cat with one eye, and everything imaginable to whitewash the fence. When the job was successfully finished Aunt Polly gave Tom a half dollar to go to the movies. You will find this book interesting for this is just one of the many adventures of Tom Sawyer.

ARTHUR BROWN

NOTE—The above is a sample book report written by the 5A. The compositions and the book report represent the children's best efforts. Naturally, teacher guidance was necessary to bring the compositions to the form in which they are found; however, the ideas and the wording as far as possible are original.



Father: "Every time you are bad I get a gray hair."

Son: "Well, you must have been a corker. Look at Grandpa."

A bald headed man who has just heard that the hairs of our heads are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can get the back numbers.

Patient: "The size of your bill makes my blood boil."

Doctor: "That will be \$20 more for sterilizing your system."

## Daily Duds

### *Monday*

Dr. Tall's tea opened this week with a gay, dressed-up mood. It's fun to see everybody in his Sunday-Go-to-Meetin' clothes. We don't get a treat like that often. It was evident that many girls are neck and neck in the spring fashion race and some leading by a nose. Short, full skirts, tiny hats, prints and smart plain colors were prominent. Did you notice the dark blue, short sleeved dress printed in bright green with a long green sash and deep V neck. . \*1 . . very springy looking. We'll have to mention at least one very attractive dress in a winter fabric—a wine velvet with lace collars and cuffs. \*2

### *Tuesday*

The Day Student Council had a tea dance this afternoon. Well tailored, wool street dresses, which can be worn well by most everyone and can be changed in many ways—collars, scarfs, belts, clips, some artificial flowers—was the fashion note emphasized here. A simply tailored dress, in rust wool, worn by Virginia Hagerty, was ornamented only by a rust suede belt with many colored thongs hanging from the fastening. Corduroy dresses are popular and attractive but they require more steaming than wool dresses. All tailored dresses require much pressing to keep them well-tailored.

### *Wednesday*

While coming to school on the street car, I was watching to see how well people's accessories matched their coats. One coat I noticed was worn by one of the students, Mary McClean, Jr. 7—a beige swagger, with a belt if you like, and a lovely fur (sorry I've forgotten the kind) collar. Many colors can be worn with it. Beige is one of the popular colors for spring. Be original and think of a new color to wear with it. If you have a spring coat left from last year and are going to get accessories, don't be tempted by all the luscious colors you see. Choose a harmonizing color and *stick to it*. You'll hate having to do it but you'll be better satisfied later.

### *Thursday*

Birthday party in the dormitory and more good-looking street dresses were worn. One sheer-wool crepe in green had long loose sleeves inner-lined with wide bands of rust and beige. The sleeves can be worn down or turned back, caught up on the shoulder. The only other trimming was a green frog at the neck. \*3 Nearly everyone wore high heels; in low heels they would have looked all dressed, ready to go and then "heels had let them down."

*Friday*

I looked over my "wardrobe" (?) this afternoon to plan a spring outfit from what I have left from last year. Resolved: From now on, I shall buy on a harmonizing plan and shall try to conquer my urge to buy a thing because I like it whether it matches or not. It really works out best this way.

- \*1. Worn by Muriel Jones
- \*2. Worn by Lucille Scherr
- \*3. Worn by Betty Straining

MADAME ROBERTA



"Do you think Miss Birdsong meant anything by it?"

"What?"

"She advertised a lecture on 'Fools'. I bought a ticket and it said 'Admit one'."

Old lady: "My poor man, I suppose you have had many trials in your life?"

Tramp: "Yes Ma'am, but only one conviction."

Singer: "My voice is my fortune."

Another: "Don't worry dear. One can be happy without money."

First Convict: "When John Bunyan was in prison it took him all his life to write one story."

Second Convict: "That's nothing. It will take me fifteen years to finish one sentence."

"It must have been three years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you—You have aged so!"

"Really! Well, I wouldn't have known you except for that dress."

Gallant guest (to the hostess as they walk to the table): "May I sit on your right hand?"

Hostess: "Sorry, I'll have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair."



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A pleading voice "Paper, Mister?" suddenly stopped me in the street, while I was hurrying to work. I was about to refuse, when the pinched face and tired eyes made me say, "O. K. Buddy".

Our city is full of these young old-looking boys, who run about in the streets selling their papers. They can be seen at all hours, faces dirty, hair unkept, jingling a few coins. Their voices are shrill and harsh; their laughter, loud and snickering; their language, vulgar and vague. Cards and dice are their constant companions. Early they have learned the ways of men in the streets. And they are American Youth.

Yes, in this manner, thousands of our boys spend years of their life. Poverty or greed have sent them out in the streets at an age when they are easily influenced. Books, music, soft lights, kind voices are unknown to them. They have been robbed of happiness, a rightful heritage of every human being; they have been robbed, robbed of their glorious youth.

REGINA GITTLEMAN, Fr. 2



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... nothing else will do*

# TOWER LIGHT



APRIL 1937



# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

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Letters .....	George Horn

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

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## I'm Laughing With You

I AM asked to define wit. The definition evades and eludes me at every turn. It is a thing so varied and multiform as to escape the narrowness of words. Like fleeting clouds wit and humor assume many postures and garbs and become interpreted in their many forms, by various individuals. "Sometimes it lieth in a pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an opposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude. Sometimes it is lodged in a sly question; in a smart answer; in a quirkish reason; in a shrewd intimation; in cunningly diverting or in cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech; in a tart irony; in a lusty hyperbole; in a startling metaphor; in a plausible reconciliation of contradiction; or in acute nonsense."

Famous authors have chosen to define their fancies of wit. The comments prove interesting and in various cases highly entertaining. Dryden with characteristic terseness says that "Wit is a propriety of thoughts and words adapted to the subject." Locke's idea is a plagiarism from Montaigne. He asserts that "men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment or deepest reason." Leigh Hunt labored long and unsuccessfully over an illustrious Essay on Wit and Humor. At length he was obliged to cease this scholarly dissertation with the remark that he feared he "should never be able to give a tolerable account of the matter."

We are saddened by the sight of those whom we say "have no sense of

humor". Life is a dull affair for those who cannot laugh at the incongruity and absurdity of an august gentleman in a frock coat who lands harmlessly enough in a mud puddle. Food for mirth lies in the sight of a supercilious one who magnificently stubs her toe upon an upturned clod.

Sydney Smith, like Addison, expressed contempt for puns and yet he made several bad enough to earn notoriety for excellence. Charles Lamb had admiration for the pun. "It is a noble thing, per se—a sole digest of reflection; it is entire; it fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet—better. It limps ashamed in the retinue of Humor—it knows it should have an establishment of its own."

And yet, for you, I give no formula for the constituents of humor. Each to his own theory!



## Around the Kitchen and Through the Frying Pan

*Dear Imogene—*

This letter to you is leaning on a copy of G. K. Chesterton's autobiography. The book has a red cover on which G. K. Chesterton's signature appears—and I must say his handwriting is terrific; but somebody has said "strange handwriting has to do with genius" and nothing to do with that great team of Zaner-Bloser. The reason I mentioned handwriting hinges upon my trying to read the fourth chapter of the above mentioned book and at the same time to jot down the good old market list. The fourth chapter, by the way, is entitled, "How to be a Lunatic"—I almost wrote the last few words on the top of the market paper. (In my last letter to you I explained how I became housekeeper for the present.)

To be able to decide from among the many ads in newspapers, from beautiful pictures of food in magazines and from high pressure radio programs, the great difference between thick and thin skinned oranges is just like reasoning out the arguments of Tweedledum and Tweedledee as they sat under the umbrella. And so I came to the conclusion that a technique developed around "going to the store" or should I say "leaving the store—safely" was necessary.

There is a man named H. G. Wells. He writes outlines of things we ought to know and when you own two such outlines you can read the comics with a clear conscience—because the world's knowledge lies safely on the bookshelf. I wish Mr. Wells would take a trip to the grocery store sometime and really get down to business with a couple of pounds of grapes. (I didn't know whether to consult the *Ladies Home Journal's* cooking school or call the Home Economic Department of the U. S. Government.)

What I am trying to tell you is that I bought a cookbook. The book is grand. The first pages contain a list of encouraging things to be remembered when friends drop in. Then there are three drawings. They resemble floor plans of a house but in reality they are side views of a cow, a lamb, and a pig. The first thing I did was to study the charts of these animals so that I could tell the butcher just what I wanted. Since that first trip to the butcher I have learned that the thing to do is forget the chart and vamp the butcher. That accomplished, over a side of beef, it was necessary to tell him what the menu would be for the next day, so that he could think over what kind of meat I was talking about. While he was doing his thinking, he was busying himself with cutting ends off a large piece of meat and throwing them to the cat. After a few more conversation pieces to the cat, who by this time wore a very pleased expression, he decided I needed just that kind of meat and when I protested that, after all, I wasn't interested in buying meat suited to the appetites of cats—he convinced me that the cat was a very special cat and if the cat ate the meat it was O.K.—which sounded crazy—but it must have been on the level because the meat was good.

Going to the store is interesting but the shocks received from the front line trenches are back breakers. Home to a quiet dinner—only to find four extra dropped in—yes, for dinner. I dashed into the kitchen and found the cook to be temperamental over beets that were giving her some trouble and a steak which she vowed would be tough. I finally persuaded her to take the skins off some more potatoes and then I set about finding out what the book said about extras for dinner. I chased upstairs, found the book, and opened to the first page—a picture of Ida Bailey Allen. There she stood, looking heavenward. In her hand were a series of spoons—you know the kind that are all hinged together. You have seen them in the stores but every time you reach into your purse to buy them you suddenly decide that the baby needs a new Vant-a-Vest, and the spoons stay in the store. Sometime I'll tell you how I learned about Vant-a-Vests if you'd like to hear the story. Well, there stood Miss Allen all dressed up in a neat apron and leaning against a shiny topped red table. From the picture you could see she was turning over the last egg, adding that last pinch of salt, and warning you to turn off the gas. In the middle of all this, I noticed "Alice in Wonderland" stood high on the bookshelf and since she was more inviting than advice to cooks—suddenly I was reading the tale of the mouse. I was halfway down the tale when a smoky odor reached me. I don't remember going down the steps—but I do remember eating a dinner full of knowing looks on the part of the guests. I haven't yet figured out those side glances—but I was wishing to be tucked away in the blackness of the oven.

Please write a long letter and tell me your latest experiences.

Yours,

MAHALA.



## The Need of Humor in Children's Literature

DO you recall how the Elephant's Child, when he returned from the great, grey-green greasy Limpopo river with a brand new nose, used it to spank all his dear families for a long time, until they were very warm and greatly astonished—and what a joyful performance that seemed to be to you as well as to him? Can you still see with your mind's eye the antics of the Tar Baby? Did you squirm with delight when the whole procession, including the army of soldiers and the crab, were inside the stomach of the Greedy Cat? Have you a feeling of affinity for those who beam at the thought of Tom Sawyer's cleverness in the episode of whitewashing the fence? Do you remember with pleasure the delicious nonsense of *The Walrus and the Carpenter*? Did you used to enjoy Edward Lear's limericks and try to write similar ones yourself? Are you still able to enjoy wheezles and sneezles, or Tweedledum and Tweedledee? Do these suggest a long list of stories and poems which, because of their fun, added joy to your childhood and left a lasting mark on your outlook on life?

We asked some children to tell about the funniest poems and stories they know, and what makes them funny. It is usually unwise, if not positively harmful to probe into the why of children's tastes and judgments, but at the risk of making them a bit self-conscious we got this: They thought the idea of spanking their relations extremely laughable, and they thought that the character who maneuvered himself out of doing what his mother and his aunts wished him to do, was funny indeed. And it was such fun, they said, when characters "got into scrapes" or talked the way the Irish talk, or did things backward, or were very fat and funny looking, or did things that embarrass others, or when a boy thought himself the best boy in the whole world, or did bad things like taking ribbons off graves.

We asked the somewhat trite question—"What's the good of reading funny stories anyway?" The answers were: "They keep you in good humor"; "they help you forget your worries"; "they make a variety to your reading"; "they help pass the time away"; "some of the poems are a whole mouthful"; "they feel good on your tongue".

Students of English, and mental hygienists have carried on learned research into the cause and effects of humor, and their findings agree with the judgments of the children. The children speak for a varied literary diet, for a release from worry, and for something to keep them in a good humor. The elders say that a person without a sense of humor is not well equipped to meet life as it is, that an ability to see the funny side of an event often saves a tense situation, and solutions are thus found for problems that seemed quite impossible of solution. They say, too, that a sense of humor can be cultivated, and regard literature as an excellent means of gaining practice in enjoying many kinds of humorous people and situations.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine" is an old saying. The merry heart that comes from enjoying humorous literature has therapeutic value for the spirit, and who knows how much more far reaching the influence of such a merry heart may be? A quiet chuckle or a hearty laugh clears the tenseness of emotionalized situations. Fear slinks harmlessly away; tragedy's sharp edge is tempered by a smile. The merry heart is the kind of medicine that blesses him who gives and him who takes. It makes the person who possesses it attractive to others. The boy or girl who develops a good sense of humor has a useful mental and social resource. It is fortunate, indeed, that such a sense can be cultivated and developed.

The tendency to stress purposeful reading is thought by some to stand in the way of the children of today getting as much humor in their literature as is wholesome and desirable. The problem has been with us for a long time. The early literature written for children, in fact all to which they had access, was written with a moral purpose, and was serious, if not positively gloomy. Recent years have brought a rapid change, and among the flood of attractive books for children, there are numerous examples of those meant to entertain, in which both story and illustration give evidence of the author's understanding of child nature and of his determination to devote the best of his art for the pleasure and profit of young folks. Some of these stories and poems are humorous throughout; as for example Mr. Possum's Sick Spell, and The Owl and the Pussy Cat; others such as Caddie Woodlawn and Bird's Christmas Carol have humor here and there in contrast to the soberer narrative, bringing fun to the reader at various intervals, much in the way that life brings it as it moves on from day to day. However, there is still a dearth of enough humorous stories and poems for children of all ages. In case any of you desire to turn your hand to supplying the lack, it might be well to consider further what makes for fun in literature.

Reference has already been made to some research in the field of

humorous literature for children. One study (Kimmins, 1928) lists these among other conditions favorable to laughter: novelty, and out-of-the-wayness; physical deformities, additions being more laughable than reductions—a fat man funnier than a lean one; breaks of rule and order such as a soldier out of step; small misfortunes, like the loss of a hat or seasickness; pretense or making believe, such as that of unmasking an imposter; want of knowledge or skill, as in skating, bicycling, or incompetency unmasked in self-assertive people; riddles, verbal play, amusing witticisms, bulls, inversions. Each of these items may suggest a story or the name of a writer who is master of that especial type of humor. Surely Lewis Carroll for riddles and some verbal play; Kipling for amusing inversions. Another theory and classification of humor is followed by Ruth Wells, in research studies with older children. She based her tests on four types: slapstick situations, which involve someone else in an accidental predicament; satire, which is a ridicule of customs and institutions; absurdity, which is recognized by ludicrous contrasts; and whimsey, which presents the foibles and inconsistencies in such a way that the reader shares with the author the amused glow of realization and acceptance. These types of humor in themselves suggest the great variety of humorous tales, which meet, each in their own way, some fundamental psychological needs. That is, if children and stories can be brought happily together. If we cannot be really creative by writing new stories, we can at least be re-creative by helping to bring the right book, to the right child, at the right time.

It seems unnecessary to prove that happiness is a right of childhood, or that stories, which bring the relaxation of a hearty laugh or even a mild glow of amusement, are as natural a diet for children as clover is for rabbits. From the youngest children who laugh at Humpty Dumpty, to the level of the young sophisticate who claims to have got her most recent laughs from "I, Patience", our children need all the protection from the buffets of life which can be provided by the armor of a merry heart.

IRENE M. STEELE

*Principal, Campus School.*



Visitor: "How old are you, son?"

Modern Boy: "That's rather difficult to say, sir. According to my recent school tests I have a psychological age of 11, and a moral age of 10. Anatomically, I'm 7; mentally I'm 9. But suppose you refer to my chronological age; that is 8. But nobody pays any attention to that these days.

## Punch and Judy

PUNCH is probably a descendant of some burlesque actor of ancient Rome. From the Improvised Comedy and Masked Comedy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the character was transferred to the puppet show. The Punch and Judy showman still uses a mouthpiece like the whistle used to imitate the voices of the tragic actors speaking through their masks.

Carried by traveling showmen from one country to another, Pulcinella spread from Italy to the whole of medieval Europe. In England he became Punchinella; in France, Polichinella; in Germany, Kasperle; in Turkey, Karagues, or "Black Eye".

It was in England that the epic grew up about the personality of Punch which excluded his fellow actors, Harlequin, Brighella, Pantaloon, and the other traditional characters. "He acquired a wife and child and a dog Toby and fell afoul of the Law and Devil."

These are the characters that appear in a typical show, given in the order of their appearance and subsequent murder, with the exception of Toby, the Constable, the Police Officer and Hector, the horse, they are: Punch, Toby, Scaramouche, Judy, the child, Polly (his girl friend), Hector, Doctor, Servant, Blind Man, Constable, Police Officer, Jack Ketch, and the Devil.

### *Some of Punch's Jokes*

Lullaby he sings to the Child

Oh, rest thee, my darling,  
Thy mother will come,  
With voice like a starling:—  
I wish she were dumb!

Doctor—(Speaking of the fiddle)

Can you play?

Punch — I do not know till I try.

Chief Justice — You're a murderer, and you must come and be hanged.

Punch — I'll be hanged if I do.

Jack Ketch (trying to get Punch to come out to be hanged) — Come directly.

Punch — I can't; I got one bone in my leg.

Jack Ketch — And you've got one bone in your neck but that shall soon be broken.

Besides his regular stock of jokes, Punch introduced innovations to meet the events of the day.

After the battle of the Nile, Lord Nelson held a dialogue with Punch on one of the street stages. He was endeavoring to enlist the aid of Punch in fighting the French.

Lord Nelson—"Come, Punch, my boy. I'll make you a captain or a commodore, if you like it."

Punch—"But I don't like it; I shall be drowned."

Lord Nelson—"Never fear that; he that is born to be hanged, you know, is sure not to be drowned."

MARY WASHBURN, Sr.



## And So To Stand!

The machine has been blamed for practically everything that can't be otherwise explained more satisfactorily.

"What caused the depression?"

"The machine."

"What is threatening to shorten the span of man's years?"

"The machine."

"What — (wait until we finish our question, even if you do know all the answers) has four wheels and flies? Fooled you, didn't we?"

All of the above may be old stuff to you, but did you ever consider the effect of the machine upon our posture? Literally, we are being tied into knots by this supposed servant of man, and that's not so good. Let us consider a few deplorable, but representative cases.

Who of us has not beheld with heartfelt sympathy an unfortunate individual whose head was turned sharply to one side, chin thrust forward at an acute angle, and whose eyes were straining into space, groping, groping for that which can never be seen: the second half of the "funny papers". What an object of sympathy he is to those of us who have tried to read a newspaper separated from us by a chasm of three seats and two necks, on that devilish device, the street car.

Do you see that man coming toward us? I knew him when he was perfectly normal. Look at him now: body hunched, legs crooked, he seems to shiver continuously. His story is a simple, familiar one: too many rides in rumble seats.

Another familiar type of posture is also attributed to the automobile. The body under normal conditions does not exhibit this attitude, but it is assumed so readily that it might be considered a simple reflex. At random, observe a person walking along the side of a road. Now, notice the change as an automobile approaches. He stops, his arm is flung



into the air, and his thumb twitches nervously. The car passes, and his posture once more becomes normal, apparently. Unfortunately, this man's case is chronic so not easily cured.

I could continue indefinitely, but I believe that I have made sufficiently clear the effect of machines upon human posture. What then, is posture?

Doctors have succeeded in defining posture in such terms that we average people either don't understand the definition, or don't believe it. As my contribution to mankind, allow me to clear up all mysteries enveloping this word. Posture: The way you look tonight.

HERBERT STERN.



### Laugh, Thespian, Laugh

THE theater has given us many fine comedies. A clever play provides much entertainment for the audience and the cast. However, some of the most amusing incidents are not called for in the script or stage directions. Professional actors, to be sure, have written books about their humorous experiences in the theater. Amateurs, too, have their adventures, and almost any theater lover can tell you of such occurrences. We shall pass on to you a few incidents, contributed by some of our own "Mummers".\*

When a player wears a strange costume or makeup, his liability to mishap is greatly increased.—In the presentation of a melodrama, the villain, of course, wore a fierce black moustache. The heat of two glaring spotlights beating on his face soon loosened the "tickler", and made its remaining in place very improbable indeed. The villain therefore held the moustache to his lip with one hand and used the other for gestures. The dramatic action of the plot made it imperative that he use both hands freely. Still holding the moustache, he backed off stage, from which refuge he shouted his lines while someone hastily reapplied the spirit gum.—Actresses who are not used to trains very often trip over them and fall, quite out of character. Hoop skirts present another problem. One young actress, upon rising, found her hoop skirt, frame, ruffles, and all, in a rather collapsed condition about her feet.

Stage setting or properties may also figure in unexpected happenings. Broken or untimely curtains, wobbling or falling props, and the forgetting of essential properties are all within expectations.—In the play *Secret Service*, a troupe of soldiers rushes on stage through a curtained doorway. One forgot to dip his rifle as he entered, and consequently found himself downstage with the portières over the end of his gun. He had the

presence of mind to cast them off in disgust.—At a very dramatic moment in *Ile*, the first mate is to come to the head of the stairs leading down into the set and report the sighting of whales. The actor playing the part made a misstep, however, and rolled down the steps onto the stage, shouting "Whales below!"—A group of characters on stage in *We Americans* is to drink a toast. One of the characters had not been informed as to the real nature of the tall glass' contents, and supposed that some "stage liquor" would be substituted. He therefore gulped it down without hesitation. He was so surprised and overwhelmed by his discovery that he was absolutely unable to speak his lines, making it necessary for the other to "ad lib". Another actor observed the character's facial expression and predicament, and was so amused thereby that he went into silent hysterics; there had to be "ad libbing" in place of his lines also.

The mention of "ad libbing" automatically brings to mind the delayed entrance. An actor may have reason for missing his cue, but most times the excuse is not valid. In a production of *Holiday*, two characters on stage were about to exit, giving young *Julia* her cue for entrance. The cue was given—but no *Julia*. Then came several minutes of "ad libbing", during which the actors could see in each others' eyes the desire to drag *Julia* on the stage by her hair. This was forestalled by the appearance of *Julia*, nonchalantly sauntering in. About five lines later came the cue for young *Ned* to enter. No *Ned*. The "ad libbing" had progressed almost to the point of reciting the Gettysburg address when *Ned* casually happened in. The explanation came later. *Ned* and *Julia* had been making love backstage.

Members of an audience may also cause ludicrous situations. A melodrama was being performed for the inmates of a certain institution. The hero in the play, having learned the daughter is to marry the villain, turns to the exit and says, "But I'll be back! I'll be back! I'LL BE BACK!" At this point an inmate arose, waving his chair over his head, and said, "You come back, you —, and I'll break this — chair over your head!"—It is sufficient to say that such incidents are not peculiar to mentally deficient audiences.

Yes, the stage affords much jollity for its devotees—and not alone the theatrical stage, but the stage that is "All the world".

EVELYN A. FIEDLER.

\*NOTE: Most of the stories are either personal experiences or observations of Sidney Perelstein and Samuel Miller.

Skippy: "What kind of energy was it when I was in High School and —?"

Helene: "Wasted energy."

## Your Predicament?

Only the sounds of muffled breathing could be heard in the inky blackness. Then the strains of sweet music came floating towards him,—music that turned the blood in his veins into a molten stream.

How often had he lived through the same moments. Why was he such a coward? Why couldn't he tell her those few words that would change everything?

He grasped the arms of his chair and leaned towards her. Was it possible that she didn't realize? And then he checked himself. It was no use; he had tried before, but never had he got any farther than this. Dejectedly he sank back into his seat.

It was maddening to go on like this. He could stand it no longer. He would tell her. Surely, when she understood she would say yes. And if she didn't, he could leave,—go anywhere—what difference did it make?

Acting before his new born strength could leave him, he leaned forward again. Gently he placed his hand upon her shoulder, and pleaded in a barely audible whisper, "Lady, would you please remove your hat? I can't see the stage."

H. S.



## Are You A Punster?

CONSIDER the lowly pun. Mr. Webster defines it in part as follows: "A pun is a play on words producing an odd or ludicrous effect; a kind of verbal quibbling." It is also true that punning has produced a surprising amount of verbal quibbling as to its merit. This much maligned style of nonsense lays claim to being a form of humor mainly because its enemies and critics have sought to crush it out of existence by calling it the "lowest form of humor". By so doing, they establish the fact that it is at least humorous. Some fun, eh?

Few words in our language are exempt from usage (or misuse) in this form. The antiquity of this style of wit is established by the undeniable fact that Adam and Eve raised Cain. (Ed: "Quote your authority on that, please.) Violent anathema is likely to be the lot of the gentle heckler who attempts to practise this branch of the fine arts in the presence of those haughty, unbending individuals who disdain to recognize his efforts. Probably everyone has seen or experienced something similar to the following:

First Ingrate: "I lost twenty dollars on the horses last week."

Ye Humble Humorist: "Gosh, that's turf. Most followers of the horses do have a sod tale to tell."

First Ingrate: "Is that supposed to be funny?"

Second Ditto: "Don't laugh. It only encourages him more."

Third Unworthy: "Oh, that was terrible."

Of course, the actual merit of the pun, good, bad, indifferent, or otherwise is never considered. But let me take this opportunity to thank all would-be reformers who react frigidly or not at all to puns, because many, many times have I held my sides and chortled inwardly to see haughty disdain and laughter struggle for control on some classical map.

Some puns are of the composite type, being two words combined into one and sounding like the original two. Some are a single word with two meanings. There are other variations available. But "low humor" or not, sharp perception is required to recognize the verbal possibilities of a situation and form a skillful remark using this form of humor.

Many of our best comedians are guilty of indulging in puns. Ex. 1 "We decided to sell our oil heater and let the janitor furnace the heat for us." Ex. 2 "Shelley often rose before dawn to write his poems. It was remarked that he seemed to be going from bed to verse." As to which ones used these two, I ain't a-sayin'.

One of the Roman emperors greatly enjoyed the diversion afforded by punning. George Washington was frequently given to using this form of humor and Mark Twain was not averse to it. Our own esteemable Mr. Walther has upon occasions employed this device skillfully and to good purpose. (Have you never heard him remark that the raw, raw material is found in colleges?—or something similar?)

To what does all this lead? A mere bit of sound advice to the unsuspecting reader: "When next a pun chances to fall on your ear (i.e.—when next you 'ear a punster at play) relax and let yourself go. Be yourself! Too many people have rheumatism of the laugh muscles, and just because it's not acclaimed the world's finest by most critics is no sure sign that it's not worth a laugh instead of a frown. —and if you think it's so easy, try it yourself, sometime!

. . . Yours truly . . .

L. E. W.



### Not A Mortal

"What fools these mortals be" — *Puck*.

I was born several years ago. The exact number I refuse to divulge. I'm not dead, even though there are some "dead" jokes perpetrated in my name. During my lifetime I've seen people reach for wallets with strings on them, pick up hats with bricks under them, eat candy with pepper

in it, and chew on various sorts of food constructed from rubber. All the victims of these hoaxes were most embarrassed, but somewhat mollified when my magical name was uttered after the acts. But what puzzled me is why people resent these acts. For, doesn't every wallet have a string attached, or are you too young to know? Doesn't every hat have a brick under it, or are you too intelligent? Aren't there such things as peppermint candies, and don't tell me you were never a child! And how about foods? Don't you wonder sometimes whether you dare to swallow some of it? Whereas, if it were of rubber, you'd know; and would not suffer from indigestion later.

I think my reasoning is sane. At least, it has more to it than the motley fool had to his when he saw that it was ten o'clock, foretold it would be eleven o'clock one hour hence, and knew it had been nine o'clock one hour before. However, I'm not a Shakespearean fool, for I'm wiser than my brother who was a mortal. I'm an April Fool who defies you to find me.



### What's Your I. Q. or Mental Monkeyshines?

WITH due apologies to the old *Life*, to the *West Pointer*, to the *Carnegie Puppet*, to the *Navy Log*, and to anyone who desires them, we take the liberty of offering our own questionnaire. For any plagiarisms, intentional or otherwise, please forgive us. The rules of the game are simple: keep track of your correct answers, multiply by the date of your birth, add your maiden name and you'll have the telephone number of that green-eyed redhead. The first one sending a correct list of answers to the TOWER LIGHT office with an affidavit that they didn't peek will receive my permission to occupy my seat in the coming professionals. So on with the mental monkeyshines.

1. Newell Hall is (1) a fortune teller (you know, sees hall, knows hall); (2) something that holds the girls in; (3) one of the dormitories that adds beauty to our campus.
2. Glen is the name of (1) last year's May King; (2) Miss Brown's current interest; (3) nature's loveliest haven on our campus.
3. Alma Mater is the name of (1) the song that leaves that lump in your throat; (2) "Ubie's" girl friend; (3) that green-eyed redhead.
4. "Gladly would we learn, gladly teach" is found (1) over the door of the main entrance of the Ad building; (2) on a shield near the assembly doors; (3) in the hall of the Campus Elementary School.
5. Chi Alpha Sigma is (1) our astronomy course (you know Greek); (2) Honor Society of Our College; (3) most of us wouldn't know.

6. "England expects every man to do his duty" was warbled by (1) Mrs. Simpson; (2) Mrs. Simpson's papa; (3) Nelson.
7. The Tower Light is (1) the candle in the window; (2) the amalgamation of our best literary efforts; (3) that which guides us while in the depths of gloom.
8. Richmond Hall is (1) one of the most comfortable places in our dorm; (2) the local strong boy; (3) the place where lights never go out before 12 on a week-end.
9. Our lover's lane is called (1) "Teacher's Test"; (2) "Professional Promenade"; (3) York Road.
10. A Marshal is one (1) who belongs to the finest of old Virginian families; (2) who loves our assemblies and makes us like them (or else); (3) who wears a blue band on his arm.
11. The War of the Roses was fought between (1) the Martins and the Coys; (2) the Stuarts and the Tudors; (3) the Towson Teachers and Frostburg Teachers.
12. Towson 408 is the phone number of (1) Towson Fire Department; (2) the latest little lady in our dorm; (3) the student telephone in the dorm.
13. One of these statements is true: (1) the assemblies are getting more interesting; (2) I stand among the first ten in my class; (3) black cows eat green grass and give white milk.
14. The Book Shop is (1) where most of us buy candy; (2) the new addition to our library; (3) where books are sold.
15. Glen Esk is the (1) covered fireplace in the Glen; (2) the sanctuary of our president; (3) Institute for the promulgation of Greek thought.

Answers on page 44.



## On Opening Up A Newspaper

"Europe Seems in Great Turmoil"  
The big, black headlines fairly boil  
Hitler made a Rhineland move  
And got himself into a grove  
With the League of Nations who tried their best  
To employ oil sanctions while  
Mussolini (the Pest)  
Demanded the whole and only the whole  
Of Ethiopia — That's Il Duce's goal.

France is frustrated just at this stage  
At Hitler, then at Eden she directs her rage  
The Spanish are in a very sad state  
With France, the Socialists just don't rate.  
Page 2 carries the pictures of a starved little kid  
In the war-infested area of old Madrid.

On Page 3 Dizzy Dean makes a record bat  
And Jean Harlow declares she's getting too fat.  
"Six Gunmen Shoot a Grocery Man"  
Asco peas sell at a dime a can.

Aunt Ada advises "Don't go steady"  
To a girl who signs her name "Brown Betty"  
Culinary hints there are galore  
To make two sponge cakes seem like more.  
Then the column "Life in these United States"  
Tells how an ice-man won the Irish Sweepstakes.

Kidnappers' lives the people won't spare  
Christopher Billopp's column is full of fun  
And always boasts a hilarious pun.  
Miss Nyberg talks about wild escapades  
And Culbertson tells you why he bid four spades.  
China's also having some civil strife  
Marshal Chang wants to give the General the Knife,  
And as we go to the bottom of the page  
The weather man predicts the snow of the age.

I sigh and say, "It's all a hoax  
And turn my attention to Oaky Doaks!

R. BENJAMIN, Fr. 1.



## Why Newspapers Are Like Women

1. They are thinner than they used to be.
2. There is a bold faced type.
3. Back numbers are not in demand.
4. They have a great deal of influence.
5. Every man should have one of his own and not chase after his neighbor's.

HELENE WHITE, Jr. 1.  
—*The Log*.

## The Library — At Your Service

### Extra!

LATE "Children's Song Index" out! It is in the Reference Department. Let's use it.

"But what is it? What is it for?"

The Children's Song Index is a comprehensive index to 189 collections of children's songs and folk songs, and provides a well-balanced list.

"How do we know it is well-balanced?"

"It has been selected with the collaboration of specialists in this field."

"How do you use it?"

"First is given a Catalogue of Collections indexed by title and author, where grades are indicated, and thirty-three volumes are starred as the most desirable for first purchase in smaller libraries and schools.

Following this are main entries for over 22,000 songs, listed by title, first line, composer, author, and subject in one alphabet.

The title entry gives the fullest information.

The subject entries will provide a valuable aid in planning the music curriculum. Songs are listed on a wide variety of subjects which will furnish material related to almost any project or activity.

The author's entries may be used to relate the instruction in music to the work in literature. These entries will also form a partial guide to poems, by well-known authors, which have been set to music. Songs suitable for programs on specific countries are arranged under the name of the country, and should be an asset in making units on any country.

The Library staff has just added this book to our library in the hope that it will be of real help to us.

B. ROYSTON, Sr.

BRUERE, M. B. AND M. R.—*"Laughing Their Way"*—New York, Macmillan Company, 1934.

In this book the writers compile many different types of humor written by American women. The excerpts are very entertaining and very enlightening, for, as Cicero says, joking "very often disposes of extremely ugly matters by proofs."

Harriet Beecher Stowe is remembered for the furious tempest aroused by "Uncle Tom's Cabin", but it also must be remembered that in this same book she created two of the most amusing characters of all American literature, Topsy and Miss Ophelia. Mary Mapes Dodge was another American humorist of the same period. She was the wife of a New York lawyer and wrote many anecdotes about her slaves.



The illustrations in the book, painted by various American cartoonists, are most entertaining, and although they often give but a part of a delightful passage of wit, they are always welcome.

Later on, after publishers found that women's humor brought in great profits, women produced more quips and quirks for the public. A very successful group were the "versifiers" Phoebe Cary, Margaret Sangster, Sara Henderson Hays, and others. Phoebe Cary's "Limerick" is very popular:

For beauty I am not a star.  
There are others more handsome by far;  
But my face I don't mind it,  
For I am behind it.  
It's the people in front that I jar.

Alice Hegan Rice and Myra Kelley wrote still another kind of humor—human interest stories. Alice Hegan Rice is the creator of the immortal "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Myra Kelley shows in her book "Little Citizens" how free from racial prejudice a teacher must be. She tells of the case of family strife among the immigrants. Everybody in Sadie's home "had a mad on" everyone in Eva's home until Eva's home burned down, and her family moved to Sadie's home. Then the families "had a glad on" each other because Eva's father is "now 'mos as rich as Van'pelt".

Mary Roberts Rinehart is remembered for many things, but primarily because of her character study of Tish. Another writer of character-study is Anne Cammeron who for three years told of the adventures of Mrs. O'Malley in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Cornelia Otis Skinner is, perhaps, the best known producer of the skit. Her compositions are very clever; she describes an elevator that "shot up in spasmodic spurts, went into delicate swoons between floors, and shuddered when it stopped." "The office is a beehive where the workers are out to lunch!"

Gertrude Stein is a "highbrow" humorist. Critics cannot decide whether she writes sense or nonsense.

In what direction will women laugh their ways in the future? As American civilization goes, so will the women laugh.

KATHERINE FEASER, Fr. 9.

WELL, CAROLYN—"An Outline of Humor"—New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1923.

"We are told that the cave man's mentality was similar to that of a bright little contemporary boy of five. This theory would give him the power of laughter at simple things and it seems only fair to assume that he possessed it." From the earliest examples of humor extant, the caricatured drawings and carvings of the cave man, up to the best examples

of humorous writing before 1900, Carolyn Wells has attempted to give a true history of the development of humor. There are many obstacles in the way of such an undertaking: the facts that much humor cannot be dissociated from drawings, much cannot be translated into English without losing its force, that humor in its broadest sense includes wit and philosophy and is often inextricably tied up with other emotions, that humor and a sense of humor are not the same thing at all, that no one has furnished a completely satisfactory, definite, analytical description of the thing called humor. In spite of the handicaps, the editor has produced an outline valuable in several ways—as a reference work, as an anthology, or as a book to be read for pleasure, if the reader is interested in enjoying all the subtle connotations and variations involved in the art of humor in its large sense. Miss Wells, herself something of a humorist, has included a resume of the various theories of "what is funny", from Plato to the present. Examples of humor from better known and more available writers are not too lengthy, while many delightful quotations from old or obscure wits are included. One might regret that the book does not include pictorial humor and twentieth-century humor. But to compile such a volume would be well-nigh impossible.

J. Klier, Jr. 7.

TOWNSEND, F. H.—"*Punch Drawings*"—New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Audacious, decided, daring, vigorous, satirical—and still dozens more adjectives can not really describe the work of Mr. Townsend in his "Punch Drawing". Ridiculing fearlessly, he spares none in his poignant wit. Slums, palaces, theaters, sports, speech, chivalry, politics, the "King's Navy", Parliament, Crown Prince—all are treated in the same unaffected way—without hesitancy, with decided conviction. Not words but line drawings tell his stories. How amusing and yet how sad are the truths they portray! J. Bernard Partridge in his foreword to this collection says of him: "He was too individual to owe more than a borrowed hint or two to anyone", and later, "Joyousness, sanity, and sureness of his power were explicit in all he did." Two short sentences, but they tell sincerely and honestly Mr. Townsend's personality—a personality clearly seen in his work.

FRANCES L. JONES, Jr. 7.



Dr. Lynch (during a discussion concerning specific gravity): "If I had 100 cc. of alcohol, what would happen?"

Pauline: "You'd get tight."

## The Use of Cartoons Today

Although cartoons are rarely looked upon for any other purpose than entertainment they do have a definite influence on the affairs of the world. Corey, in his treatise on the cartoon, defines it as the "most powerful instrument for the upbuilding or the suppression of private and public ambitions that is permitted to exist under the sacred and inviolable protection of the freedom of the press." The cartoonist may express with a few deft strokes what the editor dare not write; he can even sway public opinion to an alarming degree, far exceeding the power by the most accomplished writer of printed words.

An example of the force exerted by the cartoonist is found in his part in political situations. By dealing with the men and forces involved, he can portray in pictures more of the "sinister hypocrisy" of the problem than can a clever editorial published in a widely read daily paper. A point should also be made of the fact that cartoons have a peculiar drawing power which causes them to be appreciated by many, whereas editorials, however skillfully worded, are read by relatively few.

Satire is the strongest weapon of the cartoonist and can be shown to have produced many striking results in political affairs. "History records the final repudiations of ex-Senator Lorrimer as largely due to the concentrated onslaught of American cartoonists." In numerous cartoons by well-known workers in the field he was pictured as "Buffalo Bill Lorrimer, Rough Rider of the Senate." To appreciate the ludicrousness of this, one must really see the prominent ex-member of the Senate depicted attempting to ride a chair much in the style and manner of a "Wild West" hero astride a bucking broncho.

Many cartoons, particularly those of the tropical type, point a moral. This is usually suggested to the mind of the artist by some contemporary event of importance. Herbert Johnson has published in a recent issue of the "Saturday Evening Post" a cartoon showing the many factors opposing economic recovery. His cartoon, entitled simply "Herbert Johnson's Cartoon" pictures the economic forces of recovery as a person of much strength being held back and checked in progress by the overwhelming forces of drought, floods, strikes, wars, and rumors of wars—the latter impediments in the form of a menacing mob. Such a reproduction serves to bring more clearly to the minds of the public the detrimental effect of the combined happenings of the present as well as to summarize important situations and their effect on the world.

At the onset of a new season we are besieged with cartoons of the seasonal kind. Hot Weather, the summer vacationist, Christmas shopping, winter sports and public holidays all play a part in the field of cartoons.

Cartoons make their appearance in international affairs with such famous patron saints as Uncle Sam, John Bull of England, the "Little Father of Russia", and the dapper French diplomat with his conventional waxed mustache playing outstanding roles. Countless opportunities for meaningful cartooning are found in international complications, and it is to the alert cartoonist that we owe much of our acquaintanceship with and the understanding of the "World Today."

As a final caution, however, one must intelligently interpret cartoons of any variety since biased views and misconceptions often enter into their composition.

NAOMI WARMBOLD, Jr. 3.



### A Prayer for Laughter

*(Seemingly out of place, but none the less seriously meant)*

May I end my days on earth  
When I have lost the power to laugh,  
When in the darkest hours  
I see no gleam of light.  
For in each situation  
One meets day after day  
The storm is better weathered  
If one sees the joyous side.  
To laugh, if only at one's self,  
Seems better far to me  
For with that bit of laughter  
Comes a little gust of wind,  
Which clears the mind for thinking—  
Thus enabling us to win.  
So let me give to others  
The power to see and laugh,  
The necessary vision  
Which foresees the brighter end  
That they may have forever  
An armor strong and firm—  
For by clinging to the raft of joy,  
One rides the sea of strife,  
Avoids the many reefs of worry  
And sails to calmer seas.  
To man a gift was given,  
A power to use at will,

So be not stingy with it,  
But laugh and sing and dance—  
For there is far too much  
Of weeping and of sighs  
Which really help no one,  
But cloud the mind with tears,  
And clog the wheels of thought.  
Another thing I've found—  
That in the march of life  
Two traits go hand in hand,

No! — Laughter clears the way  
With courage close behind.

EVELYN ROBE.

## Correction and Addition

In my February article on simple musical instruments I made a mistake, unintentionally and ignorantly, which furnishes an excuse to write further on the subject.

I called a bazooka a "kazoo in disguise". That is not true. I had reference to the drug store variety, made of tin. Bob Burns' original bazooka is quite different. To get an idea of the way it works, put your lips to a piece of gas pipe and blow. Add another pipe to slide neatly in the first, add a funnel and a handle and you have a bazooka. It is similar to the trombone, but is more limited in range. Technically, this may be explained by saying that the bazooka, with a short, wide tube, can sound only a variable fundamental, whereas the trombone sounds harmonies. That's physics. Similar to the "genuwine" bazooka is the music stand, played for the first time at the 1937 Men's Revue. The music stand is equipped with a real mouthpiece, like a "sax" or clarinet.

If you have been bitten by the bug that bit me, you may be attracted to a number of toy instruments to be found in music stores. These are nothing but toys; their entire value lies in fooling the player into thinking he is playing something else. There are two types—the various tin "trombones", "bazookas", "trumpets", etc. equipped with a kazoo mouthpiece, and the fake "clarinets", "saxophones", or "trumpets" fitted with tuned (?) metal reeds. Although these fakes may look interesting, steer clear of them. A comb, kazoo, or mouth organ will give better results every time, if music is what you're after. A musical instrument, however simple, should have its own intrinsic musical value; it should permit and encourage growth; its purpose should be to allow musical expression, as fully as possible, as easily as possible.

JOHN KLIER.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

The original sit down striker was Rodin's Thinker.

## Whence?

The origin of this mad custom of April Fool-ing cannot be traced with any degree of certainty. In the literature of the eighteenth century there are found many references to it, and yet beyond that, it is scarcely possible to go.

One suggestion is, that the custom of playing tricks on the first day of April was derived from some ancient pagan custom, such as the Huli festival among the Hindus, or the Roman Feast of the Fools. Despite the haze concerning its origin, the practice still prevails in many countries, under various names, which would seem to indicate that it dates back to the early history of the race. There is a tradition among the Jews that the custom of making fools on the first day of April arose from the fact that Noah sent out the dove on the first of the month, corresponding to our April, before the water abated. To perpetuate the memory of the great deliverance of Noah, and his family, it was customary on this anniversary to punish persons who had forgotten the remarkable circumstances connected with the date, by sending them on some hopeless errand similar to that on which the patriarch sent that luckless bird from the windows of the ark.

L. R. HEADLEY.



## Rules for Happiness

Many have been the rules for living offered by great and lowly persons from the store of their experiences.

In the February Journal of the National Education Association there is a brief excerpt from "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer", by her husband, George Herbert Palmer. Alice Freeman Palmer was a public school teacher, president of Wellesley College, and later the wife of George Herbert Palmer, a noted scholar, author, and teacher at Harvard. In the summer she used to talk at a vacation school in the slums of Boston. To the poverty stricken waifs of the school she gave three rules of happiness:

Commit something good to memory every day.

Look for something beautiful every day.

Do something for someone every day.

### D's Soliloquy

Oh, to be a dreamer  
With nothing more to do  
Than fish, and swim, and eat and sleep  
The whole day through.

Oh, to be a millionaire  
With a lasting bank account,  
To spend, to watch, and have a flare  
With my ever increasing amount.

Oh, to be an eagle  
Way up a mountain side,  
Altho away from others  
I would still have pride.

Oh, to be an admiral  
With big brass buttons and sword,  
Who walks, and talks, and eats and sleeps  
And thinks he is a lord.

Oh, to be a teacher  
To study, learn and teach,  
To build up the character  
Of the new species' speech.

Oh, for aught of these things  
I would be thankful forever after,  
But if God grant me *any* one  
May my life be filled with laughter.



### Non-Scents

William Tell  
Had a sense of smell  
That compared with his vociferous yell,  
Which could be heard 'cross the wide Alps, from hill to dell:  
It was indispensable that he have this olfactory puissance in order to sell  
Swiss Cheese.

EAF



# TEACHERS COLLEGE RECORD

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## Assemblies

February 15

Miss Joslin helped give us a better understanding of the Cumberland mountain folk of Kentucky by telling some of the history of that state. The facts remain very much alive because of the many stories and books written about Daniel Boone and other pioneers. At Harrodsburg you may see the replica of Harrod's Fort with its heavily stockaded enclosures and the rarest collection of pioneer tools and relics to be found in America. The descendants of these pioneers are powerfully built and possess astonishing endurance and self-control. They still weave the cloth for their own clothing, use sorghum syrup as sugar. Many have never been as far from home as their own county seat, and many families have never owned a book, magazine or newspaper. While she taught at Berea College and since, Miss Joslin has been most impressed by their humble respect for education and the sacrifice and hard labor which they are willing to exchange for it.

February 18

Mr. Holmes Mattee, who is at present engaged in photographing, in color, the Mellon art collection, valued at fifty million dollars, spoke to the assembly. The camera speaks the universal language, for it makes daily records of life around us. Photography is a satisfying hobby, for one does not need expensive equipment to enjoy it any time of the day or night. Naturally, the object is to get pictures of the interesting thing. Probably few of us will be as fortunate as Mr. Mettee, for after it had been his hobby for nineteen years, photography became his vocation.

February 25—March 9—Open Forum

A rather more than ordinary share of animated conversation is to be noticed as the students leave the assembly after hearing an Open Forum discussion.

The purpose of these talks is to encourage students with speaking ability, and who have interest in current affairs to discuss important problems of the day with the student body. The interested student will not only be encouraged but will take the opportunity to air his views. The discussion leaders will eventually conduct meetings at the various women's clubs throughout the state.

On February 25, Miss Eleanor Sewell of Fr. 2 spoke on the effects of the New Deal. During the course of the talk and the ensuing discussion it was found that on the whole the New Deal measures benefited certain

groups and harmed others. However, since the Supreme Court declared the N.R.A., A.A.A., etc. unconstitutional within a short time after its creation, the worth of the New Deal can really not be decided.

With the air already heavily charged with heated discussion on the Supreme Court issue, Richard Cunningham, Fr. 7, on March 9 gave us the pros and cons of the situation. To mention a few of the arguments, we find those opposed to the increase of justices declare that the president is packing the court, and that there is a danger of dictatorship. The other side states that Mr. Public, through his vote, has declared that he wants liberal legislation, and no Supreme Court should interfere with the desires of a majority of the people.

March 2

Dr. Earl Moore, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, spoke at a special assembly about the most dangerous of social diseases, syphilis.

The disease was first introduced in Spain by one of Columbus' sailors who had become infected in the West Indies. Within fifteen or twenty years the scourge had spread through the whole of Europe. From 1493 to 1905 nothing was learned except that the disease was transmitted by sexual contact, might affect any part of the body, often was mistaken for other diseases and could be transmitted to the unborn child. The only even partial cure discovered was mercury. From 1905 to 1912 three more important discoveries were made. Two Germans found the cause of the disease—a germ that dies as soon as it dries and is unusually susceptible to antiseptics outside the body. Wasserman perfected a blood test that detects the presence of the disease even in its earliest stages. Finally a drug was found that would kill the organism much more effectively than mercury—(606).

In recent years the problem has been increasing in seriousness because the disease is becoming more prevalent and cripples or kills more victims than any other contagious disease. Other countries have been more progressive than the U. S., in combative measures. In Sweden it has become so rare that only seven cases are found per 100,000 people as compared to 1090 among the white population and 2,900 among the negro population of the U. S. What can we as teachers do? Dr. Moore thinks it is our duty to adopt a sane point of view and regard it as a disease, omit the moral implications, educate parents through the P. T. A., and provide sex education for children.

March 4—Dr. Elizabeth Nitchie

The author of "Criticism in Literature" and professor of English Literature at Goucher College gave a charming talk on "Changing Standards for Poetry in the 20th Century."

As a result of the increasing importance of science, particularly

psychology, poetry has undergone considerable change. Poets concentrate heavily upon sordid, neurotic, and disillusioning themes. Romanticism still flourishes, chiefly in the novel, as can be seen in "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind". Poets such as E. A. Robinson keep the middle course.

The language of poetry has also changed. *Ars gratia artis* seems to be the tenet followed by most of the bards. E. E. Cummings experiments in original spelling; Gertrude Stein is well known for her apparently nonsensical rhymes. Miss Stein comes to her defense by saying that "One understands if one enjoys." Thus if apparently unintelligible word patterns are pleasing to the ear, the listener can be certain that he "understands" them.

It is hard to judge contemporary poetry, but as history tells us, the ravages of time will not destroy the worthy material scattered within all this modern experimentation.

March 15—Dr. Tall

Dr. Tall and Miss Brown attended the meeting of the Department of Superintendence at New Orleans. While there, Miss Tall had an opportunity to visit the high-spots of this "old world" city after sixteen years absence. "Glamorous" truly describes the French Quarter of the city. All through New Orleans are examples of the exquisite iron grill work which is found in the galleries, or porches as we could call them. And what a history this French city has! New Orleans has lived under ten flags. The inhabitants still express great fondness for Napoleon. Back in 1814 the citizens wanted to bring him from Elba and let him live in New Orleans. It was rather a surprise to hear that only New York City exceeds New Orleans in the amount of maritime commerce carried on. Concerning Huey Long,—the people of Louisiana speak of him as the "lamented martyr of the age" declaring that he was Louisiana's greatest benefactor.



### Mrs. Coppage Speaks Effectively

SOON we shall be teachers and in most cases we'll be members of the P. T. A. Yet few of us realize just what this organization is and the important part it plays in establishing desirable relationships between the school and the home.

Now we are having an opportunity to learn about the scope and the importance of the organization. Prominent leaders of the Maryland P. T. A. are giving a series of five lectures to the Seniors and Juniors of the College. The first was given March 16, by Mrs. Ross Coppage, president of the Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers.

In 1897 Mrs. Theodore Bierney, Washington, D. C. and Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst organized a group of mothers for the purpose of educating them. They named their organization the National Congress of Mothers, but later changed it to the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

At present, this organization, which began with a small group of mothers, extends to forty-eight states. Its literature not only helps the parents and teachers of the United States, but it reaches thirty-two foreign countries as well.

The P. T. A. is non-commercial, non-sectarian, non-partisan, and is non-interfering with school administration. It cooperates with organizations which work for the welfare of children, yet it joins with none of them.

The objects of the organization are:

- 1—To promote the welfare of children and youth in the home, school, church and community.
- 2—To raise the standard of home life.
- 3—To secure adequate laws for the care and protection of children and youth.
- 4—To bring into closer relation the home and the school that parents and teachers may cooperate intelligently in the training of the child.
- 5—To develop between educators and the general public such united effort as will secure for every child the highest advantage in physical, mental, social and spiritual education.

IRENE SHANK, Sr.



### Chi Alpha Winter Meeting

The mid-winter meeting of the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity was held on March twelfth in Richmond Hall Parlor. There was an initiation of the new members: Virginia Hagerty, Isadore Sokolow, and Melvin Seeman; Dr. Tall and Dr. Dowell followed this ceremony by giving the members some very good advice and summarized briefly the newest developments and changes within the college. This short business meeting concluded, the audience were privileged to hear a scholarly discussion of "Reproduction and Heredity" by Dr. Tracy Morton Sonneborn, Associate Professor of Zoology at Johns Hopkins University.

## Ho-Hum

A MUSICAL gentleman of the Freshman class (the violin to you) set the alarm for five thirty to be awakened at two instead. On the way to town he discovered his error too late and applied for admission into a jail. He interrupted a very absorbing game and was retired promptly to a cell. (Cellanese or cell and poker.)

Miss Shank's interest of the moment called her to ask if she preferred cut flowers or a corsage for Easter. Corsages are being served with roots this year.

Who is Public Enemy number 69 in the dorm? Ask any porch sleeper.

Miss Roach leaned romantically over the balcony Demonstration Night and dropped her corsage to a waiting audience. (An accident, no doubt, but quite the Shakespearian touch.)

The Junior should have dressed like Misses McElwain and Scarff in their grass skirts, the added touch, you know.

Lillian Graybeal develops her own pictures. We can offer some snappy candid camera shots.

4, 5, 6 is sweeping the dormitory like "Gone With the Wind" and Monopoly. Blame it on the faculty.

Its the Irish in him. Windy Gordon was born on St. Patrick's Day.

Alma Taylor's arm was hurt in an aeroplane ride Demonstration Night. Flying high, eh?

Gwen Sadler has an anchor.

You're getting fat, Mr. Greenfield. We advise a rowing machine or a treadmill in your room.

An apple a day keeps the collector away. The Resident Student Council is selling apples as a get-rich-quick scheme.

Miss Carpenter, why the red sweater during the week for conferences? We thought that was saved for special occasions.

Miss Trott has adopted a new ground for rendezvous since the coming of starers over the stair.

Miss Prickett caught Patsy on the street for Miss Tall's chauffeur. She should go in for Maryland fox hunting.

Horses are the undying interest of Lady Brandt who voices her sentiments about her hobby with numerous pins, etc.

The Freshman Swing session has had such an influence on the morale of the school that Miss Washburn told her second grade pupil to "swing it".

Gamerman is no longer a hermit. He attended the last dance.

Speaking of martyrs, the class system was revised with many suffering painfully for their Demonstration groups.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

---

Miss Van Bibber's dentist with "both hands in her mouth" began to speak of a very controversial subject and she was unable to say anything about it.

Songs to match. We gave ourselves the test.

1. All's Fair in Love and War—Mr. Hamilton
2. A Woman's Got a Right to Change Her Mind—Muriel Jones
3. A Fine Romance—Ubi and Alma
4. Did You Mean It—Ruth Day
5. Did I Remember?—Irene Shank
6. Gee, But You're Swell—Miss Dieff
7. Goodnight My Love—Waters and Gordon
8. I Can't Pretend—Marion Cunningham
9. It's So Easy to Love—Joyce Lippert
10. I'm in a Dancing Mood—Pauline Mueller.
11. It's D'Lovely—the Glen
12. I've Got You Under My Skin—Doris Eldridge
13. It it Any Wonder—Daurice Angulo
14. I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs—Bob Goldstein
15. It's the Gypsy in Me—Jane Lawrence
16. I Can't Escape from You—Assignments
17. Love and Learn—Maurice Schreiber
18. Love Marches On—Ella Maureen Jarboe
19. Mr. Ghost Goes to Town—Joe Moan
20. My Red Letter Day—?
21. Midnight Blue—the laundry
22. One in a Million—Dr. Tall
23. Pennies from Heaven—Miss Margaret Held
24. South Sea Island Magic—Junior Class
25. The Way You Look Tonight—Senior Class
26. Trust in Me—Elwood Beam
27. There's Something in the Air—May Day
28. Under Your Spell—S. T. C.
29. With Plenty of Money and You—Alumni pay day.
30. When My Dream Boat Comes Home—Ruth Hunter
31. When Did You Leave Heaven—Bob Dawson
32. You Do the Darndest Things, Baby—Nora Howeth
34. You Turned the Tables on Me—report card

HUMAN TRIANGLE.



Dr. Lynch: "What is a formula?"

Jennie: "It's something the boys wear a Tuxedo to."

## Daily Duds

Monday—

Some of us have been talking about the spring clothes and the Easter outfits we've seen. "Anything Goes" if it's becoming, we've decided. There are sophisticated clothes, demure, conservative or dramatic clothes just as you choose. The outcome of an outfit seems to be the way in which the various articles are assembled.

Tuesday—

Another session tonight. Honestly, if we had one every night we'd still discuss the same general topics—what we don't like about this or that, actions here and there, the men (though we wouldn't admit it to them), and *clothes*. "I have so much trouble getting clothes to fit me right and the fit is all important" is a worn comment. The new, very much flared, short skirts are for the slim but there are plenty of slim skirts left for all the others, we find. Though the dresses really are shorter this year each person should wear the length that is most becoming, using the middle calf as usual rule. Waistlines are also getting attention this year. Princess dresses are just fine if you're sure you don't look like Mandy's washtub or Jack's beanstalk in them. And if you're overly plump or short or both, don't go in for these high waisted effects or you'll look like a stuffed toad. One new thing we learned tonight—sleeves add or subtract pounds and inches. Long, full sleeves, loose hanging, add to hips. A little fullness at the shoulder subtracts hips.. "Not many styles are for the stout type," the group complained but they forget that one of the most popular creations is the flattering V-neck dress which simply can't be worn by the thin oval face.

Wednesday—

Went shopping for hat and shoes this afternoon. "This is a very new Little number. It just suits the lines of your face, *honey*," said the salesgirl with a voice dripping honey (s). I felt like returning, "I don't have wrinkles yet, thanks," to such affection but I suppose it's salesman-ship so I refrained. Some hats have "nary" a ribbon and others steal all the trimmin's—veils, ribbons. flowers, etc., not to mention those dramatic chiffon trailers. Shoes! hooley, they're all alike!

Thursday—

Ah! a touch of originality and at school too. Miss Angulo wore a black crepe street dress with peaked shoulders and on each shoulder was a large pearl clip. Very nice! Had to jot that down. Too sleepy to write more tonight.

Friday—

The Freshmen dance tonight. Boy, the heads have it. What? Everything from huge hair-ribbons to blue flowers. There was a little girl who had a big flower right in the middle of her forehead (sorry I didn't get her name). Did anyone have a flower larger than Molly Hollander perched on top? If they did, I missed it. Virginia Arneal set off her crowning glory by a lovely flowered black dress. Eleanor Williamson must be studying ancient Greece according to her choice of style in a white satin dress. Studying history brings good results. One Senior went ultra-sophisticated on us. Did you see Marion Cunningham in black, trimmed only with a row of brilliant red flowers? Some sophisticated prints were noted among the first year girls—for instance Misses Sadler and Belt. Miss Snoops was most attractive in green chiffon trimmed with three harmonizing shades. Everyone looked so "personality plus" that I could write forever but I just tried to remember types. Goodby for now, Diary dear, I must get to designing those coronation dresses.

MADAME ROBERTA.

\* Persons described are fictitious otherwise the name is listed here.

\* If you like this column tell your friends.

If you don't like this column tell us.

We aim to please our customers.



### Freshman Swing Session

"Dear Diary",

"About A Quarter To Nine" on March 5th, "I Was In A Dancing Mood". I heard the couples at the Freshman Dance shout "Swing Mr. Charlie! (Vincent)". "But Definitely", "Without A Shadow Of A Doubt", the decorations were "Delovely" and the dances were delightful, being varied by a tricky novelty—the Multiplication Dance. Truly, it was "An Invitation To Happiness" with all the girls "So Lovely To Look At". It was "Too Marvelous For Words".

J. Y. N.

Alumni Note: In *Bird Lore*, January-February, 1937, there is given a December bird survey of Loch Raven, written by Haven Kolb, a graduate of last year. Mr. Kolb is very interested in natural sciences and is receiving recognition for his studious work. We offer commendations for his achievement.



## Come — Come — Come

If I told him, would he know it?  
Would he know it if I told him?  
What is happening on the 30th  
30th of April, April 30th  
The Sophomores hold a dance  
A dance the Sophomores hold.  
We'll dance from nine till one  
From nine till one we'll dance,  
Dance, dance — Come—come—come.

(Apologies to Gertrude Stein)

E. EARHART, Soph. 5.



## The Idle Reporter Remarks :

There's Rhythm on the Range. If you do not believe this, stand a few minutes at the south end of the second floor hall. Boom-boom-tweet-tweet are the sounds emanating from the orchestra in Miss Prickett's room. Do-re-me-fa—sing the Chorus in Miss Weyforth's room. "Up-down-finish" is the solemn overtone of the handwriting class in Miss Birdsong's room. It is a great pity that all this display of sounds, harmony, and noise cannot be organized into one harmonious whole. Up-do-boom-boom!

Tut-tut. Is our Miss Stella Brown going political? Recently she, the Mayor and the Governor had a conversation. Since they let the whole world in on the discussion over the radio, we should not worry.

Miss Jewell Simpson, State Assistant Supt. of Education, who gave a talk recently to the Child Study Group not only knows her education but she knows the "Ins and Outs of European Travel". Last summer she spent three months wandering through the Scandinavian countries.

Dr. Tall prefaced the last faculty meeting with a description of a New Orleans breakfast. It made mouths water, especially so, since it was eighteen hours to breakfast for the faculty.

When Mrs. Stapleton looks with down-cast eyes upon Mother Earth, she is not hunting earth worms. Mushrooms it is!

Dr. Crabtree is having many solitary lunches these days!



"I am one of those who do not believe in love at first sight,  
But I believe in taking a second look."

## Musical Humor

Music is a universal language expressing all the desires and emotions of man. Since humor is one of man's emotions it should not be surprising to find it in music.

An excellent example of musical humor can be found in Andante from Hayden's "Surprise Symphony".

Hayden at the height of his fame was conducting a number of concerts in London when he observed that some of his audience invariably snoozed during the symphony. He decided to play a joke on his audience. At one of his concerts he presented his "Surprise Symphony". The second movement, the andante, was particularly soothing and lulling and the habitual snoozers were peacefully snoozing when suddenly an unexpected and loud chord interrupted their sleep. One can imagine that the guilty nappers nearly jumped from their seats, while Hayden looked on with a satisfied smile.

Hayden is not the only composer who expressed his sense of humor in his music. Saint Saëns' "The Carnival of Animals" is a suite of fourteen pieces most of which are musical jokes. For example: "Gentleman With Long Ears", in which the violins humorously present the braying of the donkeys. In the second movement the piano, violins, violas and clarinet imitate the sounds of the barnyard.

Humor is seen in the "White Knight" by the modern American composer Deems Taylor. He depicts the White Knight from "Through the Looking Glass".

This poor knight it seems had very good intentions but was a very poor rider. Whenever the horse stopped he fell off in front, when it started again he slid off behind.

The composer employed two themes to express this: one a sort of prance that represents the knight as he considers himself; and the second theme is bland and rather sentimental and presents him as he really is.

Other examples of humor can be found in "Golliwog's Cake Walk" by Debussy, "Pictures at an Exhibition" and "Women in the Market Place". In the latter, the instruments represent the women's voices, first shrill and high and then all clamoring together.

These are only a few of the best known selections that express humor. Some of the world's best humor can be found in music.

DORIS BURTNETT, Jr. 1.



"A self-made man, and satisfied with the results."

On Wednesday, March 3, the Glee Club presented a concert at assembly time. The program was as follows:

"Wake Thee Now Dearest".....Czecho-Slovakian folk tune,

arranged by Deems Taylor

"On the Levee" *American folk song*

By the Glee Club.

“In These Delightful Pleasant Groves” ..... *Purcell*

"Czecho-Slovakian Dance Song" Arranged by Krone

By a Semi-chorus.

"Lullaby from Jocelyn" Godard

Solo by Ellen Pratt

"Indian Love Call" ----- *Friml*

Sung by Dorothy Healy and Roger Williams

“Blue Are Her Eyes” ..... *Winter Watts*

Solo by Katherine Schottler

“Duna” Magill

Solo by Roger Williams

There are two important events ahead for the Glee Club: a concert by a semi-chorus from the Glee Club for the Maryland Federation of Women's Clubs on April 14, and a concert by the entire Glee Club at Cockeysville in May. The program at these meetings will be similar to that presented at the assembly with the addition of songs by the "Jeanie" group.

DORIS BURTNETT.



as the date set in the handbook for Girls Demon-  
l two days earlier in the dorm. On Tuesday, the  
rass skirts and paraded through the halls to the  
eme song—were the Juniors surprised?? I'll say!  
s and Freshies go to bed (but not to sleep) so early  
nstration? Who is responsible for the new bulletin  
m? Carrots are quite appropriate for this setting—

it's a shame that all the classes couldn't eat them for added pep, vim, and vigor.

The Seniors, too small in number to participate, proved themselves worthy judges, referees, ventilators, runners, scorers, commissioners of equipment and felt quite dressed up in the corsages received from the Athletic Association.

The Cooks opened the evening and suddenly we were whisked from the kitchen to the Naval Academy, only to find ourselves in the South Sea Islands. The Juniors called it Magic.

At 7:30 P. M. came the Physical Education activities consisting of dancing, stunts and games. The guests marveled at the perfection of the skills and techniques shown by our girls and remarked what fine Physical Education instructors we must have to produce such an outstanding performance.

Dr. Tall, with the aid of the scorers and "Eeny, meeny, minie, mo" presented the cup to the Juniors—the first class to win the award twice. If you don't think history was made on March eleventh ask a Junior! I'll warrant you won't ask the same question again!



### Basket Ball Celebrations

Eighty-four girls welcomed March first with the annual Basketball dinner and games. Was it the favors or should we say flavors that made the dinner so tasty? "The flavor lasts"—Thanks A.A.!

The record number of teams made it necessary to play the games in both the Auditorium and the Gym. Miss Roach held forth in the gym while Miss Daniels and Miss Zinkham managed the games in the Auditorium. There were ten teams: four Freshmen, three Junior, two Sophomore, and one Senior. Victory belonged to the Frosh for three of their teams won as did two of the Junior teams and one Sophomore. What happened to the Seniors? They did their best but the Freshies were just a trifle too peppy for them. The winning teams played again on March third with the Freshmen still victorious—Congratulations, Freshmen! and you Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores—you, too, are to be complimented for your fine spirit of sportsmanship.



"She had withal a merry wit  
And was not shy of using it."

## Sports Angle

We are at present in the midst of the most successful sports program in the history of our school. Our soccer team was undefeated and therefore won the Maryland Collegiate Championship. Our basketball team won eleven out of twelve games with the smaller colleges and was recognized as the champion among the teachers colleges of Maryland and the District of Columbia. Statistics show that the combined squads have lost but one contest in twenty.

As we have stressed in our previous articles, this success is chiefly due to wonderful team work. There have been no outstanding players. Each man has worked as a part of a large powerful machine, proving, thereby, that success can only be attained where there is a cooperative spirit.

The curtain rises on the baseball season with the game at Oriole Park on April 3 with Johns Hopkins as our opponent. Contests have also been scheduled with Loyola, Salisbury, Frostburg, and Elizabethtown. Practice games have been arranged with Calvert Hall, Briarley Military Academy, and other schools.

The most important factor in the success or failure of any "nine" is the battery. We have Lowenstein and Bennett as prospective catchers this year, while the pitching staff will probably be composed of Cooke and C. Smith, veterans, and Wheeler, Cox and Goedeke.

We've lost several good players since last season. These include Brumbaugh, Pruce, and Smith. Brumbaugh pitched some brilliant games while with us, notably a 11 to 2 victory over Loyola. Pruce's powerful batting and Smith's speed and agility will be missed. However, there are a number of veterans returning and a good team is in prospect.

'Tis indeed a shame that we couldn't humor the humorists and inject a bit of the less serious into our contribution, but we had to get this information off our chest in order that you might "cedar" facts.



## Under the Weather Vane

As usual, many interesting things have happened in the Campus School this month. One of the main activities is our assembly work. Miss Hooper gave a talk on foreign dolls and brought some of her collection which she left with us for a while. The Seventh Grade gave short sketches and talks on some "Peace Time Heroes" of America. They are now planning to present at an assembly a play based on "The Story of Aladdin". The Third Grade gave a play, "Tom Tit Tot", which was enjoyed by everyone.

Besides giving assemblies, the grades have been doing other things in their own classrooms. We no longer have a second grade but a captain and a crew on the "Little Queen Mary". They have already invited the fourth grade for a sail and they are planning to invite their mothers. The Third Grade has been studying Colonial life in Maryland and are making candles, soap and samplers. They are planning a visit to the Art Museum to see Colonial rooms. The Fourth Grade, in charge of the Rock Garden, reports that the snow drops are in bloom and the crocuses are poking through the ground. The Seventh Grade have written letters to film companies for moving pictures concerning their class work. The same class has planned a trip to the Chevrolet Assembly Plant.

As the Weather Vane turns, with it, pass the activities of another month.

SEVENTH GRADE.



### Limericks by Sixth Graders

There was an old man in a barge  
Whose nose was exceeding large  
When he did sneeze  
The river did freeze  
That funny old man in the barge.

RUTH HERRING, 6th grade

There was a youth from Hongow  
Who fell fast asleep on a bough  
His pigtail entangled  
The Chinaman dangled  
Perhaps he is dangling there now.

NED CHAPMAN, 6th grade

There was a very plain cook  
Who went to the larder to look  
But Tommy was seen  
Where dumplings had been  
And hard was the hand of the cook.

NED CHAPMAN, 6th grade



Here's one we like:

"If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up."

**Recess!**

An absent minded professor went into a shop to buy a jar. Seeing that one was upside down he exclaimed, "How absurd, the jar has no mouth." Turning it over he was once more astonished. "Why, the bottom's gone too," he ejaculated.

Frosh: What year is this for you?

Senior: Fifth.

Frosh: Taking your Masters?

Senior: No, just taking my time.

First: Have you any social prestige?

Second: No, not a drop.

Freshie: What kind of a fellow is this Charles Leef?

Other: "Well, last night he hit his shin on a chair and said, "Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects".

Enough's enough but this is too much  
Few men smoke  
Few men drink  
Fumanchu

She was only a Latin Prof's daughter but boy, did she decline!

She was only a Printer's daughter but just the type for me!

She was only a Coal Dealer's daughter but she was no *fuel*!

To those whose taste lies in the direction of the æsthetic beauty  
of poetry

I put my trust and faith in you  
I thought I could rely.  
But now I'm disillusioned—  
I wish that I might die.

I made you my ideal, you see,  
And so I copied you.  
I should have copied someone else—  
Now I'M flunking too.

I stood beneath the mistletoe  
And waited patiently,  
My secret love just hurried by  
And never glanced at me,

So now I'm eating yeast cakes—  
(My stomach's a pasty smear);  
I'm using Lux and Lifebuoy,  
And waiting for next year.

'Twas the night before pay-day and all through my jeans  
I hunted in vain for the price of some beans;  
Not a quarter was stirring, not even a jit,  
The kale was off duty, dull edges had quit.  
Speed onward! Speed onward! O Time in thy flight,  
Make it tomorrow, just for tonight.

My candle dances  
In the night  
With lovely lilting  
Flame, and bright.  
The moths flock gaily  
From the skies,  
But where are all  
The butterflies?

Do you remember?

"That means fight where I come from, Stranger."

"Well, why don't you fight?"

"'Cause I haint where I come from."



### Goofy History

(A sample of notes on Medieval History taken by a certain male Junior. Miss Woodward please note!)

*fief*—A person convicted of taking articles not belonging to him.

*vassal*—A large sailing ship; e.g. the Queen Mary.

*feudal*—hopeless, in vain, with no avail.

*benefice*—An extra show, the proceeds of which are donated to charity.

Some quotations from "Wilson Spectacles"

"If to her share some female errors fall,

Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

"Silence is a luxury of the wise."



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**ANSWERS:**

1. (3)
2. (3)
3. (1)
4. (2)
5. (2) or (3)
6. (3)
7. (2)
8. (1)
9. Fooled you! There isn't any—or maybe I wouldn't know.
10. (2)
11. (2)
12. (3)
13. (3) So what?
14. (1)
15. (2)

**HELENE WHITE, Jr. 1.**

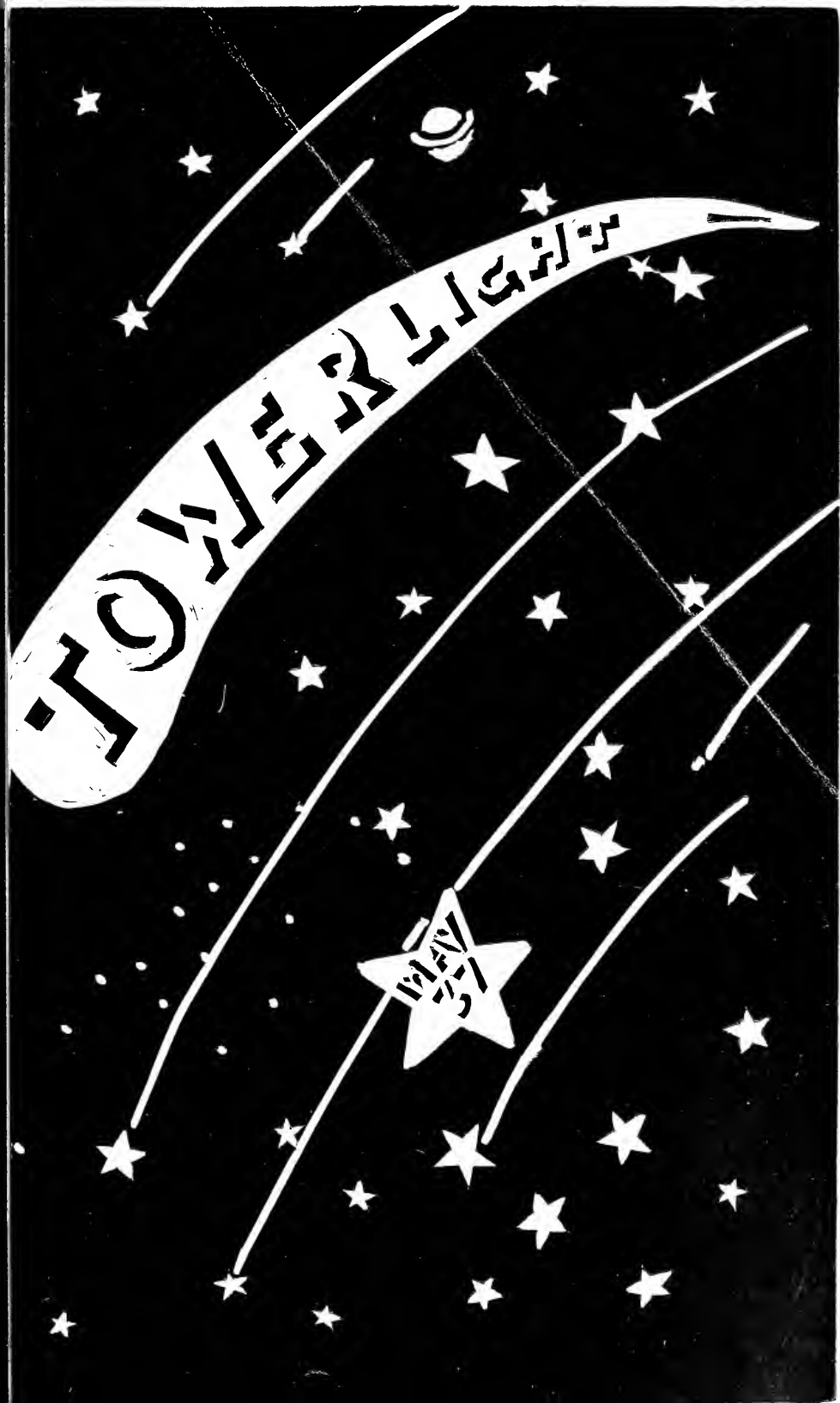


*My compliments on your  
very good taste, sir*



*for the good things  
smoking can give you*

**Chesterfield**  
*Win*





# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

# C O N T E N T S



Cover design.....E. Robe

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# THE TOWER LIGHT

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MAY, 1937

No. 8

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## Are You Sensitive? To What?

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT in a broadcast about two weeks ago on the topic, "War or Peace", asked this significant question. "To what ideas are you personally susceptible?" No matter what your intellect may say about peace, do you thrill at the martial music, and at parades passing by? Do you say, "I believe in peace, but, of course, if war comes it is inevitable." Though this is Peace Week and we are celebrating it here at the college by some special event for every day, I am not in this brief article so much concerned with whether you are convinced about ideas of peace or ideas of war as I am about your susceptibility to other things.

Are you susceptible to the beauty of the campus so that you take away each day a picture of its kaleidoscopic changes: of a Japanese cherry, or the blooming magnolias, or an over-view of the slopes with all of the lacy greenery and color? And where does the susceptibility of beauty lead you?

Are you susceptible to the tremendous opportunities that you have had in meeting personalities in the college assemblies throughout the years you have been a student here? Does that susceptibility pass over into action as an understanding of great minds, lesser minds, and ideals of people?

Are you susceptible to the play of emotion and interaction that your classmates make upon you day by day and hour by hour?

I talked with a student sometime ago who has a very aggressive manner and mentality; yet that student was untidy in dress and careless of health though he had been warned by the doctor about his deficiencies more than a year before. There is no need for him to be eccentric. By his untidy dress and his aggressiveness in class discussion, based at times

upon very superficial knowledge, he calls attention to himself in unpleasant ways. As I talked with him I wondered just how he was planning his life through his susceptibilities, and just how he was influencing students around him who might be caught unawares and mistake his peccadillos for ability. Yet he can change to the other tack and win out if his susceptibilities will allow him. On the other hand, I talked with another student sometime ago who is immaculate in dress, well groomed always, thinks clearly beyond his years, is interested in public affairs, has much talent in music. He left me feeling, "Here is a young man who will go far, who is an honest thinker, would not deceive if he could help it, and who is so susceptible to fine experiences that he will gather from life the best that it has to give, and he will give to life the best he has of loyalty to the fine cause of interest in his fellow-man. His ability to get on with his fellow students, and his power to add to his daily life the pleasure that comes from understanding a fine art and knowing that art intellectually as well as emotionally, will carry him far in facing reality."

Take stock of your susceptibilities—the things you thrill to, the things you rush to when they are suggested, the companions you choose, the diversions you love, and the satisfactions you glory in. They all make the man.

LIDA LEE TALL.



### Credo

I WOULD be a teacher. . . .

I would be well informed in my subject matter, and humbly would I endeavor to add some mite of learning to that already possessed by man, for, too long, too much of the world has suffered from too many inaccuracies, too many prejudices, too many gaps between well-developed fields of knowledge.

I would have as many diversified interests as my work would allow, realizing that intensive specialization leads easily to narrow-mindedness which is a shortcoming found in the personality of no real teacher.

I would be humble, because no matter how sincere my application, how well I have mastered my studies, there are myriad others as sincere, as well informed, and vastly more so. I would be humble since what is true today may well be false tomorrow.

I would be tolerant for it should be an integral part of my professional knowledge that, just as there are a thousand thousand age-old factors entering into my personality, my mental attitudes, so there are a thousand thousand more exercising various influences upon each pupil whom it is my privilege to guide.

I would be gentle, remembering that one harsh word or deed from me might inflict irreparable harm on the most precious of all things—a young mind, an unformed soul.

I would be sincerely interested in my pupils, my teaching, my relations with my colleagues, and my subject matter, knowing that it is a delight to watch a mind growing, a character strengthening; an inspiration to realize that I have had some part in that development; a pleasure to work in harmonious surroundings; a thrill to realize that scholarship is unending in its efforts to pierce the depths of the unknown.

I would be aware of my own shortcomings and inabilities, yet ever would I strive for perfection knowing the while that it can never be attained.

These things would I desire; these things I would strive for unceasingly because I know that truth and beauty, love and kindness, tolerance and understanding are worthwhile beyond all things else.

I would be a teacher. . . .

HAROLD MANAKEE.



### Education

MARYLAND has been fortunate in having Mr. Cook as State Superintendent of Education and Miss Tall as President of one of its Teachers' Colleges. In the continuous struggle between formalism and liberal education which goes on in schools, these two leaders have thrown their weight on the liberal side. The United States was founded as a result of the Reformation (revolt from the church) and Revolution (revolt from the existing government). With this background and the Industrial Revolution to hustle up the process, Americans are fairly well committed to change. Liberals in education accept these facts and believe schools should adapt to them. The formalists do not accept these facts and believe children should be drilled into acceptance of what is. Miss Tall used to say "form a habit of breaking habits". In other words, be accustomed to change, to adaptation. The changes will come anyway; if one is educated in change, adaptation, one can be happy in the midst of change. If the pupil has become accustomed to a routinized class-room where the teacher decides all the moves in advance, it is doubtful if the individual so trained will achieve happiness in a constantly changing America.

On the other hand, Americans seem to want the greatest amount of freedom possible to individuals in a cooperative society. Nor does democratic change necessarily mean agitation or roughness. The belief of the

gentle, early Christian martyrs persisted stubbornly in their spiritual descendants. If on one day one of them was fed to the lions, the next a hundred grew up in his place. Maryland, founded by a Catholic, proclaimed tolerance to all religions and set a standard we are still trying to reach as a nation. Habits of tolerance, justice, mercy, love conquer enough of the time to make us believe they will win over intolerance, injustice, persecution and hate. The first named habits make living more worthwhile. I suppose that is what education is about, increasing the amount of time during which people live in as fine a way as wise leaders have visioned.

ALLAN HULSIZER.



### How Well Does It Pay?

SOONER or later in any conference with young people on their plans for the future, and on the opportunities of any one of a number of vocations which they may be considering, one is confronted with this question of "How well does it pay?" And of course, along with this another question, "What are the prospects for advancement?"

Young men and women who are considering the possibilities of teaching as a profession are no exception to the rule; and generally, while they concede that the material rewards in the early years, at least, compare favorably with salaries of young people in other occupations, they often do not feel that the increments in salary and the opportunities for promotion beyond the first few years of service compare quite so favorably with opportunities in other kinds of work.

If it is our habit to estimate returns from an investment altogether in terms of dollars and cents, we shall probably have to conclude that "there may be other pastures that are greener." But a wise man doesn't always estimate the worth of an investment solely on the size of his dividend checks: he considers the safety of the investment, the probability of his being able to recover the principal should circumstances make that necessary, the reputation of the concern in which he is investing, and so on. Likewise, those of us who "invest" in an education that prepares us for teaching, must consider what returns we are going to receive. And if we think of teaching in terms of *compensations* rather than salary checks, we are bound to conclude that there are few professions where there are a greater number of intangible rewards than there are in teaching.

What are some of these compensations? Well, even in the matter of tangible rewards there is the old-age pension; so that while salaries may not be as large as in some other profession, independence in old age is assured through a state-wide pension system liberal enough to forestall

physical discomfort and that kind of humiliating dependence upon others which all of us dread and seek to avoid. And this assurance of a competence in old age compensates in large measure for somewhat smaller salaries than other professions may offer.

Vacations of generous length are also a real consideration, for they afford opportunity for complete physical relaxation and rehabilitation, albeit in Maryland we must repair to a summer school ever so often! The Christmas holiday and the ten or twelve weeks' summer vacation give us an opportunity to read and to travel—if we can afford it—to ride some hobby, or perhaps to engage temporarily in some other occupation.

But it is in those more or less intangible compensations that teaching is richest. The necessity for stimulating others intellectually keeps our own intellects more active and more alert; and the associations which we have with members of our own profession also put us in touch with new ideas and give us the ambition to keep growing. These associations, too, often bring us rich friendships which outlast our period of active service.

Teaching affords a rare opportunity for service to others. Very often it is the classroom teacher who puts social workers in touch with families who are in distress and who need assistance. More often he gives unfortunates "a hand" himself and quietly but effectively sees that their physical needs are provided for. Frequently his sympathy and understanding win the confidence of boys and girls and give him an opportunity to influence the development of fine character in ways which even ministers miss. As one grows older in the profession he gets considerable satisfaction from watching boys and girls he has taught grow into useful and estimable—sometimes not undistinguished men and women. To feel that one has had even a small part in their success is compensation in itself.

But most of all, teaching has compensations beyond other occupations because constant association with boys and girls with their fresh, unspoiled outlook on life and their incurable optimism keeps teachers young too. The real tragedy of age is not growing older in the body; not in hardening of the arteries, but in hardening of the mind and spirit; and there is no occupation on earth comparable to teaching for fortifying us against this particular kind of old age. Living with children—and enjoying it—is drinking at the Fountain of Youth.

And who knows? Perhaps Ponce de Leon was looking for some such intangible renewal of youth in that long ago when he set out with such high hopes in search of a fountain "whose waters would give perpetual youth to all who drank from it."

LUCETTA M. SISK.

## "How Firm a Foundation!"

### (An Appreciation)

"HERE comes Pop, and he's got the new school teacher with him!" shouted my brother Tom. And the three of us, barefoot and hatless, swung down from the farm gate and raced to meet the approaching family carriage. The new teacher was to board with us.

"I do hope it's a *she*," cried Tom. "And I hope that she's big and fat so I can hide behind her when we're headin' for school against the north-west wind this winter."

"Yes," Little Brother agreed breathlessly, "men ain't much to hide behind when there's a good northwester blowin'!"

The new teacher turned out to be a *she*. "And she's a graduate of the Maryland State Normal School," Father told Mother, "so she ought to be good."

Next day after Sunday School, I proudly repeated the statement.

"She's a graduate of the Maryland State Normal School," I said knowingly to the circle of curious youngsters, "so she ought to be good."

"And what's the Marylandstatenormalschool?" asked Roberta. I gazed helplessly at my older brother.

"It's a . . . It's a . . . ."

"It's a . . . ." Tom began, "well, I couldn't exactly tell you what it's like, but . . . well, it's a dog-goned good place!"

Never having heard of it before, we were like old Caspar and the Battle of Blenheim. He couldn't tell much about it, "But 'twas a famous vic-to-ry!"

Eight years later, on another Saturday afternoon in September, I bade goodby to mother, father, brothers and the old mare, Bess. The Normal School teacher long since had sought other fields, but she had left her mark.

Now here was I with a Maryland State Normal scholarship. The full import of the family's sacrifice that I might use that scholarship came to me that night when I opened the old battered family suitcase. My mother's one good dress, her only silk petticoat, her "Sunday" underwear—all made over to fit me. Why, I thought, how can Mother go to church now?

Strangely enough, mother never needed the clothes again. When Christmas came our mother was gone. The farm had been sold, old Bess was gone, and father and my two brothers had moved closer to town hoping to find other work. My little world had been swept away. But there was one thread which was so worth while—the friendships which had come through my few months at the Normal. I had never dreamed

that teachers could be so kind, so patient, so thoughtful! Miss Scarborough was like mother. So was Miss Ricker,—all of them.

I told Miss Richmond that I would have to leave school to go home and keep house. "Now, don't worry too much about it yet;" she said, "there may be a way. You go home tonight—and pray about it!"

That night I thought a way out, I didn't tell Miss Richmond all, for she would have objected to the undertaking. Nevertheless, I managed to keep house in Annapolis and attend school in Baltimore. It meant arising at 4:30, doing all the housework, walking six miles, and riding fifty-eight miles by train every day. There was no money for extras, and little for necessities. One afternoon before a Fremont Street bakery window I let the tears roll down my cheeks. Those lovely, fat buns which I could not afford to buy—not even one of them, and only ten cents a dozen! Once a girl dropped a big Martha Washington butter-cream on the pavement. When she had gone I picked it up and ate it greedily. Not very sanitary . . . but when one is hungry. . . .

I am not mentioning these incidents to court sympathy; there are many other things I could add. I worked behind a notions counter on Pennsylvania Avenue until midnight on Saturdays at fifty cents for six hours' work—to buy my shoes. One winter I had no gloves. I made and sold chocolate Easter eggs, Santa Clauses, apples on a stick, in order to pay my Pestalozzi Society and Glee Club dues. There were many other ways which helped keep me at school, and about which few of my schoolmates ever knew. I am telling the facts merely to emphasize two points:

1. No sacrifice that I ever made during those lean and hungry years was too great a price to pay for my Normal School education.
2. I would do the same thing over again if it meant the opening up of as new, as thrilling, and as rich a world of experience as those four years brought to me. For they still serve me in good stead.

Two years of teaching at a salary which scarcely justified existence—\$400 a year as principal of a three room school—forced me, then against my will, into the commercial world. A clerkship in the B & O Railroad served as the stepping-stone to the position which has brought me much happiness where there are opportunities to work with the schools—both teachers and pupils, individually and collectively. I have never actually left the field.

Interest in the Baltimore and Ohio Magazine (chiefly devoted to the interests of employees and their families) led to the acceptance of bits of verse and other contributions. And this eventually led me in 1920 to a place on the staff as editor of women's and children's pages, verse,

human interests stories, etc., and—since 1935—the additional opportunity to write occasional newspaper releases, involving intensive and fascinating research.

Everything that I ever learned has been valuable to me in the transportation field. History, geography, mathematics, English—even botany. I blessed Miss Henkle's botany excursions one day last winter when I lunched with a member of Parliament in Ottawa, whose hobby was wild flowers! And how well I turned to account Professor Race's chemistry lessons when I found myself in a huge chemical laboratory and assigned to write the story of industrial alcohol! And many a day, confronted with the problem of handling various types of people have I drawn upon the facts drilled into our Junior Class in psychology, by good Dr. Jaquith. Even Miss Florence Snyder's "purple-in-the sod moments," as we laughingly called them—have helped me to see in the pictures which I now handle daily many bits of beauty which otherwise I would miss. History, science, music, voice culture—I could run the whole gamut and prove each one's particular usefulness.

Frequently our "Little Railroaders" pages of the Baltimore and Ohio Magazine are edited by groups of school children. There are days when I find time to accompany groups of children, visitors to our stations, to the trains, to jaunts to the old roundhouse where ancestors of the iron horse are housed, and to "talk railroad" with them in preparation for their transportation studies. Last year we sent thousands of pictures, booklets, and B & O short histories, etc., to schools and teachers. This year, in addition, 3000 copies of the Annual Women's number of the Baltimore and Ohio Magazine will go out to teachers.

My Normal School experience has provided for me another substantial foundation. It has helped me toward a deeper appreciation of things worth while, and this is the one necessary requisite, whether the job calls for a tramp through miles of mud to a trackman's shanty for a story about his children's education, or for riding a train with the First Lady of the Land.

MARGARET TALBOTT STEVENS, '13.



### The Modern Traveler

**T**RAVEL by trailer! It's fun! Follow the call of the open road without the common problem of forever searching out the "clean hotel" and the "nice restaurant." If this is not your year for summer courses take to the broad highway. Go now, before the national welcome wears off for the Tin Can Tourist.



To insure a superlative trip, select your rolling home with care. The industry is young. Few makes have any past performances by which to judge them. Selecting the right trailer is largely a matter of using your common sense. On your first visit to the various showrooms you will be mightily impressed by yacht-type household gadgets, modernistic furnishings and mahogany panelled walls. My tip would be, select the trailer that is outstanding for its simplicity. Remember, a trailer must serve as parlor, bedroom and bath and in some instances, bath-house as well. I have found that light, natural colored plywood walls, dark linoleum floor covering, well constructed mattresses, tight screens, properly placed ventilators and lights are all contributing factors that add to the pleasure and leisure of such a vacation. However, there are three vital matters for the shopper to keep in mind. First, weight (or rather lack of it) is of primary importance. List the poundage of the trailers you are considering and limit your selection to the lighter group. A trailer built of heavy materials and filled with weighty equipment causes the travellers to feel that someone back there is certainly dragging his feet. Second, be sure that you have adequate storage space. One of the greatest joys of this mode of travel is the elimination of the trunk and the suitcase. Make this joy complete by searching out the model so designed that every inch, not otherwise utilized, is converted into cupboard or drawer space. Third, seek an expert's opinion on the insulation of the trailer in which you are interested. Don't be too impressed by the phrase "dead air space". Be sure that some accepted kind of insulating material lies between you and the great out-of-doors.

Now that the trailer is purchased, there is the itinerary to be planned. The travel bureau of any one of the large oil corporations will furnish you with maps and booklets on overnight accommodations. When marking out your route do not feel that you must confine your travels to the sections where trailer camps may be found. Gasoline service stations, tourist cabin camps and many of the state and national parks will provide, for a very nominal sum, the necessary parking space, water and electricity.

The first few days in the new home are the hardest. You will arrange and rearrange all the contents until at last you arrive at a "system". No trailer household should be without one, for it is the "system" that eliminates all lost motion and confusion when converting from bedroom, to dining room, to living room and back again. Then too, there is the elusive mailman, iceman, and groceryman to be assimilated into the "system". It can be done.

At this point you are probably asking, "Where does the fun come in?" It comes in at the most unexpected places. You will find that your goings, comings and stoppings are sometimes a matter of choice and sometimes a matter of chance. Your front yard of the moment may be a stretch

of sand and sea, or a rolling hillside and stream, or the side yard of a service station. As your front yards vary, so do your neighbors, your recreation possibilities, and the happenings in your day. Thus, a world of interesting, educational and delightful experiences sit on your very doorstep. That's why I say, "Travel by trailer! It's fun!"

HELEN NICOLS BARGER.



## From the Starboard Cabin

I FOUND the following in a journal, not a proper log, that I once kept at sea. It has been some time since I have been aboard ship and I choose to retain only a limited responsibility for it. But since I had time to write at all in those days, I must have had some time for reflection, too. Strangely, I cannot remember the day or recall my state of mind at the time.

"I cannot think unfeelingly about anything. The sounds of words have special forces which, though consciously resisted, confuse my impressions extraordinarily. Truth seems to be anything that can be uttered tersely and with conviction."

"Here I have the task of investigating limited phases of the sea's being and movement. As far as I am able I am obliged to substitute the language of physical measurement for personal impressions that have no language counterparts. Paradoxically, words must have poetic connotation in order to explain, and scientific description is not explanation. This may not be science's function. I am not sure any more what the aims of scientific research are; if it serves to make me more alert and sensible, I shall be happy enough."

"The sea exceeds the compass of the senses; beyond them it has a mystical and amorphous existence. We regard it with strong, varied, but formless feelings. Those who spend their lives upon it are the most involved of all. As boys, impatient and alive, the grand sea charms and drives them with promises of adventure at its remotest rim. Old men find the strange sea a refuge from the chattering confusion of cities."

"Selected experience can never be large. We, for example, float about on the sea's surface and make the best possible guesses about what goes on below by examining specimens of water drawn up from the depths on a long wire. If all the stations that have ever been examined in this way were spaced evenly, they would lie about two hundred miles apart. The waters are less minutely differentiated than the continents are, but we are like the hypothetical man from Mars who explores a fog shrouded earth in a balloon. What picture of the earth's topography,

composition, its peoples and their cultures can he construct by reaching occasionally through the clouds with grappling instruments? No doubt it would make an interesting scientific monograph."

I believe that all this was written on an expedition to count the bacteria in the Gulf of Maine. A gray bit of water that!

CHARLES RENN.



### On Rearing a Cocker Spaniel

THERE is nothing quite so devastating to one's self confidence as the amazing discovery that one's influence over another member of the animal kingdom is at a low ebb. I was destined to just such a blow on the fatal day that I blithely purchased a black cocker spaniel who had attained the mature age of six weeks. It seems only fair to state here that greater confidence in his power as an animal trainer could have been experienced, by no man; I am referring of course to that time which I shall designate as B C A (Before Cocker Spaniel). I openly scoffed and jeered at those poor unfortunates who did not realize the potentialities of psychology in dog training and hence allowed their pets to tug at the leash or surreptitiously borrow gloves and handkerchiefs from unwilling owners. I was even serene in the assurance that *my* dog would be permitted no such vagaries. It was simply a matter of conditioning his reflexes or applying the Law of Effect. Given a satisfactory inheritance, a Behaviorist would experience not the slightest difficulty in establishing desirable responses to stimuli. Then came the advent of my beloved pet. From the outset he made it quite clear and unmistakable that no psychological theory, Behaviorism, Gestalt, or otherwise, would have the slightest impression upon him. He also inferred that being a thoroughbred spaniel with an enviable lineage he could not be annoyed by having his reflexes conditioned in any way at all. He ignored my feeble attempts at control and his only response to any method of discipline was to waddle over and coyly lick the hand of his mistress, which, you can well imagine, put her at a decided disadvantage. Furthermore, he remained completely indifferent to any suggestion of "heeling" and persistently pursued his own interests even though it might mean rudely jerking the human on the other end of the leash. Perhaps his lack of conformity to rules can best be appreciated and sympathized with when it is understood that he continues to be the object of great devotion despite his antics. It is only now that I can fully appreciate the sensations of the dog owner who with a gleam of affection in his eyes observes his pet making away with someone's glove.

Truly, training a cocker spaniel is a task worthy of a psychologist of the highest order.

EVELYN GIRARDIN.



### **"I Married a Doctor"**

**J**UST out of a school-room, and into a small town, not knowing a soul, I began a brand new life as the wife of a country doctor. Unlike Sinclair Lewis's heroine of "Main Street", I had no ideas, ideals, nor aims. I simply moved in, determined to like the place and make the town like me. Frankly, I figured that as good business.

Three years have almost passed and looking back upon my various experiences, it has been a very happy and interesting three years. My first experience as assistant in office surgery recalls itself. The cutting and bleeding did not bother me as I watched and helped, green, but fascinated, but the room was terribly hot and soon I stumbled out of the door, things whirling and black before me. I had a glass of water and returned to finish my job, my first moral victory won.

When I read the much publicized article "And Sudden Death" in the Readers' Digest, I thought back over some of our "patching up". One night, about eleven o'clock a woman walked into the office, her scalp torn clean from her skull from forehead back to the ears, a bleeding gargoyle to me. Seventeen stitches replaced the scalp and left her as good as new. —Then there was the man who ran into a freight train with his car, and emerged from the wreck with two broken ribs and a badly cut face, but his companion who rode with him had his upper and lower jawbone badly fractured and his entire face so badly smashed the surgeon requested a former photograph to enable him to reconstruct his face, but the patient died before the face was mended. He was not as fortunate as the boy who was pulled from his car on Christmas Eve, unconscious, with a badly fractured jawbone. He was thoroughly "wired up" and recovered, though his car sold for junk. Sometimes Fate decrees happier conclusions as was true with the woman and her two children, whose car overturned, but they were able to walk into the office, only badly shaken up, "to make sure they really weren't hurt."

The recent nation-wide drive in Maternal Welfare and its extreme importance is emphasized, as I remember the girl not quite sixteen, who had her fourth child the night before Thanksgiving, in a cold farm house and miraculously recovered after a fever of 106° four days after the child's birth. Truly God works with doctors. My first experience as a maternity nurse was a vivid one. A three room hut partitioned off by paste-board cartons nailed to the wall joists—and the fourteenth child on its

way. It was born in the room off the front porch—midsummer—no screens, and chickens under the bed. I was very busy shooing flies and chickens. In spite of all this, the child is a fine specimen and thriving—but such a tragic beginning!

First aid at country fires is my specialty. A doctor is usually needed to quiet shattered nerves but it is very hard to console someone whose house has burned to the ground on a bitter winter day and only a few sticks of furniture saved.

However, all is not tragedy in a doctor's life. There are the happy young mothers who proudly wheel in their off-springs on sunny days, to be weighed and get new formulas, as well as the man who had five children and recovered from a very bad siege of pneumonia. The town fourth grade is having a health campaign; every child has been examined and defects in teeth, tonsils, eyes, etc. are being corrected as far as possible—money or no money. Everyone helps a little and the poorest child is taken care of.

I've had to learn to do so many things—to administer my first hypo the night the emergency demanded,—to steel myself against blood and gaping wounds—to comfort some people and discipline others. So many people have said, "Isn't it a shame you were not a nurse?" My reply, "Heavens, no, my teaching experience is a never failing asset in making this tremendous adaptation—dealing so intimately with humanity."

LASSELL R. COMEGYS.



### Neighbors

**A** LIMB of the pussy willow tree swayed violently. A cluster of sparrows untangled and shot fearfully away. Raucous screams of rage split the calm summer air.

"There's Peter again!" observed my brother, looking up from his paper. "You might as well give him what he wants."

I threw my book down on the garden settee and crossed to the other side of the lawn. The blue jay we had come to call Peter was dancing up and down in a fine frenzy. His hoarse notes, for all the world like rusty hinges, set the terrier in her run barking at the top of her voice.

"All right, Peter. All right! Just give me a chance, will you?"

The grating shrieks continued as I went over to the bird bath. Just as I expected, it was filthy. Feathers, seeds, stones, dirt, all left by previous bathers on this warm day, made the bath anything but attractive. I tipped the side, let the water run out, and then cleansed and filled the bath with

the garden hose. Barely had I turned from my labors when a blue shape streaked from the pussy willow, paused on the rim of the basin to admire the clean sparkle of the water, and then settled into the bath. Peter kept up a constant chattering as the spray flew. His big blue wings with their bold white and black bars beat the water furiously. His toilet ended, he flew to the maple under which we had drawn our chairs and screamed his thanks. Then off he darted to send the next door cat into hysterics.

This was a regular afternoon's performance. I got in the habit of bringing the glasses with me when I came into the garden to read. Invariably I found the birds more interesting than the book and glued my eye to the glasses. Peter Jay first crossed my vision when I was trying to see whether the grey bird in the pussy willow was a mocking bird or his cousin, the catbird. Suddenly the whole tree shook. The grey bird left hurriedly, and an enormous jay perched on the end of a branch and squawked warningly at the robin in the bath. But he refused to bathe after the robin left. He perched on the bath, looked at the dirty water, hopped all around, and then flew back to the tree. Urged by an inspiration, I hurriedly cleaned the bath. Peter rewarded my efforts by splashing long and loudly, and thereafter he appeared regularly for his dip. But, if the basin was not clean, he soon told us, and one of us sprang to prepare milord's bath.

There are some people who do not like jays. "Thieves! Noisy things!" they say. But I enjoy the tribe of jays that frequented our garden as much as any of the more generally preferred birds. I still do not believe anything could be more breathtakingly beautiful than our pussy willow tree harboring eight of the big blue jays at once. The tree looked like a Christmas tree decked with bright azure ornaments.

When we left town for the river house we had no occasion to miss the jays. The place swarmed with them. Their strident voices screamed around us all day. They toppled their babies from the nests until we were forced to keep our three cats in retirement. The efforts of the young jays were most interesting. One day we sat in a row on the top step and watched a baby climb back into the tree. He fastened his long claws around the rough, projecting bark, and hauled himself back home, as his parents shrieked from an overhanging limb. In a few minutes he was back on the ground again. I suppose his ambitious parents pushed him there.

The jays were equaled in number and noise only by the catbirds, who could imitate their blue neighbors so well that they deceived us more than once. Fights between the two were common, and the tops of the trees were shaken frequently by altercation.

But the river place offered opportunities to study birds that we did not see at home. At the head of the creek was a fascinating, out-of-the-

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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world place, which we christened "the jungle". Here the creek narrowed to a width permitting only a canoe. Tall rushes, reeds and cat-tails rose on both sides. Snakes slipped quietly about their business. Little forms darted about in the rushes, and all around were birds and birds and birds!

We sat for hours, motionless one day watching a belted kingfisher fishing at the mouth of the "jungle" canal. His rattling cry sounded a warning as he plunged, but each time he arose with a glittering meal. His crested head and blue coat reminded us of our friends, the jays.

The "jungle's" most colorful inhabitants were the red-winged black-birds. They lived socially in "the jungle", chattering together as they darted through the reeds, singing their sweet, liquid notes. The red and yellow on the jet wings flashed pleasantly against the cool green and brown of the rushes.

Chimney swifts, whose nests were plastered under an abandoned wharf nearby, dipped overhead, and marsh wrens ran along the mud banks of the creek. One day, when we left the canoe and hiked inland through the dense woods, we saw several brown thrashers. This was interesting because few seemed to stay around the house as did our jays and catbirds.

But the "jungle" held even greater thrills. There was the day of horrors when, paddling noiselessly, Indian style, as we always did on our bird hunts, we turned a bend and came upon two colossal, ugly, wicked, nauseating buzzards perched on a log. The buzzards looked at us and we looked at the buzzards. Our stomachs turned over and we slipped down into the bottom of the canoe as the two hideous harpies flew over us. Naturally, you have to expect some beasts in "a jungle!"

One day we were rewarded by a majestic sight. Atop a dead pine, sun glistening on his silvered head, sat a bald eagle. His presence in the vicinity was soon understood. Wheeling in circles over the middle of the river was an osprey, beautiful black and white fish hawk. The bald eagle is lazy and ruthless. He waits for the osprey to catch a fish. Then he darts like a bullet, seizes the fish, and races back to the tall pine to enjoy his ill-gained plunder. Knowing the habit of the bald eagle we lingered to see the drama, but perhaps our presence spoiled his appetite, for he soared overhead, powerful wings beating the air, and disappeared into the pine woods on the other side. At any rate, the osprey enjoyed his dinner.

But the river held a sensation even greater than the bald eagle. Have you ever watched a great blue heron? Do you know the smoky blue-grey of his plumage, the graceful sweeping lines of his big body? "Heron hunts" were a daily activity. The river abounded in small white cranes, but we passed them disdainfully in search of bigger game. The best time

for heron hunting was early evening. At that time, invariably, the breeze fell. The water was like red and purple glass, and we were loathe to splinter it even by anything as light as a canoe. In the hush of late sunlight, the heron seeks his dinner, so we always knew where we could find the bird. He would be standing in the water, motionless, like a statue carved from blue grey granite.

The long feathers swept back from his head. His eyes, so nicely adapted by nature to his needs, scanned the water. Suddenly the long beak struck, then lifted. The great blue heron resumed his wait. Then, when ready to leave, he soared upward so gracefully for such a great creature (every bit of five feet high). He passed overhead, with a rustle like a lady's taffeta dress, with long legs trailing behind.

Hérons are protected by law, but there always seems to be some people who break laws. A fisherman near us reported that fish were disappearing from his live boxes. We felt uneasy. We had been arising early to enjoy the sight of the great blue heron who daily alighted on our wharf. Was he——? Did he——?

One morning we heard gun fire. The fisherman admitted he had shot the bird, and hoped that he killed him. To our angry expostulations he replied that those fish represented his livelihood. "Couldn't you have covered your boxes? You didn't have to shoot him". Our childish hearts boiled. We were all for turning the offender over to the law.

That evening we again went on a heron hunt. There was no majestic blue shape on the first point. We turned the bow into the cove and paddled aimlessly, hugging the shore line, because we always saw things that way. We were all downcast over the death of our favorite. He had always looked so pretty out there on the dock. Anyone ought to be willing to give a few fish for such beauty. Suddenly my heart stood still. There was a flash of blue in the undergrowth. We pushed the bow to shore and stopped. A great blue heron lay back there in the bushes, a fallen giant. It was our heron. He raised his long, graceful neck. His baleful eyes glared at us. We looked at him through glasses, and I don't believe I shall ever forget those eyes, rimmed with yellow, and as wild and untamed as a leopard's. What could we do? We all wanted to help, but we had all read about the damage a wounded heron could do with that murderous beak. I think we all bit our lips to keep back the tears that would persist. The sight of that huge blue bird, so beautiful, crumpled up in the thicket, did something to each of us children. Oh that the fisherman who had fired the shot could have seen him!

When he struggled up, beating his great wings for support, we gasped. We were afraid, too. Pushing the canoe into the water we waited. The struggle in the thicket went on. Presently the blue shape burst forth, and our heron sailed out, but how awkwardly he flew. One



leg streamed gracefully behind him. The other hung straight down, gruesomely. It was a pathetic sight, but at least, he was alive, and we were sure that the leg would heal. Maybe he could stand on one leg and do his fishing. We hoped he wasn't suffering much. It was a quiet canoe of youngsters that paddled home in the starlit dusk, in the blue mist that somehow was the color of a heron's wings.

ELEANORA LIVINGSTON BOWLING.



## Far-away Friends

SCHLANGENBADSTRASSE, (I defy you to pronounce it!), is the street on which Udo, my Czechoslovakian friend, lives. What it means or signifies I do not know, but that is one thing I intend to find out. Perhaps I shall learn a smattering of the Czechoslovakian language in the bargain.

By the time you would finish reading the letters from my six foreign friends, you would have mixed feelings: amusement, certainly, at the grammatical mistakes; bewilderment, and a feeling of wonder, perhaps, at the idea of a strange language and people. As for me, each letter makes me more eager to learn about these people, their customs, and their country.

It took courage to start such a correspondence. Amid the laughter of family and friends who declared that I would be wasting my time and energy, I boldly set forth all my personal values to someone unknown. Of course I knew the name, such as Kerim Yeshim—but? The thing that took the most courage in initiating this hobby was to ask whether the receiver was a boy or girl. I tried to state my situation in the proper manner, but received various stimulating replies, such as "You do not know whether I am a boy or a girl? I am a boy!" Please note the exclamation point.

Mentioning the exclamation point recalls to my mind the English of these friends. I am writing to one in Czechoslovakia, one in Holland, also Danzig, Cyprus, Japan, and Lithuania. A thing that often makes me wonder is the fact that all of these boys and girls study the English language, and at least two other languages. They write English very well. Somehow I can't help but feel ashamed when they ask me if they may write to me in their native tongue some of the time, and I'm forced to say, "No, please don't." The first time Ursula wrote me from Danzig, she wrote every word in German. My first step was to find an interpreter!

Various people have asked, "What is the sense of writing to all those people? After reading their first letters your interest will die out.

You'll see !" I have to be brave at this point and present convincing arguments. After all what is the use? Here you have a splendid opportunity for stamp collecting. Then too, from my first set of letters I have learned much. I received snapshots of these boys and girls. They don't look so foreign! Ursula is very pretty and I can think of several people that resemble Kerim. These friends will send me more pictures of their home and towns. Don't you think that I shall learn more about these countries this way than if I read a book about them?

I am glad that these correspondents consider me a friend and not a foreigner. I find such an attitude toward them easy to maintain as I learn more about these people, especially as I think of Robert Edison Fulton's lecture at the Lyric not so long ago. He traveled on a motorcycle through many countries. Discussing this trip, Mr. Fulton said, "The same people who were so kind to me would tell me how villainous the inhabitants of the next village were, and warn me against them. And when I got to the next village, it was the same story." Mr. Fulton said that if these people would learn to know each other, and communicate often, they would not be strangers or enemies, but friends, who after all, have many things in common. Come, get your pen and ink, and experience again the old thrill of discovering new friends!

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BARBARA HAILE, Fr. 7



### On a Bible

Old, old epitome of ancient days,  
Old record of ancient times that sweetly smells  
Of sheep and shepherds, temples, fields and wells,  
What action, what stark scenes, what thoughts you raise!  
What movement vividly adroitly plays  
From line to line, from page to page, and tells  
Old lonely tales of kings, of priests, of bells  
Ring the ages by, of pious ways.  
Who was it that first sat down and let his eyes  
Swim through your sea of leaves, deep in them ride?  
Who first felt his imagination rise  
And to strange years marvelously glide?  
Who was he when he first sat down, how wise  
When he arose and laid the book aside?

B. NOVEY, Sr.

## Seeing

FOR ages man had struggled to record permanently "visions seen by the eye". "Why not reproduce on paper those things which the eyes see?" Finally, after such pioneers as Daguerre and Niepce, we have come to the time when we can "put on paper" those pictures which the eyes see.

However, even though the early rapid advance of photography might be called phenomenal, even more rapid progress has been made in the last ten years. We have seen the passing of the large plate cameras, especially since the introduction of the roll film by Eastman, and the manufacture of cheap hand cameras.

Even now, photography is going through another stage. Largely through the work on films and its processing has this new step been made. Modern fast films, sensitive to almost all colors, are now being used to record pictures seen by the eye only instantaneously. Action pictures taken with a shutter speed of 1/1000th of a second show the athlete just clearing the hurdle, or the sprinter breaking the tape.

Rapid films are even now being used for what is probably the most interesting photographic activity. Miniature cameras, equipped with fast lenses and films are more and more being used to take "candid" photos. Pictures now taken show President Hoover sleeping (in a standing position) during an important state function, or President Roosevelt about to swallow a spoonful of soup. It is "life" in pictures that modern photographers are seeking. Everyday sights pictured from a different angle, "candid" pictures of people in action, and snapshots of unusual sights all help to make modern photography the most popular and widespread of all hobbies.

Perhaps the latest oddity as far as photography is concerned is the taking of pictures in the theater. Using the modern miniature camera, photographers go into the theater and take well-exposed "action" pictures as the performance proceeds. This has become so popular that theater managers in New York have found it profitable to advertise special performances of plays, for the benefit of photographers. It is then that we see hundreds of men and women in the theater, all in each other's way, to "get the picture". All seats are the same price so that photographers can move about and take pictures from all sides of the theater. Some are brazen enough to attempt going on the stage to get close-ups. A Chicago hotel has picked up the idea and is now featuring, once a week, a special performance exclusively for photographers. Here the cigarette girls sell flashlight bulbs instead of cigarettes and candy, and ladders are provided by the management so that the photographers may take their pictures from different angles.

We see now that photography has gone beyond the mere clicking of the shutter, using a simple box camera. But let it not be said that a simple camera cannot record on paper excellent photographs. In fact, one should be encouraged to start at the bottom, using a simple Brownie, and work himself up to the use of a modern miniature camera, taking "candid" living pictures.

MAX BERZOFSKY.



### "From A to Izzard"

WELL BILL, since today is the last day you can spend in Philadelphia, let's go down to the Franklin Institute. Philadelphia is an historical city with its Liberty Bell in Independence Hall and its other famous buildings, but in my opinion you are indeed missing something if you don't see the institute where science and history are portrayed progressively, from past to present. That gentleman who welcomed you as you passed through the turnstile with his graceful bow and phonograph voice is "Robbie" the Robot, who greets all guests in such a fashion. In this big room here are working models of the planets showing their orbits. Here also is the Planetarium where we could witness an astronomical demonstration, had we the time. Now let us go into this corridor, the rooms of which contain stages in the development of different conveyances. Over there are bicycles from the era of non-pedal, foot push days; the old high wheel type of bike; the tandem; and the modern. In the next room are automobiles from the "one lugger" Cadillac and those types with rope tires, through the Model T to the present. In regard to air transportation, there we have Amelia Earhardt's Atlantic crossing plane; a demonstration plane in which anyone may work the controls; and miniature wind-tunnels and models to demonstrate streamlining and wind resistance. That big Baldwin locomotive you see is a favorite with children who are allowed to climb up and work the controls. In this locomotive room we also see various kinds of signals and bridge arches used to demonstrate the contraction and expansion of the various types of bridges. It certainly is interesting to see how a simple arch can support such weight, isn't it? But come, 'time's a wastin'. Let's go to another part of the building. In the stair well is a gigantic pendulum used to demonstrate the motion of the earth. This large room is full of

models demonstrating the action of chemicals. All the observer does is press a button and liquids come from various parts of the device through transparent tubes to mixing bowl. A complete explanation is written on each machine. At the close of the demonstration the apparatus is automatically emptied and washed—ready for the next customer. Here is another vast room. It contains a turning stool with adjustable weights to show the action of a governor on engines, and a great number of other exhibits. There are devices to show the function of various parts of a radio, and the effect of body capacity. At the other side of the room are exhibits showing that pendulums are not controlled by weight, but by length. Why, what's the matter? Did that bolt of artificial lightning which just cracked like a whip, annoy you? It's small wonder, for that was a 15,000 volt discharge and I hesitate to say what it could do to a human. Over there, however, is a generator which produces a high voltage, low amperage discharge, that merely tickles us if we bridge the circuit. Well, Bill, there's a telescope upstairs, but if we wait an hour or so, we won't need a telescope to see the stars. We've been here six hours already, and haven't seen half the exhibits, I regret to say. Nevertheless we'd better hurry home and eat, if you want to catch your train."

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM, Fr. 7.



### Child Curiosity

**W**HAT power on earth gives a child his ability to ask inexplicable questions? My, how many times I have heard this question asked by mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, and, incidentally, teachers. Until recently I was not aware of the actual seriousness of this problem. But nine weeks in a classroom of curious little six-year olds, added to many nights spent in reading to youngsters in the neighborhood, have revealed to me the reason why teachers sooner or later acquire that harassed expression. Just imagine yourself a young and eager student teacher who is teaching a supervised English lesson in which the children carry on a telephone conversation. Suddenly, one of your "x" pupils, as a matter of fact, your very "dependable" child, wishes to know just how his voice is carried from his telephone to John's telephone. Because your period is very short, you tell him that you will explain his question during some other lesson. You reassure your supervisor that you will attempt to enlighten the child. By now you wish that you either had understood the action of sound waves when you studied it in Physics,

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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or else had kept your copious notes! You wonder why Jimmie could not have saved his question as a contribution to his dinner table discussion at home.

The next day you find that Mary wants to know what thunder and lightning are and where they come from, Jack wants to know how a plant grows from a tiny seed, and shy little Bobby would like you to explain how a baby chick ever gets inside an egg. You arrive home in a state of almost mental disorder, and find that Mr. and Mrs. B. want you to stay with Billy that night. You consent to help them out provided that Billy is in bed when you arrive. But you fail to add that he must also be asleep. After you are comfortably settled in the soft Morris chair, you hear light footsteps and soon Billy's little curly head appears over the railing. Of course he wants to know what you are doing and why you are doing it but you turn his mind to his own school work. You learn that he is studying about Australia. Before you have had time to recall whether Australia is a continent or a country, he asks about the weather in that region. Naturally you do not remember Australia's equatorial location. But, being very tired, you make a good guess with the hope that the geography teacher's idea of the climate will agree with yours.

On Saturday afternoon, you are watching Mrs. X's son, a prospective scientist of four years. Suddenly you notice the beautiful red glow in the western sky and you call his attention to it. He gazes at it, and, with a quizzical expression, says "Where does the sun go at night?" Now you remember having passed a course in physical geography in which you learned that day and night are caused by the rotation of the earth about the sun. You also remember that your teacher used several pieces of rather complicated geographical equipment to explain this theory. You finally manage to create an "earth" and a "sun" and you begin to rotate the earth as you believe it to move. But then you find that this young Einstein can't quite understand how these bodies hang in space. At this, you give up!

And so it goes on and on. Wherever you find a child you find this insatiable curiosity. Lying in bed at night, thoroughly wornout, you wonder if perhaps you will be able to train your first real class to ask only explicable questions. But from the reports of others, you doubt it. Therefore, you decide to be a sport and pleasantly accept the fate of all other teachers and parents.

S. STRUMSKY, Jr. 8.

## Foot Caught; Fancy Free

CAN you pass the window of a travel bureau without stopping to gaze and gaze at colorful scenes of foreign lands and wonder how it would feel to *be* there? I can't. Perhaps this is another of the by gone delights of the Age of Romanticism that have no place in this Day of Realism (and Surrealism). But I am glad for the bit of imagination that helps one forget the blunter realities "which are ever with us" and lifts care-worn individuals to heights they may never attain *except* in imagination.

Here's a travel poster showing the long liner that is going to carry us away from the familiar—tiresomely familiar—realities that hem us in. Night on board ship—standing by the rail—watching. No sign of land; only a dark sky and dark waters through which our ship cuts its path. A kindly moon sailing by overhead, smiling benevolently as he sends down radiant beams. He understands the frailty of humans; he knows why they have been awaiting his entrance to the heavens. Night—on board the ship that's carrying us far, far away. . . .

Do you see only bare, brown desert and a scrawny string of camels on the poster advertising "Egypt's Mysteries"? Let's look more closely at the camels; we can begin to *feel* the seasickness of the swaying traveler gazing uncertainly at the sand far below his high perch on a camel's back. Perhaps the uneven, jogging gait is beginning to affect his thoroughly American stomach; perhaps he prefers that we do not watch him for the next few moments. . . .

A colorful poster in the foreground of the window catches the eye; "See Venice." Venice—of the busy, wet streets, graceful gondolas, strumming mandolins. Can't you hear the murmuring of the waves as they break on the prows of the little ships? A faint whiff of perfume adds enchantment to the starry night. Lean back on the soft cushions so you can better watch the strong oarsman easily paddling with little rippling splashes. Then suddenly, a loud, cruel splash, we're back where we started—standing in front of a glass window.

Oh, it's cruel to come back to reality again—back to standing on a chilly corner outside a travel bureau. But there's some consolation in the thought that for a few moments, at least, we had all the thrills of the carefree traveller without his discomforts.

Spring brings many grievous complaints to unfortunate humans—hay fever, asthma, lovers' lane lumbago, and others of like ilk. But it brings, also, relief, and release to those who are infected as I am—with travel fever.

J. PERLMAN, Soph. 2.

## We, the Teachers

TAKE all the subject matter in our courses of study, mix in a generous sprinkling of teaching methods, add three or four habits and attitudes, stir well—and you still haven't approached the real business of real teaching. Only a few years ago these things alone were considered the sole business of the teacher, but the same political-economic forces that have brought us the C. I. O. and the sit-down strike have operated to bring us a similar revolution in educational thought.

Modern educators—meaning Dewy, Counts, Kilpatrick, and a few others—have adopted a new interpretation of what teachers should teach, and the pros and cons of that interpretation center about the problem of whether the teacher should or should not be allowed to discuss controversial subjects in the classroom under the pay of the state. And on that battleground we have one of the bitterest wars in educational history with Counts, on one side, throwing out the challenge "Dare the School Build A New Social Order", and hosts on the other side throwing out "Red Riders" and Teacher's Oath bills. One would have us educate children to think by thinking with them on real problems; the other would have us give the children only the fundamentals—let them learn of modern problems on their own initiative.

What's your relation to the question? Just this. Study it, dissect it in all its manifestations, crystalize your own opinion and become a real teacher; or forget about it, and become a mere dabbler in teaching technique.

MELVYN SEEMAN, Jr. 4.



## On the Peace Question

Today, in many sections of the globe, and especially in America, there is a clamouring for Peace. Even S. T. C. is subscribing to the program of pacifism by dedicating a week to peace education. But be it known that *mere* education of public opinion, commendable as it is, will not in itself prevent war. There are few who would contend that any sizeable portion of the population want war. Certainly not! The people want peace!

And this is no new feeling. Woodrow Wilson was elected as president in 1916 "to keep America out of war". This should be some indication of popular feeling about the World War. However, when Ambassador Page recommended that America enter the war to preserve "her" commercial prestige, and war was declared, Public Opinion, that subtle and metaphysical device, was so cleverly manipulated through the great



propaganda machine that it turned a complete about face on the war question. Pacifists, hitherto honorable and respected citizens, were beaten down with a holy fervor by the patriots so passionately inflamed with the madness.

Dr. Carl Becker of Cornell has nicely summed up this situation by saying that during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the people of the world heartily loved peace and have consistently engaged in war.

The only effective final solution of the problems of war is, we believe, political organization and political action to control and limit the function of the military state. There must be a thorough understanding of the social and economic bases of war. And this must be followed by definite action—political and educational. If we are really interested in promoting a lasting peace we must not follow the unworthy example of the Rev. Dr. Edward L. Israel. Dr. Israel withdrew from the American League Against War and Fascism, the most dynamic organization in America for combatting the twin evils of war and Fascism, because there were some Communists in the league. We suspect that he will find some of every variety of political creed in all progressive movements—even Communists. If he waits to find one free of leftists before making his contribution, his wait will be long and his contribution eventually lost.

C. LEEF, Fr. 4.



## Teachers' Tardiness

THE scene is in a downtown department store sometime around noon on Saturday. A young woman's gaze pierces the mob in search of her already an hour late companion.

"What in the world could have happened to Ruth?" she muses. Possibly she overslept,—trouble finding a parking space, delayed at the library—" But not terribly disturbed because Ruth was always late—Never meets appointments on time.

Bursting forth from the crowd tumbles Ruth, hair straying around her face, a costume full of chalk, and dabbed bits of make-up poorly applied.

"My dear, I'm so sorry. Have you been waiting so very long? I just could not get ready. Couldn't find a decent pair of stockings, clock was slow; and traffic jams, ugh."

And as the two trailed off we gather they have much to accomplish in an afternoon, the result of which will be largely aimless discussion.

Now let's turn to a scene in Ruth's schoolroom. At nine five Ruth is marking roll and again her patience is disturbed by Penelope who is not in her place. Just as the roll is placed in the desk Penelope appears

on the scene. If you could be an unseen guest and a good listener this conversation would reach your ears.

"You people must learn to get in your places by nine o'clock. I didn't make the rule. That's a rule of the school and must be obeyed. Penny, may I ask how long you could hold a job if you continued to be late? Why no employer would keep you very long. And you being late not only makes a bad habit become better established in you but you are causing the reputation of this class to fall. How long has it been since we have had the attendance banner? Why the class I had last year. . . ."

And so it is that we as a professional group of supposedly intelligent and socially minded individuals demand promptness from our pupils. But can you recall some of the well known meetings of the Annual State Teachers Associations? What percentage of the ten thousand school teachers in Maryland came on time? Can you recall many holiday dinners and alumni banquets when the delayed dinner was due to late brethren in the field? Few are conscious that promptness is a rule of etiquette as well as a rule on the books of the Department of Education.

M. JONES, Sr.



### Sonnet

In years to come  
When I sit by my fireplace, alone,  
I shall be weary and numbed  
By a thought of days long flown,  
And sitting there I shall glance  
Into the depths of burning flame  
To see there, perchance,  
Your face, which needs no name  
Recalling to me your careless grace  
Your lengthy stride or sudden smile.  
Upon my ear echoes a chance phrase  
Not forgotten after so long a while.  
A decade may erase  
The face, gone so quickly in the fire.

M. CUNNINGHAM, Sr.

## The Library—At Your Service

### Best Seller

"My dear, have you read *Gone With the Wind*? No? Well, you don't know what you're missing. Why, it's simply marvelous. . ."

Thus gushed a friend overflowing with enthusiasm. I was not impressed and nonchalantly went my way. Boarding a street car sneezing to a start, I was violently projected into a group of strap-hangers and made a forced landing on the feet of a seated woman passenger. She was imperturbably absorbed in reading a thick grey book, not even hearing my apologies. Curious as to what was so completely occupying her attention, I looked at the title: it was *Gone With the Wind*.

My third encounter with the popular novel was in the form of a book review oozing with honeyed superlatives. It did not greatly stimulate me, for I had heard other novels praised extravagantly. For several months I remained immune to the fever of curiosity concerning the book, even to such arousing devices as radio comedians' witty allusions and columnists' punny moments. Then, between acts at the theater, I heard:

"Don't you think Rhett is simply the most fascinating person? He's got that certain something. . ."

The name didn't sound familiar, but I was interested.

"Ummmhuh. Just my type. Tall, dark and handsome, with a past but his heart in the right place."

My pulse increased its speed to 78 per.

"Couldn't you just wring Scarlett's neck for treating him that way?"

Oh, oh! thought I. Somebody's jealous!

"You know, somebody told me that Margaret Mitchell herself didn't know whether he came back to Scarlett."

Mitchell . . . Mitchell—oh, yes! The author of *Gone With the Wind*. But what. . .?

"Really, it's the most marvelous book. . .!"

Then I remembered. In the movie news I had read: "The studio is experiencing difficulty in finding an actress capable of portraying Scarlett O'Hara in the coming production of *Gone with the Wind*."

My curiosity had been provoked, but I felt too busy to read the book, even if it should be as excellent as all the public raving proclaimed it to be. But my nonacquaintance with the favorite topic of discussion made me feel very much out of place in conversations. In justice to my self-respect I hesitantly asked the librarian if *Gone With the Wind*—"No chance. Someone grabbed it the minute it was returned."

Well, that settles that, I thought. Now I have a good excuse for not reading it until I have just lots of time. But at lunch I noticed that

one of my usually very talkative companions was feeling her way into a sandwich while intently devouring a large gray volume. "The Yankees are coming to Atlanta!" she gasped, and nearly choked on a piece of tuna fish.

That was too much. Saturation had brought me to the reading point. Having the will, I found the way to a copy.

I urged my tired eyes on to their goal of page 1037 . . . I sighed, closed the book, and turned to my nearest neighbor:

"Have you read *Gone With the Wind*? No? Well, it's simply—it's marvelous!"

EVELYN A. FIEDLER. Fr. 4.



### Observed In the Library

With a deep-drawn sigh, as if in misery, she flipped the page over carelessly and planted her elbows firmly on either side of the book. Turning abruptly around, so as to face her right hand neighbor, she began to converse gestulatively.

Upon finishing her conversation with a giggle she turned back to her work with a concentrative frown. A close observer may have easily believed the young lady had the troubles of the world on her shoulders.

Looking up suddenly, she reached for her fountain pen and began to write furiously. She stopped, snapped her fingers, and looked impatiently for an eraser. She found it, used it, and returned to her work with renewed vigor until interrupted by her neighbor.

Apparently giving up the idea of studying, she placed her pen in her pocketbook and closed her books.

As she sat there she began to tell her friends about an amusing incident that had come out of her day's teaching. Her voice began to mount in pitch and volume, the group drew closer to a common interest, when without warning came the librarian's stern voice, "I'm very sorry, but if you want to talk you have to get out."

"Yes ma'am," retorted the girl and picking up her books she waved to the bewildered group and marched haughtily out into the hall.

E. BEAM, Sr.



### Grubbing Along With a Bookworm

S O OFTEN parents like to measure their offspring's development by outstanding episodes characterizing different stages of his growth. They like to think of Johnny when he first walked across the living room floor unaided, when he first mastered his two wheel bicycle, and when he first became girl conscious. But I like to look back upon

my own childhood with a different analysis, using the most influential molding factor in my life to mark my growth. In short, I like to look back over my changed tastes in literature as symbols of my development.

At the tender age of five I was launched upon my journey over the sea of literature, and my little bark was destined for a long tossing and a changing course. The friends who set me upon my journey had the best intentions, but what a choice of books I was subjected to! The one book which made a lasting impression upon me was a collection of stories of little girls who met horrible fates as the result of their disobedience. The moral tone was so morally moral that its effect still last. Shall I ever forget *Careless Jane*. Jane, who never hung her clothes up as Mother told her! In short, she was the most perfectly careless child who ever lived. Alas, the fateful day when Jane picked up the forbidden plaything—the ax, and chopped, chopped, chopped. Suddenly the ax slipped, for Jane was still careless, and cut off Jane's leg. And there, opposite this gruesome tale, was the picture of *Careless Jane* with a gory pool on the floor beneath her jagged wound; and there, beside the pool, was the severed half of the leg.

There was also *Nosey Catherine*, who could never be content with the affairs of her own small world, but was ever engaged in minding other people's business. She stretched her neck so much that it grew longer and longer. She refused to stop and so did the neck. When she became a young lady, *Nosey Catherine* had the great embarrassment of having to pull her neck about on a little wagon. Good wholesome moral stories, you say? I wonder.

Fortunately for me my teachers soon had me under the spell of "*Chicken Little*" and "*The Little Red Hen*". But these stories merely continued the same period of literary growth, the period when my books were selected for me. It was in my seventh year that an important development occurred. I had a constant desire to enter that sacred edifice known as the *Enoch Pratt Library*, and to emerge with a book miraculously entrusted to my care. At length I mustered enough courage to enter and stand before the huge desk. I told my first deliberate lie. In order to obtain membership I pretended that I was eight years old. I trembled lest they discover that I was only seven years and seven months. That proud day when I emerged with the largest book on the shelf as the symbol of my own selection was stamped on my memory in indelible ink.

My library privilege spelled good-bye to *Chicken Littles* and *Little Red Hens*. My romantic imagination gloried in fairy tales. Witches, goblins, princesses, *Prince Charming's*, wizards, elves, and fairies filled my waking and dream hours. Fairies were more real to me than visitors. In fact, Great aunt Emma scolded mother severely for my lack of in-

terest in her. How I loved my world of fancy! "Princess and Curdie", "The Silver Thread", "Three Wishes", "Rose and the Ring", and "Bluebird" were, and still are, favorites. But I was to awake from my dreamland by some mysterious method known only as change.

I was beginning to want to read about real people. I wanted to read of girls like me—girls who had secret clubs, camp life, life in the city, life in places I was unfamiliar with, and all types of girls. My fairyland was beginning to seem silly. I was beginning to see that life is real, and as the trends of my thinking changed, my choice in literature changed accordingly. "Eight Cousins", "Under the Lilacs", "Butterfly House", "Nellie's Silver Mine", "Five Little Peppers", and "Tom Sawyer" became lords and ladies in the court ruled by "Little Women". My fairyland became a thing of the past, and my reading carried me into a land of reality.

Adolescence and high school brought a distinct advance in the choice of reading material, but for the most part I still stayed with reality. Classics were studiously read and the bill of fare tempered with lighter, modern books. In general, my reading lessened in volume, slowed in rate, but involved more concentration and contemplation.

So we have, in passing, the changing literary tastes characterizing the growth of a unified bit of protoplasm. From the child who read what was selected for her, to the child lost in fairyland, to the girl awakening to reality, to the questioning adolescent. . . And now whither? Will there be an enrichment of stimulating, thought-provoking literature? The answer lies with the future.

D. LOUISE TAYLOR, Fr. 1



### Light for All of Us

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT said that our government was a three-horse team and that all three horses must pull together to do the best work. We think that this is just as true of our library. Such groups in the library are the faculty, the library staff, and the students.

How can these three horses pull together for the greatest good of all? Carter Alexander, Library Professor at Teachers' College, Columbia, answers this question in an article called "Blind Spots In Using Library Materials", in Teachers College Record, February, 1937. Before we can prescribe a cure, we must first find the causes of the trouble, or "blind spots", as Prof. Alexander calls them.

Profitable use of library materials in any higher educational institution depends upon the keenness of instructional and learning vision of the three groups mentioned above. The author says, "Like physical sight, instructional vision may overcome its blind spots by allowing for them. Each group must look at profitable use of the library from different viewpoints."

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The "blind spots" in any of the groups is practically a manifestation of two things; namely, failing to grasp the instructional process of using library materials as a whole and not considering the other two groups, the last producing serious difficulties all around.

First, let us consider faculty "blind spots". Three "blind spots" cause students trouble many times. The first is the instructor's lack of a clear functional conception of the types of library experiences he intends to give his students. The second is his failure to take into account just what the student can and cannot do with library materials. The third is employing poor motivation in encouraging use of the library by students. If the student is to be guided to use library materials, the instructors and library staff must convince him that the library can serve his individual needs as can nothing else. The second fault will continue, says the author, until the instructors come down to earth with assignments. Faculty "blind spots" on library service arise mainly from lack of appreciation of the real nature of that service.

The problems of the staff of any library are fundamentally those of transportation and distribution. The library tries always to have enough of the proper books where they are needed when they are needed. To do this, the staff must at all times know where all books are. To do this, they maintain elaborate records, a procedure requiring considerable time under the best conditions. Faculty members have no right to expect good library service unless they cooperate with these necessary requirements, and the same truth applies for students to a much greater extent. This means that faculty members should request new books as far ahead as possible, send in reserve lists well in advance, exercise due patience, and avoid unnecessarily handicapping students by their own use of reserve and recent books.

The "blind spots" of students on library utilization arise mainly from immaturity and inexperience. These are of course inevitable at the start, but it is not at all necessary that these continue. The most important student "blind spots" are: failure to understand the great library resources for meeting student needs; lack of realization that successful library use requires special knowledges and techniques that the student can acquire only by his own efforts; neglect of planning library work before attempting to do it; inability to appreciate the need of cooperating fully and promptly with the library staff.

In relation to the library staff, students have much the same "blind spots" as faculty members, with two additional ones. The first is failure to realize that on the whole the student must adjust to the library administration, and not the library to the inexperienced and untrained student. The second is failure to comprehend that the student should obey the library regulations as long as they are in force, seeking improvements

(Continued on page 46)

# THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of  
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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BELLE VODENOS

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

"A school is a habit, a striving, a way of thinking, an ideal to be accomplished. It is a mirror reflecting what is best in current thought and aspiration. It is a prophecy, a hope, a forward look."



### **“The Defense Answers”**

**I**N a recent debate on a normal school appropriation bill in one of our legislative bodies, the following arguments were urged in opposition to the appropriation by Edgar G. Doudna, secretary, Board of Regents, Madison, Wisconsin:

1. We have too many normal schools.
2. We are training teachers for other states.
3. This year we had several hundred more normal school graduates than we needed. They went to other states and we paid the bill.
4. It's time we turn to the essentials of education set up by our fathers. Our pupils do not measure up. They fail in colleges and universities.
5. Our normal schools—now teachers' colleges—are over emphasizing the training of high school teachers and neglecting their elementary courses.
6. Teachers' colleges have gone degree mad and are trying to become liberal arts colleges and graduate schools.

In answer to these various indictments of the institution that we represent, the teachers' colleges accept their field as that of the education and training of teachers for all grades of the public schools.

A second principle that teachers' colleges are insisting upon is that all of their work must be of collegiate grade. There have come with this shift from the secondary to college level some extremely difficult problems of harmonizing the purely academic viewpoint with the teacher training program. Much greater emphasis is now being placed upon adequate and realistic knowledge; but because this is so evident in the new teachers' college set up it is unfair indeed to conclude that the other problem is being neglected or that the teachers' colleges face that which they cannot overcome alone. We are living in one of the most confusing, unsettled, and disillusioned periods of history; old values are being questioned, old standards overthrown, and old governments succeeded by new and terrifying dictatorships. In the totalitarian states of Russia, Italy, and Germany the schools have been organized into vast and perfectly functioning propaganda agencies set upon indoctrinating youth with the political philosophy of the dictator. This determines organization, curricula, textbooks, teaching personnel and even classroom methods. Literally education in these countries is definitely and specifically training for complete subordination of the individual to the state as represented by its dictator. Government steps in to take care of the subject almost as much as the subject takes care of his cattle. And so in Japan, Russia, Italy, and many minor countries democracy has disappeared as an ideal.

In such governments the education and training of teachers becomes

relatively easy. The answers are all in the back of the book. Power comes from above, confidence and obedience from below. To two thirds of the population of the world that is basic education today.

We, on the other hand, are grappling with the problem of developing an education, which includes a teacher education program, for making a democratic society in which each can achieve his own destiny under a government of and by, and for all of the people. Now this very priceless freedom is challenged. Without recognizing the implications there are voices calling for swift and complete centralization—the subordination of education and the schools to social reorganization and regimentation, the essence of Fascism—and because teachers' colleges are close to the people, close to the common school, close to the needs of the common man, they may be and probably are at the very center of the struggle to maintain and improve our democratic way of life. L. R. HEADLEY.



### Frustration

Oh yes, 'tis hard for me to  
write a sonnet  
For here I sit while precious  
time slips by  
Oh woe is me when'er I  
think, upon it!  
But ne'er the light breaks  
through although I try.  
My other studies all go unprepared  
My worries turn to imps and  
dance around  
I beg my friends for help  
but no one cared  
This tears at heart and brain  
and wears me down  
But shall I let this demon  
conquer me?  
Am I a senior or am I a  
mouse  
No, my unbonded spirit shall  
go free!  
They shall not say that I will  
break my vows  
For if need be I shall put  
on my bonnet  
For all is fair in love and  
and war and sonnet.

MURIEL JONES, Sr.

# TEACHERS COLLEGE RECORD

## Enrollment Campaign

Students and faculty filing out two by two on their way to all parts of Maryland! They are seeking to find new students for our college, students who will be a real addition to the teaching profession. We hope that the efforts of our campaigners will be successful and that we shall see many of these now senior high school students in our college next year. Our motto is, "One of the best students from each high school in the State."



## Seen and Heard at the "Tower Light" Dance

The faculty looking like debutants

"J. P." Gamerman's tux.

Miss Munn's corsage

John City's scintillating rhythms

J. Wheeler in a pitcher of punch

Myriads of balloons

S. Hatton's gardenia (Surprising the places that girls can find to plant flowers)

Another announcement gag

Those cosmopolitan alumni

J. Wheeler in two pitchers of punch

E. Pennington as "Rebecca at the Well" (Or was it the punch bowl)

Miss Neunsinger's infectious laugh

"Execution" of the latest in Swing—Ranft and Hatton slinging it

(Remarkable these modern Terpsichorean creations)

L. Headley's patchwork wrap (Or was it a bedspread?)

Two more balloons taken care of—Pop! Pop!

The ever elusive Mr. Walther pulls a fast one

One round Wheeler—Can he take the punch?

E. Beam holding a mortgage on the faculty sofa (If furniture could only talk!)

Shylock Schreiber and his ducats

Several Freshmen showing possibilities

A swell time had by all—

Aren't you sorry you weren't there?



## Tower Light Dance

What: A grand time.

Where: Tower Light Dance.

Why: A good orchestra, clever decorations, lovely flowers, perfect partners, gay balloons.

Note: Thanks to all who came, to all who helped; we hope you enjoyed it.



### Assemblies

March 22—Mr. Podlich

After sixteen years or so of formal schooling, Mr. Podlich, the seventh grade teacher of the Campus School, took two months to skim superficially over a small segment of the world. In preparation for his trip, in March, 1936, Mr. Podlich joined the steward's department of The International Seaman's Union. On July 1, he boarded an American Republic ship bound for Philadelphia, New York and South America. The ship stopped at Rio de Janeiro which has one of the best natural harbors: Santos, the chief coffee exporting port of Brazil; Sao Paulo, the chief coffee market and world famous for its snake farms; Montevideo; Buenos Aires with its artificial harbor; Bahia, the city of two levels connected by an elevator; and Pernambuco. The entire talk was illustrated with slides made from negatives taken on the journey. These were found to be inexpensive and valuable teaching material. Mr. Podlich believes that the most valuable of his experiences was being on the water and being in contact with thirty-five people in the intimate fashion necessary aboard ship.

April 1—Dr. Weglein

We hope Dr. Weglein was not April fooling us when he gave his annual assembly. The latest available statistics that he presented showed bright prospects for this and future graduating classes. Graduating students, however, should not consider this the ultimate end; the training of teachers goes on and on. Dr. Weglein wishes the success of the future teacher could be more accurately estimated before he enters a professional school, but at present one indication of future success is the scholastic record. It must be remembered though, that personal characteristics of the individual are much more important than the necessary high scholastic record, for the teacher must be a living example. Training, experience, ability and personal characteristics are considered for promotions, so that only those who keep on growing stay in the profession.

April 8—Dr. Bamburger

The topic of Dr. Bamburger's talk was "Be Yourself and Know Yourself To Be." She discussed the importance of liberal education and liberal democracy. Dr. Bamburger earnestly believes that a person's life is inter-acted upon by the community in which he lives—that man is the product of this interaction and environment. She left us with the thought

that each person must know himself before he can successfully accomplish any task, great or small.

April 12—Margery McBride

To continue the series of assemblies given by members of the senior class, Miss Margery McBride talked about the English. Because she herself was born in England (she insists she is thoroughly Americanized, though). Miss McBride is in a position to dispute with foreigners who doubt whether or not the English are human. We find them prone to talk of trivial things in the face of death and hide their talents, and that they are above all, lacking in a sense of humor. Their customs, morals and manners are traditional. Certain things just are not done; it is bad taste to show one's feelings. Miss McBride concluded that they are formal and reserved but human, and agrees with the late Will Rogers that we both have manners and customs that drive each other crazy.

H. DAVIS.



### Sharp Notes

Now that one musical organization is famous, it is high time to bring to light the activities of the other. During the past weeks, the Orchestra has been rehearsing for the coming events in which it will take part. As a passing note, the orchestra played, at the assembly on March 18, the "Spanish Dance" by Moussorgsky.

When the school gambols on the green on May Day, the Orchestra will be there to help with music for the gambols, as well as lending "Pomp" (Elgar's) to the procession of the Queen.

Soon after May Day, the orchestra is going to give an assembly concert. At the concert will be featured several solos, and orchestral numbers.

By the time the concert is over, commencement will be here. That means one thing—many rehearsals. The orchestra contributes two or three selections to the ceremonies as the final performance of the season. But until commencement is here, to paraphrase a famous remark, "we work harder than you think".

H. G.



### Who's Who

ELEANORA LIVINGSTON BOWLING

Born, Baltimore. Schools—Western High School, Maryland State Normal School, '28, Maryland Institute. In high school—editor-in-chief "Westward Ho", secretary Art Club, vice-president Fencing Club, winner Imogene George Memorial Prize for highest average in English, second Peabody gold medal for general scholarship. In Normal School—Editor-in-chief "Tower Light", vice-president General Student Council,

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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Chi Alpha Sigma Honorary Fraternity. Member—Maryland Historical Society, National League of American Penwomen, historian of the Southern Maryland Society of Colonial Dames.—Writes and directs weekly radio feature "Your Baltimore Schools" over WCAO. Author of poetry, feature article in the April issue of "Character in Everyday Life", and of first prize-winning script in the National League of American Penwomen's Radio Contest—1937.

### HAROLD MANAKEE

Graduated 1927, Maryland State Normal School at Towson. Teaching ever since—5 years elementary, 5 years junior high, 2 years night school; no degree, a few courses toward one. Likes history and ideals. Many articles for newspapers, mostly Sunday Sun Magazine—few recently; several magazines, co-author "My Maryland", Ginn and Co., with Dr. Wheeler, and Beta Koessmann—now the "better half"—and I'm not careless with my fractions!

### CHARLES E. RENN

Born, Frederick County. Graduated 1924, Maryland State Normal School. Taught rural school in Frederick County two years. Also taught in Bloomfield, N. Y. Elementary School and High School. Received M.S. from N. Y. University, and Ph.D. from Rutgers. Instructor in biology at Harvard and Research worker at Wood's Hole Oceanographic Institution.

### LASSELL RITTENHOUSE COMEGYS

Graduated 1928, Eastern High School; 1931, Maryland State Normal School. Taught in Baltimore three years. Married June 16, 1934 to Dr. Richard W. Comegys of Claton, Delaware.

### HELEN NICOLS BARGER

Graduated in Class of 1928—Chi Alpha Sigma, President of Class, Editor of Crystal, Ten dollar Citizenship prize (Bank in Towson). Teacher in Baltimore City from September 1929 until April 1934. Married on January 7, 1933 to Frank Barger a member of the faculty at McDonogh School, McDonogh, Maryland. Judith Lloyd Barger was born on September 17, 1934. In Charge of McDonogh School Alumni Office since March 1937.

### EVELYN R. GIRARDIN

State Normal School at Towson, 1929—Teacher in Guilford School, No. 24, until 1931. Montebello Demonstration School 1931-1935. Teacher in charge of Curriculum Revision for Primary Grades, 1935—. Teacher in Homewood Demonstration School, summers of 1934, 1935, 1936. Member of Lambda Theta Fraternity, John Hopkins.

### ALLAN HULSIZER

Director of Rural Education at Towson 1923-1926. His record follows: Harvard, A.B.; Columbia, A.M.; Director Rural Schools, Haiti,

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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1927-1929, decorated by Haitian Government; Director Delaware Demonstration School, 1929-1934; Supervisor, Secondary Education U.S. Indian Office 1934—; Director Demonstration Schools Summer 1930, University of Delaware and summer 1933 Alabama College; Instructor in Education Syracuse University, Summer 1933; Member Curriculum Committee, National Society for the study of Curriculum and Author of a Chapter in the 1937 Publication of this Society "The Community and its relationship with the School" (in press D. Appleton-Century); Other published articles—October, 1933. "Navajo Communities and Secondary Education", Junior-Senior Clearing House (N. Y. University), March, 1935. Helped publish "Old Georgetown" by Fourth Grade Children (copies in Library of Congress), and a Haitian Reader, also in Library of Congress. Vacation travel in Mexico, Canada, West Indies, and Europe.



### Ho-Hum

Ask any traveler to New York the answers to these questions:

1. What persons put money in the turnstile to get out? Even the cosmopolitan Mr. Royston was not above such a procedure.
2. To whom did Mr. Goldstein send a letter and in his newly acquired "big city haste", forget to sign his name?
3. In what room weren't there enough beds to go around?
4. What boy will continue to sleep on three chairs from habit?
5. Do boys pack clothes well? (Answer this with a two letter word.)
6. Were there steps in the Commodore?
7. What is the name of the nearest cafeteria to the hotel?
8. What gentlemen slept through Romeo and Juliet?
9. Can you describe the limb used in Horace Heights novelty number?
10. What is the largest drink sold on Broadway for five cents?
11. Who appreciates the advantages of Mr. Bell's invention?
12. What three young ladies walked some distance at one o'clock to buy a coca cola?
13. Why did Mr. Goldstein lose his voice?
14. Did any one have any more energy than Ubie and Alma?
15. Were there any delegates from Connecticut?
16. What happened across the court?
17. Did you like your new breakfast companions, girls?
18. Could any one have looked more regal than Miss Rutledge?
19. How much New York silver is missing?
20. What flowers are found on every street corner?
21. What Tower Light staff member ate his own breakfast and finished several others?

22. Who gave the longest student's speech? (He's a Junior 4 member. For further hint see initials A. G.)
23. What did Bob use his remaining two cents for?
24. Why did Martha get more sleep than any one on the trip?
25. How do we like our campus at M.S.T.C.?
26. Does the word "shuttle" refer to a loom?
27. Why was Fleck shocked by the bill in Longchamps?
28. Why did Mickey and Sandy laugh at the finger bowls?
29. What did the "fortunes" show about Schreiber? (Do you believe that cards don't lie, Mauriee?)
30. Was the floor comfortable, Melvyn?
31. What two Freshmen girls had to knock the conductor down for their luggage?
32. Did Miss Woodward have a bird or butterfly on her hat?
33. How was the room service?
34. Would you like to go again?

For those at home the campus grew suddenly beautiful in a brief length of time. Any day now, we shall feel ourselves capable of producing romance reports, for in the spring a young man's fancy—. Perhaps the Ho-Hum editor will run a bureau to arrange the affairs of Mr. Cupid.

We are looking forward with eagerness to May Day when our queen and her court will trip across the field and the Jr. 4 boys cavort about the May Pole. People with cameras will find the May Pole a likely subject. Probably one could make much money for one picture. Mr. Sokolow is to be the May pole. And by the way, Mr. Sokolow proved to be the height of nonchalance about New York. He had the natives practically asking him directions. Hurray for Sock.

The year is passing quickly and soon will be a mark in my diary. Do make some news in the remaining time to be reported on!

PLAIN JANE.



### Sports Angle

Gee, but it's great to be alive these days. Spring, with its budding trees, sweet-smelling flowers and chirping birds, is here again. Another sure sign of the good old spring time is the zooming of baseballs over the North Campus.

The team, after considerable juggling by Coach Minnegan is beginning to assume the form of a well-balanced, hard fighting unit. Most of our practice games have been tucked away on the right side of the ledger and in our only major set-to we made a splendid showing against Hopkins. In this latter game we shelled the offerings of Rubinger, a veteran right-hander for nine times as many hits as we collected off his delivery two



years ago. The Towsonites led their opponents in the eighth inning but about that time things began to happen. Hopkins garnered six runs and the ball game in less than five minutes. The cause was a combination of inexperienced material and bad luck. The boys however, went down fighting and Hopkins knew it had been up against a good team.

There are many games remaining on the schedule. Why not come out some afternoon and spur the boys on to victory? They need and deserve your support and enthusiasm.



### Under the Weather Vane

Around whirls the Weather Vane and when it stops it finds us in the middle of our spring activities. Already boys and girls are in training for the Athletic Meet at Patterson Park. We hope that the Campus School will be well represented. Several teams are being formed and children are working for their badges.

The Annual Arbor Day ceremony was held on April 9. In the program we had motion pictures about wild life. Later we planted two cranberry trees in the part of the glen set aside as a bird sanctuary.

We are now looking forward to Glen Day which will be on May 18, in place of Father and Son Night. This is the first year in which both fathers and mothers have been invited to see the glen.

The Student Council is staging a "Grass Campaign", which is to be carried out by the Fifth and Sixth Grades with the cooperation of the entire school and college. The Sixth Grade is also urging the Milk Fund drive.

Once a year the children entertain their parents at the Te-Pa-Chi Club meeting. This year the program was entitled "Arts in the Modern Curriculum", in which the children from the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Grades took part. A play called "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp", songs and dances made up the entertainment. The evening was enjoyed by all.

So another sheet of the calendar is turned and another month of activities has passed in the Campus School.

SEVENTH GRADE.

April 16, 1937



### Student Conference at Salisbury

**P**ERSONAL character problems was the theme of the student conference held at Salisbury State Teachers' College on April ninth and tenth. High school seniors from the southern and eastern sections of the state especially, students at the college, and others interested in

youth and education met to hear talks and participate in forum discussions under leaders who had something to say.

The conference opened Friday afternoon with registration and an introductory meeting. This was followed by a reception and dance, dinner, and "All College Night", an elaborate entertainment program. Serious business, resumed Saturday morning, featured forum discussions stimulated by questions outlined in the program. Something of their nature and value may be gathered from a list of the forums and leaders.

1. "Preparing for and Finding the Right Job"—Miss Amery, State Dept. of Education.
2. "Finding Opportunity to Bear Responsibility as Citizens"—Dr. Manny, University of Maryland.
3. "Developing and Following an Acceptable Philosophy of Life"—Rev. Williams, Wicomico Presbyterian Church, Salisbury.
4. "Determining and Securing the Right Kind of Education"—Dean Small, U. of M.
5. "Making Proper Adjustments in the Home"—Mrs. Coppage, Md. Congress of Parents and Teachers.

At the closing meeting, in the afternoon, an inspirational address was delivered by Rev. Green, Bethesda M. P. Church, Salisbury, and a summary of significant points was made by Mr. Caruthers, of the S. T. C. faculty.

Some statements picked at random from the conference may or may not do justice to the work, as connotations are read into them. "We are not only preparing for life, we are living." "The danger in a democracy is that citizens do not assume their responsibilities." "People come to college for three reasons;—because of a thirst for knowledge, to prepare for work, or because it's the thing to do." All three may be legitimate". "The home is conducted for all members of the family". "What you get from college depends on what you bring to it". "We may tolerate conditions at variance with our ideals, but we must not accept them".

J. C. KLIER.



### Gretchen and the Mystery of the Castle

**A** LONG time ago in the Middle Ages, there lived a little girl with her mother and father. They lived in an old cottage. The little girl's name was Gretchen. Gretchen's father worked for Lord Brian of Kent. Lord Brian lived in a castle. He had a little girl the same age as Gretchen.

One day a messenger came to the peasant home. He said, "Lord Brian wishes to see Gretchen."

"I am Gretchen, sir. Are you sure he wants to see me?"

"Yes," said the messenger, "I am sure."

Gretchen ran to her room and put on her best dress, kissed her mother and father goodbye and ran up to the castle. She was taken to Lord Brian by one of the servants. Gretchen made a courtesy and said very politely, "Do you wish to see me?"

"Yes," said Lord Brian. "How would you like to be my little girl?"

"Oh I would love to, but I thought you had a little girl."

Lord Brian looked very sad and said, "I did until about a month ago. She mysteriously disappeared while I was away from home. Come, let us not talk about it. You must eat supper with me."

Gretchen ate very little because she was so excited. When they had finished eating she went to her room.

The next morning Gretchen was awakened by a knock on the door. She heard a voice say, "Lord Brian wishes to see you." Gretchen dressed quickly and ran down stairs to greet Lord Brian.

"Good morning, Lord Brian. How are you this morning?"

"Very fine, but do not call me Lord Brian. Call me Father, I must go to town this morning and I am leaving you here with the servants. How would you like to look around the castle?"

"I would like that very much," said Gretchen.

"Here are the keys. Be careful and do not lose them."

Lord Brian drove off to town and Gretchen, feeling very big to be left in the castle without her new father, hurried to make new discoveries. The rooms were large and interesting. Great statues of marble, huge chests filled with gold and silver, and many relics of ancient wars met her eyes.

When Gretchen reached the last room on the upper hall, she had trouble in opening the door. The lock seemed to be rusty. Finally she pushed open the big door and there Gretchen saw three rooms that opened into a long passageway. While Gretchen was admiring the lovely pictures, a sudden gust of wind blew the heavy door shut. Gretchen ran to open the door again, but she found it was locked. The keys were on the outside. Poor little Gretchen was panic stricken. What would she do? She rapped and kicked on the door. She called to the servants. No one heard her. She was suddenly startled by the sound of footsteps. As she turned around, she saw a rough looking man with a dark mask over his face. He pulled her into the other room where she saw Lord Brian's daughter sitting in the corner.

Lord Brian came home about this time. He called and called for Gretchen, but received no answer. Lord Brian and all the servants began searching. When they reached the door of the big room, they saw a note pinned to the door. It read: Do not dare enter or you will be killed.

Lord Brian called for help from the village. The wicked old man

who was a former servant in the castle was seized and thrown into prison. The little girls and Lord Brian lived happily ever after.

MILDRED GENE HARTLEY, Fifth grade.



## Desirable Qualities for a Teacher

One hundred Teachers' College placement bureaus and employment offices have agreed on the qualities desirable and undesirable which a candidate for a teaching position should have. This will give each of us a chance to see what chances we have for success.

Desirable qualities:

1. Prepossessing personal appearance, good health, freedom from speech defects.
2. Appropriate and attractive dress, and if a woman, sparing use of cosmetics and especially natural fingernail polish.
3. Poise, emotional maturity and well-adjusted, attractive personality.
4. Tactfulness, optimism, resourcefulness with good initiative and executive ability and truthfulness.
5. Openmindedness, enthusiasm, pleasing speaking voice, free from colloquialisms and poor diction; a good vocabulary, and a lively imagination.
6. He should show adaptability in social situations which will express itself in liking other people, getting along pleasantly with fellow teachers and students.
7. He must exhibit good conversational power by ability to carry his or her part of an interview without embarrassment.

We won't give you the undesirable qualities because of the poor psychology behind such an action.

State College News, Albany, N. Y.



(Continued from page 33)

only by securing changes in the regulations. Getting the regulations changed is inevitably a slow process. Real achievements in securing a better use of library materials are comparatively recent. No field in "instruction" offers more challenging problems. Whatever progress is made, depends largely upon the degree to which the three groups involved can be brought to understand each other's mutual problems. To further such understanding, Professor Alexander of Columbia wrote the article I have reported in the spirit of Burn's heartfelt wish:

Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!

B. ROYSTON.

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*After a man's  
heart...*



*...when smokers find out the good things  
Chesterfields give them*

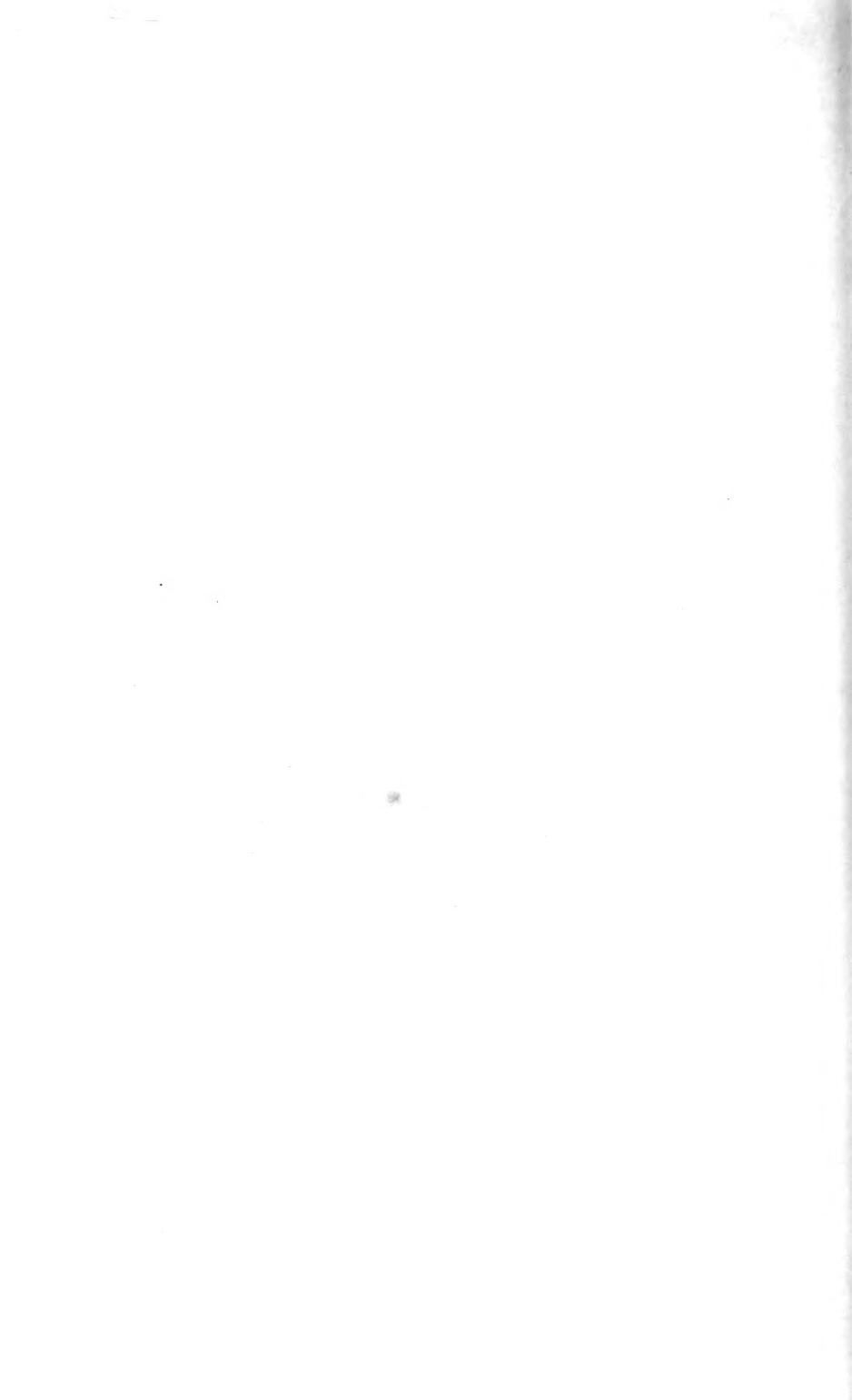
*Nothing else  
will do*



# TOWER LIGHT



June-1937



# THE TOWER LIGHT



State Teachers College

TOWSON, MARYLAND

# C O N T E N T S



Cover..... Class of 1937, B.S. in Education Group  
Dividing Page..... Evelyn Robe

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HIDA IFF TALI, *President*

## What is Your Stature?

THE president of a well known college, unseen one night, found some students raiding his hen house and venting spleen upon the faculty members they disliked. As a chicken was wrenched from its roost one would exclaim: "Here's old Smith—get him; That fat one stands for chemistry Johnson—we'll fix him!" Finally they caught a rooster and with glee dubbed him "Fussy Old Prexy"! The President went back to his house and remained silent, but the next week invited those three boys to dinner. Astonished, and pleased, the students accepted. When the chicken platter was placed on the table, Prexy began by saying: "Mr. Jones, let me help you to a wing of Professor Smith; Mr. Harvey, would you enjoy this breast of Old Prexy?" And so the dinner went. The disloyalty of the students was met with astuteness and true discipline on the part of Prexy. But the incident should never have happened.

There are many varied selves involved in the make-up or personnel of a student body in a professional school such as a Teachers College. Much is expected of the person who elects to enter such a college. Dependability, initiative, and loyalty must necessarily be the attributes of the student who himself must lead and understand and educate others. His praise when he should praise is significant, and his silence when he cannot be enthusiastic, is golden. Not a word should he speak against his college, its administration, its instructors,—except at the right time, and then impersonally, and always where it will count for strength. The right to be installed as a member of any student body is comparable to belonging to the clan or to the family. Criticism of the family by those in the family—yes! But ever within the family circle, and only where criticism can bring results. So it is with our love for our country. Our slogan is: "My country, right or wrong"; but with an intelligent loyalty that understands where the wrong must be made to disappear and the right to triumph.

What, then, is loyalty to the college in which one is an enrollee of his own volition and choice? There are ways to know its standing and reputation among other such colleges. If it has an outstanding reputation the student must share in the responsibility to keep it so. A student represents the college, on the athletic field, on the street-car, in public conveyances, in the halls of other colleges when he goes visiting. Does he speak well of his own college? Is he proud of it? If not, should he be a student there at all? After estimating the faculty, is he still loyal and proud when it stands for the right, and is active to help correct the wrong where the defect is indicated.

As you are about to leave this campus which has been your educational home, keep in mind the simple philosophy expressed in the following words—"Above all, to thine own self be true"! And the college will reflect with brilliance that divine attribute!

LIDA LEE TALL, *President.*



LOUESA J. KEYS, *Senior Adviser*



## The Expansion of Teacher Training Courses

**I**T is most fitting that the State Teachers' College at Towson, together with others of its kind, has expanded its curriculum, and is offering a four year course with an academic degree.

Time was when the teacher actually needed very little, or no preparation, for his task. Education was, to the laity, of slight importance when one's whole world consisted of a community of small area, plus the occasional visitor from the outside, the few books owned by fortunate individuals, and the state or county newspaper. Hence, if one could meet his neighbors on their level, could cull the printed news, could sign his name when legally necessary or even write an occasional letter, and then figure well enough to cast up his own accounts, it was considered quite adequate. So it came about that anyone who had a fair knowledge of the three R's could, supposedly, teach others.

But great social trends brought changes. Many tasks of the home moved to the factory, taking family members with them. Social contacts were increased. Money became more plentiful. Books and magazines were frequently seen. Transportation facilities were greatly improved, taking people far from the circumscribed community, or if one did not leave home, the telephone, mail and radio service made the whole world his neighbor.

As years passed and changes continued, the social heritage—that which one must know in order to understand the world and be successful in it—became more and more complicated, and schools were obliged to develop accordingly. The elementary grades, instead of a meager three R's, were compelled to contemplate the whole of society, and teacher training assumed a decided significance. Teachers who accept such Herculean tasks must be wise indeed, must be chosen for certain traits of personality and character, and must depend to an ever increasing degree on the best obtainable preparation. Four years is all too short a time for one to delve into the experiences of the years, to organize his findings, to secure the tools for keeping abreast of the times, to practice and perfect the skills that enable him to impart knowledge, and to qualify for recognizing the abilities and aptitudes of those whom he is to teach.

These are times when governments are crumbling, when unrest and uncertainty prevail, and when it is said that democracy, itself, depends upon education and those who are, in the near future, to administer it. Teachers and teacher training carry a heavy responsibility.

Class of 1937, you have the four years' training. Your privileges and opportunities are many. May success crown your efforts!

LOUESA J. KEYS.

THE TOWER LIGHT

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MARIE M. NEUNSINGER, *Junior Adviser*

### To the Junior Class

If I'd say goodbye to you and suddenly we should meet again, I would look for the same youth, the same freshness, the same spirit of friendliness you have always possessed.

You have taught me many things about myself. Some of these have been personal victories and others have been things in which I failed you—for the last, I ask no forgiveness. I am truly thankful for all of them.

It is hard to realize the years' rolling by without notice: as hard as it is to imagine coming face to face with that beautiful beginning called Death. To have lived that part of a quick short breath of air called Life, has been an adventure within some far off space—unrealized—and yet, so near at hand that, as it passes by, it is as pleasing as an unexpected smile and as startling as tomorrow's gossip.

My life with you has been like that. Thank you again for being yourselves.

MARIE M. NEUNSINGER.

### Roses

Our college is filled with rose bushes. Every September many immature rose sprouts are admitted to be cultivated. They are taken into our famous nursery where gardeners, specialized in various fields of culture, attempt to prune and cultivate these plants. In four years these tiny sprouts are transformed into deep-rooted shrubs ready to be transplanted among the garden spots of Maryland—either to begin new gardens or to glorify those that have been growing.

For four years the overseers work with each habitant. Superfluous ideas are properly pruned; undeveloped branches are encouraged and given special treatment; weeds are destroyed. Our gardeners realize the value of sturdy roots that find their way deep into the earth and stabilize the visible plant although not all respond favorably to the treatment they receive. They do not always develop as their gardeners hope.

Four years is a short time, but it is a valuable time. Set your roots in good ground, push them deep into our stable earth and grip it firmly. Then, put your thoughts on the top of your bush and develop a bud for Alma Mater.

HELEN WATERS.



### The Junior President's Farewell

This is the end of the course! Three years ago, we entered Maryland State Teachers College and became conscious that we were a part of it, although the only tie that united us was a common feeling of strangeness. Today, it is hard to realize that our Commencement Day is here.

We have been working toward a common goal. Along this path, we have traversed a short way; yet there is much to be accomplished. Some of the class will go out into the professional world, while the county members will remain to carry on and receive further training.

We, as departing Juniors, realize that even though we may not come back, the school always will be a living part of us. We, at present, think only of May Day, Prom, Class Night, Professionals, and Graduation. As we work in our field, the deeper and more lasting things will be recalled to our minds. Our relationships with the faculty have been so valuable that we hope their standards may really benefit us. They have guided us so that we in turn may aid children in becoming worthwhile citizens. No matter what we may become or in what branch we may work, our lives will be richer for our life at Maryland State Teachers College.

As we separate, let's not say "good-bye", just "so long."

EDITH JONES.

### Sophomores

Two years ago as Freshmen green  
We entered on this college scene.  
Since then we've gained in education  
The finest found within the nation.  
And now with many a doubt and fear  
We're entering in our Junior year.  
We'll strive to keep the standard high.  
May Towson's spirit never die!

C. S.



### The Year As Freshman President

As our first year here at State Teachers draws to a close, we, the Freshmen reflect upon our brief life in the college. We have been introduced, by the careful planning of the faculty and the good fellowship of the upper classmen into a general, and in many ways, specific understanding of the goal that lies before us, as it has lain ahead for those who have gone before us, and will lie ahead of those to come. And thus it is with content that we remember Freshmen Week, Freshmen Mother's Weekend, Demonstration Night, The Men's revue, our dances, and the myriad other events which have been milestones in our first year here.

We look ahead to our next two or three years, which ever it may be, with a feeling of confidence, a confidence of further enlightenment. As we progress, we shall see our old friends pass to greater fields, and we shall greet our new friends as under classmen. We shall not forget the companionship and cheer of those who are about to leave us, and will make it our duty and privilege to carry on. Next year should see us mesh more completely with the cogs of S.T.C. To those graduating we say, "Good luck, and thanks."

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM.

## THE TOWER LIGHT



SOME UPPER CLASSMEN AND FACULTY

### Senior Class Song

The Class of '37 is fine  
We'll try to prove our name.  
We'll stand by Alma Mater true,  
And thus we'll share her fame.

We're small but like the jewel  
We'll glow with all our might.  
That from our Alma Mater true,  
We'll carry forth her light.

ELINOR WILSON.  
DORIS MIDDLETON.



### Junior Class Song

Here's to Teachers College,  
Our cherished Alma Mater,  
We pledge thee  
Loyalty,  
And in praise we raise our voices.  
We'll strive to bring thee honor  
As to the heights we soar,  
Here's to Teachers College.  
Thy sons we'll always be!  
We hope to make thee proud of us,  
As we are proud of thee.

Flying colors gleaming,  
For us they hold a meaning,  
Clear and true, hopes not few—our  
Hearts with pride, are beaming.  
The green may long be shining,  
For silver is the lining.  
Our own Teachers College,  
With you we take our stand!  
Our class will e'er be grateful  
For thy guiding hand.

CHARLES HASLUP  
VIRGINIA HAGERTY  
SYLVIA BERNSTEIN.

## The Last Will and Testament of the Junior Class

**W**E, the Junior Class, being mindful of our departure from the Towson State Teachers College, do hereby acknowledge this instrument as our last will and testament.

First: We, the following members of our class do hereby leave, grant, and bequest the following intangible characteristics and attitudes which are our most cherished assets to those who will take our place.

Miss Virginia Hagerty leaves her executive ability.

Miss Sylvia Bernstein leaves her original announcements.

Miss Clara Bestry leaves an Irishman's posters.

Miss Cecile Goldstein leaves test tubes, molecules, and other little things of life.

Miss Edith Jones leaves her stately height.

Miss Jennie Levin leaves her wisecracks.

Miss Pauline Mueller leaves her desire to dance like Eleanor Powell.

Miss Helene White leaves her collection of Admiral's pins.

Miss Florence Kroll leaves her rollable brown eyes.

Miss Eleanor Sanborn leaves her lovely clothes.

Miss Alma Taylor leaves her various colored hair ribbons.

Miss Ruth Timanus leaves her dry humor.

Miss June Dousha leaves her athletic ability.

Miss Margaret Kiser leaves her dancing feet.

Mr. Max Berzofsky leaves his candid camera.

Mr. Albert Greenfield leaves his argumentative ability.

Mr. Harold Goldstein leaves his expert sales' talk.

Mr. Maurice Schreiber leaves his Tower Light bills.

Mr. Isadore Sokolow leaves the May Pole.

Mr. Sidney Tepper leaves his Intellectual Genius.

Mr. Walter Ubersax leaves his effortless popularity.

Mr. Leonard Woolf leaves his melodious voice.

Second: We also leave to the following clubs:

To the Dance Committees—The perennial ferns that adorn the baskets for the dances and a prize for the first committee to devise a new method for decoration

To the Glee Club and Orchestra—An absolutely free Monday afternoon.

To the Tower Light—The student body and

To the Student Body—The Tower Light.

To The Mummies—Sidney "Frederick March" Perlstein and Isadore "Lionel Barrymore" Seeman.



## THE TOWER LIGHT

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To The League of Young Voters—More skating parties.  
Signed, Sealed, and Acknowledged this seventeenth day of May, 1937,  
before and in the presence of two witnesses.

THE JUNIOR CLASS (Seal)

Witnesses:

Patsy Tall

Pan Gargoyle.



### Ballad of Thirty-Seven

The Senior Class of Thirty-Seven  
Has a roll of four and eleven.  
Returned to College, we all agree  
To seek the elusive B. S. Degree.

We soon learned to our dismay  
The Professors thought our work was play.  
From thence to June, our days were spent  
Working heroically on lessons we couldn't prevent.

To classes sadly we went each week  
Subjects to us, which seemed like Greek.  
Seminar, Physics, Morrison, English  
To end them all was our daily fetish.

For gym, the girls took up their bows  
Straight to the mark went senior arrows.  
Bedminton too, they liked to play  
Even tho' their birdies flew away.

For our first picnic we tripped to the Glen.  
For others, to Washburn's, Royston's, Beam's, and then  
At Miss Keys' we had a good time  
Celebrating the birthday of St. Valentine.

Inauguration Day arrived at last  
The rain it poured down thick and fast.  
Out we started seven strong,  
But only five did brave the storm.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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Ruth escorted us soon to the train  
Muriel only to Washington came.  
Kemp, Shank, Waters, and Straining  
Enjoyed turkey dinner without any raining.

On the fifth of May the tables were turned  
The seniors were served by the teachers so learned.  
Then out for song and a dance on the Green  
In honor of Larue, the senior May Queen.

Lest you forget our wee little class  
We'll tell you now of each lad and lass.

Our President and Honor Maid  
This year, a strategic role played.  
We hope, dear Helen, you will be  
With Windy always most happy.

From Merrie old England with the tide  
Comes our quiet, reserved Marjorie McBride.  
Vice-President of our class was she  
A teacher in Baltimore County, she plans to be.

Our Secretary was Abe Berlin  
An Einstein he could easily have been,  
Among us all, he alone could do  
Science problems of any hue.

Muriel Jones, a likable lass  
Was chosen as Treasurer of our Class.  
Smiling and happy and always gay  
Was the way she stole Harry's heart away.

For our enjoyable parties we have to thank  
Our expert Social Chairman—Miss Shank.  
Would we flatter her if we said,  
Thou alone shall never wed?

Red hair and freckles, witty and frank  
Among the seniors Mary held high rank.  
Nicknamed "Armstrong" by Mr. Walther  
What will change it at the altar?

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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Star of all college sports is our Betty  
To shoot the score high she is always ready  
A friend to all—a true one too  
There's nothing for us she wouldn't do.

A Senior he at S.T.C.—Mr. Elwood Beam  
Often for Charlotte did he scheme.  
We'll remember him for his manner so gay  
Smiling and happy all through the day.

Martha, the President of Y.W.C.A.  
Also attended the Queen of the May.  
In Jarrettsville you'll find her home  
But far and wide she plans to roam.

The Senior editor of the "Tower Light"  
Has made each issue a real delight.  
Marion, with pen, expends much skill  
Margaret Mitchell's place she soon will fill.

Although Webster wrote the dictionary.  
Ben Novey far deflates him in vocabulary.  
His democratic principles make us believe  
He'll be the first in our class to achieve.

Ruth Hunter, the Marshal Chief  
Has bestowed on us the firm belief  
It pays to be individual and neat  
For in Bob's esteem she can't be beat.

To Mrs. Harley, we shall leave  
Excerpts from the Classics three.  
Although so late to us you came  
Soon your friendship we did acclaim.

A farmer lad to us did come  
To all he is known as Royston.  
His hearty aid you'll all agree  
He gaily gives at anyone's plea.

To beauty now we humbly bow  
An intellect too, you'll allow.  
Larue was chosen to be our Queen  
A fairer one we've never seen.

To Miss Keys our loyal guide  
We owe our present prevailing pride.  
She's been to us a beam of light  
To which we turned for strength and might.

"We're small but like the jewel  
We'll glow with all our might  
That from our Alma Mater true  
We'll carry forth the light."



## The Happiest Life

While engrossed in the unusual pastime of putting my room in order, on a dreary one-session day, I came across a folio of notes I had taken during my second year at this school. Reminiscently, my eyes took in the scrawls, designs, and cartoons in which my pen had, actively or languidly, indulged in those days of yore. Then, on a page all to itself, appeared these words: "The happiest life has a vocation, an avocation or main hobby, and many *active* interests."

As I reread these words, I relived the scene of the day I had written them there. Once more, I saw Miss Rutledge jingle her bracelets as she spoke that sentence. Again I heard her add significantly. "... and underscore the word 'active' ". My mind's eye watched my pen as it took this latter admonition literally.

The picture faded; but in its wake followed a series of others. These were mental glimpses of some of my friends seen in the light of Miss Rutledge's philosophy. Next, I applied my own life to this standard, and made several decisions.

However, there seemed to be another idea—vague and wordless, as yet—running around in my mind, begging to be allowed its say in this stream of thought. What was it?

Suddenly, it burst forth: "The happiest man is he who thinks the most interesting thoughts." Now where in creation had that come from? Then it dawned on me that I had read it in a small, unobtrusive pamphlet—the title and author of which I still cannot recollect—in the school library.

How did that fit into the picture, though? At first, "The happiest man is he who thinks the most interesting thoughts" seems no more than an involved way of saying nothing. In the light of "The happiest life has a vocation, an avocation or main hobby, and many *active* interests", however, the meat appears.

Obviously, the former quotation states a principle; the latter, a practical method through which that principle may become a fact.

When Miss Rutledge left this college, we lost a great deal; a vacancy in the professional and social life of the school was formed which may remain unfilled for a long time. Such a loss, however, is somewhat assuaged by the thoughts she passed on to us. Through these thoughts we may both remember her, and, if we be wise, profit.

EDW. MACCUBBIN, '35, '36.



### Passing Thoughts

"When the first golden sunbeam peeps o'er the hill

On a morning quite early in May"

the sound of children's voices floated through the windows of the library. Where had I heard that song before? Oh, yes, that was the song our class sang when we graduated from elementary school. The picture was dim at first, but gradually a jumble of scenes began to take form in my mind—a group of wide-eyed boys and girls huddled together outside the door of the auditorium, the same group filing in and finding seats facing the audience, two girls playing a duet, the class singing several songs, and then that never-to-be-forgotten recitation. Boldly, I had stalked out on the platform and begun to recite—

"Over his keys the musing organist" and then, quite unexpectedly everything had gone wrong. I wondered what made my voice sound so hollow and far away. My knees began to shake and a queer sinking feeling came over me. I gulped, caught my breath, and plunged on. Someone smiled. My face turned scarlet, then I seemed to lose consciousness. Suddenly it was over. Never before had I fully appreciated the protection of a sturdy chair beneath me. Dimly, I recall the speech that followed, holding as little meaning for me as the "Prelude to the Vision of Sir Launfal." Finally, came the awarding of the diplomas. It was strange that at commencement time my thoughts should turn back to this first graduation. To me that brief hour symbolized the end of childhood and the beginning of—

The shrill sound of the bell jerked me back to the present and just in the nick of time I rushed into history class.

LOUISE DRAKE, Soph. 5

## THE TOWER LIGHT



SOPHOMORES AND FRESHMEN

## Don't Ever Forget!

1. The unusual "shots" made by Mr. Walther at every turn from May Day, to an innocent walk or conversation.
2. Assemblies that ran overtime when you hadn't eaten much breakfast.
3. Miss Weyforth's motions to increase or decrease volume.
4. Announcements you had to make in assembly when there was time for only one more.
5. The back curtain advertising system recently adopted.
6. Notices to report to Miss Gilbert immediately.
7. Days when the Prom was a week away and no decorations had been made.
8. The genius of Miss Neunsinger to get decorative notions at the strategic moment.
9. Miss Daniels and her air conditioned hat.
10. Days when everyone in assembly was asked to remain for one organization or another.
11. Pleas-for money made by the men in Council meetings and sturdily contended by the girls.
12. The sign, "Turkey Tomorrow—15c" in the cafeteria.
13. The sign, "Tower Lights are here."
14. The "Lights Out" ruling in the dorm. (Never broken, by the way.)
15. Pleas of the Campus Committees.
16. The difficulty in finding your books on the rack outside the cafeteria. (Increasing from year to year.)
17. Learning to eat candy in class just after the bell has rung.
18. That "all gone" feeling when unprepared. (Unless conditioned by long practice).
19. Your first receiving line.
20. Patsy chasing up and down the steps.
21. Fiery moments in student council meetings.
22. Crocuses on the hill near the dorm.
23. Monday mornings and Friday afternoons.
24. Suitcases carried to class on Friday afternoon.
25. May Day.
26. The first sight of caps and gowns.
27. Telling fortunes on ice cream in the dorm.
28. Miss Tansil's talk on Statistics. (Every Freshman Class is better.)
29. The deadline is March 13.
30. Holiday and birthday dinners in the dorm.
31. Gym in the barracks on rainy days.
32. The young feeling the boys seem to get in gym clothes.
33. Marshals tearing their hair.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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34. The Tower Light editors looking pale.
35. Collecting money for Men's Revue tickets.
36. Unofficial moments on the New York trip.
37. Ping-pong technique badly in need of improvement.
38. Standing campus romances.
39. The last book gone in the library.
40. An absence slip you forgot to sign.
41. Loss of weight during student teaching.
42. Suddenly remembered observation. (You had gone to your regular classroom!)
43. Dancing in 223 (a thing of the past.)
44. Report card marks that are as good as blanks.
45. The "power house" class.
46. Student Council Get Togethers (for Day Students only).
47. Physics experiments.
48. Astronomy observations when it rained.
49. The enthusiasm of the Forum speakers.
50. To subscribe to the Tower Light next year.

M. C.



## God's World

Higher, higher, higher our automobile climbed, chugging up the zig-zag trail. Upward, ever upward we pressed along the road cradled between live green foliage, until we gained the mountain crest. Then, all power of motion seemingly suspended, we stood awe-stricken; to move, to have uttered a single syllable would have destroyed the wondrous spell of beauty unfolded below us. Two valleys, with the wrinkles smoothed out of the green and tan checkered loveliness of their best dresses, spread proudly to the east and west. The wide, hazy sweep of distant mountains with green clumps of trees like barberry bushes clinging to the dull blue mantle of the mother crest, were in the background of the panorama. Like a thin, curving white lariat appeared the treacherous mountain road. Puffy white clouds pursued one another with a neighboring peak for "base". Pure, undiluted sunlight deluged the summit, making grass and leaves dazzling in its brightness. When at last we spoke, it was to say, "This is too beautiful to last!"

VIRGINIA SMITH, Fr. 4.



### "Golfers' Craze"

"WHO on earth could get any enjoyment out of chasing that little pill around four or five miles of hilly country, carrying a ton of clubs on his back?"

That is the way it starts! Of course, even though one thinks it is an utterly senseless game, somehow he manages to watch a few games.

The next stage is when one is driven, in absolute disgust at the way the game is being "murdered" by those playing it, to show them how really simple the thing is. That is the beginning of the end. After the golf club is swung but once, that ball missed or knocked a few yards, the craze is on. One never realizes his hopeless condition at first.

One starts by merely picking up the club to show some apparently stupid individual that the whole game is a simple undertaking. Then, to his dismay and chagrin, the little ball does not do the things he intends it to do. No *intelligent*, strong-willed person is going to see himself made a fool of by such an insignificant toy, so the fever is started. The first attempt is probably the cruelest and most heart-breaking. One usually is doing his worst with someone else's clubs (having no intention, certainly, of ever owning such a crazy conglomeration of junk himself.) Sweat pours from his brow as first he chops with awe inspiring determination at that insufferable little pill lying in front of him. Turf flies in all directions. Still that tiny seed of mischief lies gleaming before him, not budging an inch. Then, more determinedly than ever, the would-be golfer swings wildly through the air in a valiant effort to overcome the turf raising method. He shades his eyes and gazes far out upon the horizon. "Where'd it go? Did you see it?" Some kind friend, with mirth shaken shoulders points spasmodically to the shining white sphere reposing untouched in a small island of grass, in fact, the only patch of grass left within a radius of five feet. That settles it! One will not be laughed at! Oh, they will laugh to a different tune in a very few days! He will show them when he gets the right kind of clubs.

That day or as soon as his purse will permit, the gold clubs are bought. The kind and number of sticks depending on the size of the purse. It may be two sticks and a ball, or a "matched" set with monogrammed balls and a complete outfit of golfing togs. No matter the outfit, the passion underneath is the same. The craze then sets in with unabated fever. Burning suns, pouring rain, shattering hail, what matter they? To the prospective golfer these are only matters of small importance. Perhaps a little uncomfortable at times, but in his wholly dazed condition he is oblivious to all but "his game".

The day begins at dawn. With the first ray of light, he is at the tee "raring to go". With the last fading minutes of twilight he is plodding

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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wearily back and forth across the "green." A handkerchief is over the hole so that it can be seen, and a dozen or more balls are lying about. With blistered and calloused hands, he "follows thru". Grim determination is written in every line of his tired body. When the longed for "plunk" finally greets his ears, it is as if a bell were sounded. Immediately the sagging lines of his aching back are erased as he straightens momentarily to shout to a perspiring "partner in passion", who is just as determinedly pitching balls from the sand trap to the green above, "Say John, look at that putting! I just sank one that was every bit of twenty feet from the hole. I played the curve at just the right angle, of course I figured on that little roll and ———."

"Oh, tell it to someone who hasn't heard it the last five times," comes from the equally weary form in the trap. Clouds of sand arise periodically as "John" blasts the balls out of the trap. Covered with dust, he sticks to his self-imposed job with an iron will, "he'll plant every darn ball on that green or bust." So the pitching and putting continues, until from sheer exhaustion the golfers call it a day.

There are days when one "Sure is hittin' them like Sarazen himself!" After each hole the rest of the party are told exactly how he "played that run on the fairway", "overcame his slice" or "pasted the ball on the green from the worst place in the rough." On the other hand if one "wasn't hittin' them so good", it is a bitter dose of instructions he must take from his partner. He "shouldn't have used the number four iron on the last shot," his "swing is all wrong", and so on, for eighteen holes of misery.

What else but a craze could bring perfectly intelligent people back for more after such complete torture of bodies and wrecking of good dispositions? What one of them has not threatened to quit when his game seems to have "gone wild"? But have you ever heard of a golfer who quit the game for good? Whatever the fascination is, it seems to hold for good; so take a kindly word of advice from one who has the craze and don't try "just hitting a few" unless you're willing to pay the price.

ALICE ZERBOLA.



### Cinquain

Rising  
When cold grey clouds  
Hide the beauty which comes  
With beginning day, my mood also  
Is grey.

RUTH HUNTER, Sr.

### Sour Grapes

Polly was thinking. Polly was angry. If only she had a Davy. What right did Molly have to a Davy, if she, Polly, could not have one? Weren't they twin sisters? Didn't they both always get the same things? It wasn't fair. Perhaps she would commit suicide. But no, then she would never even have a chance to get one. Maybe, if she tried hard enough, she could get one by herself. But that would take too long and she wanted one right away. God couldn't be that cruel. He would help her get one—or would he? The Sunday School teacher had always said, "God helps those who help themselves." She would have to think of a way to get one. Maybe if she got all dressed up and curled her hair and behaved herself and smiled at everyone, MAYBE she would get one. Maybe—and then again—maybe not. It was all in knowing how to do it, and Molly certainly knew how to do it.

Maybe after all she didn't really want one. The novelty would soon wear off, and she would get tired of him, and she would always have to put him in his place, would have to find some way to get rid of him. Perhaps it was all for the best that she didn't get one.

Uh-oh—there was Mother coming down the hall. What could she want! My goodness, how exasperating! Just when she had decided that she really could not be bothered with one, mother finished making her a doll exactly like Molly's doll, Davy.

B. WEINER, Fr. 6



### Thoughts on Writing a Sonnet

The lovely sonnet's tale has oft been told  
Of love, of joy, of happiness, of strife,  
Of feelings deep, a poet's dream of life,  
By Petrarch, Shakespeare, Milton and their fold.  
In words sublime, serene, more fine than gold,  
With words that are the essence of all life.  
With music fitted for Pan's sweetest fife  
And we dull mortals are exceeding bold;  
Are fools who tread where angels fear to go.  
Who tread blaspheming, heathen, 'til we're met  
By ghosts of those who lived so long ago,  
Who plead with us their souls not to forget,  
If we in peace would rest after we go.  
Then think of them. Revile ye not their sonnet.

A. BERLIN, SR.



## Red Letter Days

1934

September 5th

Registration Day—Renewed some friendships and made others.

September 6 and 7

Entrance tests—The battery of tests sure batters one—need relaxation and it comes in form of Induction Service—"Lighting the Way" grips one emotionally.

September 10

Schedule begins—new routine—can't find rooms—upperclassmen don't know where they are either—that's a relief—instructors plunge right into the work—must get all the texts from the library—only keep them for a short time—novel system.

September 12

Faculty Assembly—all of them on the stage—wonder who they are?

September 17

First Glee Club rehearsal—Is it good!—wonder if I am good enough to be kept in it?

September 28

General Student Council Assembly—swell to have a say in student government—may say plenty.

October 5

What a Soccer team we have! What a showing against Western Maryland!

October 10

Men's Meeting—heard so much about them and all of it's true—spirited discussions—good entertainment—plenty refreshments.

October 12

Senior Class Benefit Dance—first one I attended at Normal—we freshmen surely did show up well.

November 2 and 3

Freshmen Mothers' Weekend—all of the Mothers who came, really found out about us at the faculty discussion—we put on a show for the Mothers—a fine supper at the dormitory dining room.

November 28

Our first holiday—Thanksgiving—some of us need the rest—first time most of us realized what college work really is.

December 18

Govans Community Sing—enjoyable—we're all imbued with the Christmas spirit.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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December 20

Christmas Dinner for the resident students—must have been good to hear them rave about it.

December 21

Christmas Assembly—quite a spectacle—Normal students and Elementary took part—plays and singing.

1935

February 4

Tea at Dr. Tall's house—a good chance to meet those faculty members we don't already know—"really enjoyed it," is the consensus of opinion.

March 1

Tower Light Benefit Dance—glad I went—had a fine time—Freshmen turned out in droves again.

March 14

Girls Demonstration Night—Our girls really put up a good fight—Seniors beat us by  $\frac{1}{2}$  point boys helped by cheering—another innovation.

April 5

Our big day—Freshmen Benefit Dance.

April 10, 11, 12, 13, 14

New York Trip—something new for us—experiences galore—education by travel is a good thing—we need more of it—visited many schools—saw legitimate stage shows—met many men big in the educational world—visited Montclair T. C.—saw night life.

April 26

The men of the school show their worth—Men's Revue—social and financial success—can we sing and dance—now girls appreciate us.

May 1

May Day—pageant—the queen and her attendants were beautiful—ought to have several May Days each year.

May 5

School's over—next year we are to be called Sophomores—first time in the history of the school—must say "so-long" to our classmates.

May 9

Baccalaureate Sermon—a beautiful sight even though it rained and was cold—over awed by the impressive sight—seniors in caps and gowns—girls in white—boys in blue and white.

May 11

Commencement—sang in the glee club—first outside service I have seen—weather grand—Governor Nice was present—sorry to see our old friends leave.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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1935

September 11

Helped register Freshmen—feels good to be an upper classman—noticed the handbook was titled State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

September 6

Rest of the Sophomores came back to register—some of '34 did not return.

September 7

Work begins—nothing new to us this time—the freshmen ask us directions and now we misdirect them just for fun—must go to Glee Club rehearsal.

November 1

Hallowe'en Dance—all of us in the spirit of the thing—macabre decorations—good music.

November 18

Sophomore 1 and 2 start to make units—same story burdened with work.

December 20

Old English Dinner—held in the dorm dining room—meal was fit for a king—bearing of pheasant and fire by waiters quite impressive—carols by the students, Glee Club and help—music by the orchestra—entertainment galore—to suit the Lord and Lady of the house—will never forget Miss Rutledge as she read the bequests.

1936

February 3

Sophomore 1 and 2 on the "Great Adventure"—Student teaching—Sophomore 3 and 4 begin their lament "Units"—work too heavy—Others have done it, guess we can.

March 12

Girls demonstration Night—we did it this time—can't hold us down—boys helped by cheering in the balcony.

March 21

Men's revue—more of a musical than last year—a departure from set pattern but well received—original settings and vocal arrangements of old favorites brought plaudits from the spectators.

April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

New York trip starts today and "no foolin"—few Sophomores go since some are Student Teaching and others are preparing to go out.

April 6

"Warriors return"—Sophomore 1 and 2 come back from student teaching having gone forth and conquered—Sophomore 3 and 4 try their hand at teaching.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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April 24

Sophomore Dance—everyone in his finery—social contacts really do one good.

May 6

May Day—similar to last year—May Court—queen crowned—buffoonery by students.

June 12

Summer vacations—visions of tennis, the shore—camp—P.A.L.—free evenings—etc.

1936

September 11

Registration Day—the “Last Round-up” for most of us—did you ever see such a beautiful suntan?—we walk around with that air of abandon—this further awes the Freshmen.

September 14

Classes begin—headaches all over again—units—Glee Club rehearsal the first day—“there ain’t ain’t no Justice”—went down the glen—quite a scenic and practical addition to the campus.

November 25

Thanksgiving holidays—a chance for student teachers to get a breath—a little too early to be tired.

December 22

Christmas holidays—no dinner this year—last year’s celebration brings back fond memories—This time student teachers need the rest—only if they are physically fit can they go out—those at Towson come to ‘haunt’ us at our centers—they go out a day earlier—as if they needed it.

1937

February 1

Second semester begins—axe certainly fell on Junior 4—lost three members—only ten of us left now—quite a shock to most of us—we’re sure they’ll fit into some other endeavor.

February 8

Tea at Dr. Tall’s—always look forward to it—some of the faculty serve—others in the receiving line—a good chance to meet them in a social situation.

March 11

Girls Demonstration Night—we did it again—came off with first honors—won’t soon forget the cheering of the boys in the gallery—won’t soon forget the precision of our girls in their exhibition—wonder who turned off the moon in Pauline Mueller’s inspiring dance!—moon or no moon it drew the plaudits of the crowd.



## THE TOWER LIGHT

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March 19 and 20

Men's Revue—Bob Goldstein is certainly some M. C.—they come no better. John Klier nearly pushed Bob Burns off the air with his "Bazooka"—Jaffa proved he could play the sax—Sokolow served notice on all radio shows (a parody on Jack Benny) "had them in the aisles—Berzofsky's rendition of "La Donna Mobile" was a hit.

April 14-18

New York Trip—Juniors well represented—Jaffa competed with the B&O—took  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the section in his car—visits to the schools revealed new techniques—Tea at Columbia—hobnobbed with leaders in education—Hayden Planetarium—did you ever live twenty-four hours in three minutes? We did it here—Radio City—Capitol Theatre—George Hall at the Taft—Wally really paid Louie at Hoffbrau's—Jaffa's date, G. J. ("True" to him) did not ask for a "Planter's Punch" at Hoffbrau's—it was a mistake—Room 1021 at the Commodore—"Men's Headquarters" for S.T.C.—telephone lines always busy at hotel rooms—those "Yankee" girls from Conn. (ask Goldstein and Schreiber) —Fifth Ave. buses —subways —automats —Seeman and Alice—finally that disconsolate crowd comin' home on the train.

May 5

May Day—Seniors in their caps and gowns and Juniors marched into the assembly—installation of next year's officers—our gift (a check for \$125) to the school—Crowning of the Queen, Larue Kemp—attractive members of the court—Helen Waters, Lorelle Headley, Katherine Parsley, Alice Zerbola, Betty Rubin, Dotty Simpson, Dot Healy, Virginia Hagerty, Edith Jones, Elinor Sanborn, Martha Holland—a stately May King was Roger Williams—Glee Club sang—orchestra played—many visitors—elementary children sang and danced—city Juniors danced.

May 14

Prom—begins at nine—Bob Craig's music—buffet supper in shifts—program dance—our last and most auspicious social affair—Juniors and Seniors both attend—won't soon forget this.

May 19

Father and Son Night—picnic on the campus—baseball game—general camaraderie between fathers and sons.

June 4

With mingled emotions we find the end has come.

June 7 and 9

Professionals.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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June 13  
Baccalaureate Sermon.

June 15  
Commencement.

N. NEUBERT JAFFA, Jr. 4.



### “Owed” to Alma Mater

Our hearts are filled.  
Our lips are stilled.  
We think on what you’ve taught us.

Always a light,  
In a dark night,  
That never dimmed or wavered.

Quiet and still,  
Upon a hill,  
A goal toward which to labor.

Always a guide  
To work beside,  
That erred not in the leading.

Forever a friend,  
To any end,  
No matter what the needing.

How could we ask  
For better task  
Than this that’s set before us?

Our hearts are filled.  
Our lips are stilled.  
We think of what you’ve brought us.

MARY WASHBURN.

## Saturday Night in Towson

Rain or shine, the streets of Towson are always crowded on a Saturday night. In the streets and in the stores are women, not hurrying to some destination or purchasing, but gossiping. Fat women and thin women, tall and short women gather in groups to discuss the latest illnesses in their respective families, or the merits of a new cook-stove, while their children with pleading eyes tug vainly at their mother's skirts, or stand quietly surveying the crowd with widened eyes. The men stand by trying not to appear too bored, and finally, mumbling some excuse, disappear into the bowling alley. Once in a while the fixed smile on their faces changes to a look of mingled horror and anger when they discover that a young son has placed his hands, sticky and smelly from eating peppermint candy, upon newly pressed trousers. Some of the men at this juncture assert their authority and literally drag their wives away.

Past these groups, a young negro man in a loud-colored suit goes staggering down the street, hands in his pockets, hat pushed off his forehead. The gay tune he is half-whistling, half-singing, makes one slightly envious of the happy-go-lucky attitude of his kind.

A tall young man, with a pretty girl by his side, pauses in crossing the street as a car passes. He looks down at her and smiles. The pressure of her hand upon his arm increases as she returns his smile, and for one brief moment the two are in a world all their own. Then the honk of an automobile horn causes them to start, laugh and cross the street.

The policeman at the corner, feet planted apart, hands locked behind him, smiles to himself as if the incident reminds him of his younger days; then absent mindedly twirling his stick, he turns to watch the crowded streets.

RUTH MERRYMAN, '36.



## A Prayer

As she knelt by the little crib with its soft blue and white blanket and little pillow hollowed to fit a small head, I heard her murmur—"Oh God, if it be Thy will, teach me that she'll not want me now that she has You and Heaven's eternity. Be lenient with her to-night her first night there. I always left a little light burning in the hall, she was so small. Each morning, I kissed her on the dimple in her left cheek and I put a little water on the brush to make her hair curl easier. Just tomorrow morning, when she wakes, Oh! God! I pray you'll do things for her—my way."

PRUNETTA KOPP, '25.

THE TOWER LIGHT



MINNIE V. MIDDLETOWN MEMORIAL

## Who's Who in '37

Virginia Hagerty—In selecting Virginia to join its ranks Chi Alpha Sigma made a wise choice. There are none who better meet its requirements of high scholarship, fine character, and activities which promote the welfare of the college and which show qualities of leadership. Her accomplishments: president of the general student council, member of the May Court, and liked by everyone.

Maurice Schreiber—What would the Men's Revue have been without the business genius of Maurice. Of course his success as business manager of the T. L. speaks for itself. He has a genial smile for everyone, anytime, anyplace—even if you happen to call him Tubby.

Isadore Sokolow—Tall, deep rich bass voice, honor society, Professor Walther's right hand man and very popular among his schoolmates. What more can a student accomplish while at college?

Nora Howeth—Look out! Here comes Nora. Full of fun, always up to some deviltry and a wizard on the ping pong table. Not bad at tennis, dancing, or attracting the opposite sex.

John Wheeler—A sound mind in a strong body spells success. No he's not a Greek but he sure believes they had the right idea. Give John a piano and a Men's Revue to prepare for and watch him go—viz. "Down on the Farm."

John Klier—Quiet, and unassuming, but always deep in thought. Never too busy to take time out and demonstrate any one of his newly invented musical instruments. Keep at it, John, Edison started at "scratch" too.

Sidney Tepper—Although Sid doesn't play football, he is one of the best "punsters" in the East. Height—4'6". Weight—142 (140 minus the mustache) and able to match his weight in wildcats.\* Keep it up Sid—you'll work your way up in the world.

Leonard Woolf—A pleasant personality and a cheerful smile is always appreciated. Certainly Len will always be remembered by his classmates for this very admirable trait. Our golden voiced tenor has been the mainstay of the Glee Club for three years and is going to go places with his voice.

Abraham Berlin—Abe believes, the greater the man, the plainer he is. And does he practice it! Good natured, sincere and straight-forward in everything he does. For four years he has been one of the most members of the Glee Club.

Miss Neunsinger—Attention! The director of the "Junior Power House" approaches. Miss N. told us all she had to do was set off the first spark to the Junior powder keg—boy, did she do it! We salute our director and thank her for her very inspiring leadership of these three years.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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- Miss Keys—The careful, conscientious adviser of the Seniors has tried unerringly to keep her "tribe" out of difficulty. "The bachelors" would express thanks for her guidance.
- Elizabeth Cissel—We recommend her for the fine building up of cooperation as President of the Resident Student Council—Libby is an athlete, too, of no mean rank.
- Eileen McHale—The Irish lass whose cheery giggles we'll not forget too soon is Micky. Her merry pranks made "never a dull moment" for the members of the group on the New York trip. Have fun!
- Cecile Goldstein—Cecile will one day be another Frances Perkins if she continues her interest in politics. Her stock of clever announcements have been high spots on the assembly programs.
- Geneva Lee Wilson—Here is a girl who has kept the circulation Department of the Tower Light in the best working order we've ever had. Since the tasks occur at the most inconvenient times we award you a prize for patience and good spirit.
- Melvyn Seeman—"Mif", another acknowledged honor student, had us worried when he appeared in bandages and cane. Those who traded a dance at the Prom with him read up on the C.I.O. to no avail for he fooled us by tripping the "light fantastic." Nice personality, pleasing voice, and a real interest in opera.
- Charles Haslup—The Junior Rachmaninoff, finds the creation of songs an easy task. He makes them up on the train coming to college. At taking over school offices he proves efficient, too.
- Paulene Mueller—Will be ever remembered for her dancing talents, but need we overlook her position as President of the A.A. with its necessary athletic ability. ----
- Ruth Hunter—Has been an aid and constant comfort to many of her schoolmates as "Aunt Het" and "Ma Hunter". She has guided many a wayward romance. The guidance comes from experience, as we attest her great popularity.
- Roger Williams—Has shown great steadfastness in working toward a future. He is sympathetic to student needs, an important element in a president of the General Student Council. Further noteworthy for attractiveness (in Brown suits, especially) and a fine voice.
- Betty Straining—The attractive, well liked Senior whose remarkable athletic feats make her a wonder to all. In the dullest moment, Straining can pull a pun and make us forget boredom. Both students and faculty members claim her as a friend.
- Marion Cunningham—Has proved herself a most efficient Editor of the Tower Light and a worthy member of the Chi Alpha Sigma. With her keen sense of humor and that added touch of dramatic ability we feel that the Class of '37 will be proud to have claimed her.

### Fatigue

The door opened and we saw a human puppet being propelled across the room, the faltering feet lead, the body followed from necessity. The shoulders sagged as under an unbearable weight and the neck and head seemed to sink into the already overladen shoulders seeking there rest and comfort from their own heaviness. The eyes were as a dying light with the shade almost drawn. It was very apparent that the mind was dead and neither knew nor cared what the other parts might do.

While we sat, afraid to speak or move for fear of shattering the last threads which held this living bulk together, the figure sank into a chair. The legs sprawled, the arms dangled seemingly for miles, and the whole frame hung loosely together. The head fell back, the eyes closed, and with this final shutting out of the external world, the body again became whole, the mind was once more in control even though in sleep—sleep which was to conquer the great fatigue.

LARUE KEMP, Sr.



### To the Wind

How many times has one asked what you be,  
Oh, great one who roves over all the earth!  
How oft I felt for you as you touched me,  
And laughed when you whispered me words of mirth!

From meadows sweet with flowers have I smelled you,  
And heard the song of Lark you brought from far;  
And yet each lovely note rung, oh, so true,  
But now I no more wonder what you are!

I know the Spring has come. I know it e'en  
Better as I chase you so far and near,  
O'er hill and dale and earth and sea and heav'n;  
I seem to see and follow your face clear.

Your face my quarry was, but now I view  
Your work—spring—and all her retinue.

BOSLEY ROYSTON.

## Early May Days at the State Teachers College at Towson

FROM the founding of the State Teachers College until after it occupied its present location, for fifty three years, there seems to have been no celebration of May Day at the college with the pageantry that now characterizes the day. There were occasions during the years that the college was surrounded by city streets when the beloved principal and other favorite instructors found baskets overflowing with bright colored flowers on their desks or hanging on the doors of their classrooms on the morning of May the first.

In nineteen hundred and nineteen the college held its first May Day celebration on the campus. There was at that time no problem of selecting the queen and her attendants. The president of the senior class was queen of the May for several years, until a man student, elected senior president, upset the usual custom. From that time on the present method of electing the May Queen was adopted. In the early years of this celebration, there were no especially selected attendants, for all of the juniors who were not in the May pole dance followed the queen around the athletic field to the throne. The throne was then on the South side of the field, instead of the North, with a background of hemlocks instead of the Japanese cherry tree. The queen sat on her throne alone and was entertained by the May pole dance. Afterwards, however, the juniors served refreshments to all of the students and faculty and there was much chatting and merry making.

Though the proceeding on the past May the fifth was particularly charming, it can lay no claim to being the most elaborate celebration. May Day of nineteen hundred and twenty-five has that distinction. Weeks before the May Day of 1925 the college was busy with its preparations and prayful for good weather. It was no small undertaking to make several hundred costumes and to train nearly a thousand students in their various roles. Though rainy weather did postpone the day, finally the scenes on the campus carried one back to Elizabethan England. The queen, her maids, and stately lords and ladies were entertained by Robin Hood, his merry men and lovely Maid Marian. There was jousting to thrill the heart of the charming queen. Titania, Oberon, the fairies and Bottom tarried long enough to present a scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream". Besides the May pole dancers, shepherds, and shepherdesses danced on the green: Chimneysweeps with their soot-streaked faces, "raggle taggle" gypsies, members of the guilds, dressed in the garb of their various trades, were just a few of the medieval characters who joined in the merriment of this gala day. Was the flower bedecked



two-wheeled cart, with its load of laughing children, a new feature for the May Day of a few weeks ago? Oh, no, it was not. On the elaborate occasion of 1925 children rode in this cart and hung over its vine covered sides waving to the spectators. Even the college cow was led into that vast assemblage. She contentedly chewed the vines hanging from her horns while pretty milkmaids danced around. Though there has never been another May Day like this one, it gave ideas for the tradition of the old English Christmas dinner at Towson.

A few years after 1925, May day became a part of Play Day. The afternoon program of Play Day included the crowning of the May Queen and the May Pole dances.

"How funny", you might say, meaning "strange", as you read of these former customs, "that the Senior Class president was May Queen", "that she had no attendants dressed in lovely pale-colored dresses to make a beautiful processional", or "that there was so little entertainment provided." Such remarks accompanied by smiles of pitying condescension are common when we hear a recital of customs which we have outgrown. Eddington, the scientist, explains our attitude toward the past thus: "If we see further than our predecessors, it is because we stand on their shoulders and it is not surprising if they receive a few kicks as we scramble up."

ANITA S. DOWELL.



## May Day Speech of the President of the Student Council

The beauty of nature at this season excites such joy in the human heart, that there is no wonder May Day has been celebrated throughout the ages. The Roman people, the Celtic population, and the English all favor this occasion with song and dance.

The May Day celebration has been preserved in this country, by communities and by institutions of learning. Since the founding of this college it has been our custom to observe in the traditional manner the return of spring.

It is therefore my privilege to crown as our queen, one who in her youth and beauty symbolizes the spirit of the day.

Miss Larue Kemp, with this crown I bestow upon you the title of Queen of the May, with all the rights and privileges thereunto appertaining. May you rule your court with the wisdom and discretion proportionate to its beauty and charm.

ROGER WILLIAMS, Jr. 8

THE TOWER LIGHT



THE MAY COURT

## May Day

"As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grave of myrtle made  
Beast did leap and birds did sing  
Trees did grow and plants did spring  
Everything did banish moan—"

HOW well this sentiment of Barnfield expresses the happy spirit which pervaded our college on May fifth, for this was the time of our annual May Day celebration.

Festivities began immediately after morning classes when photographs of all the students were taken. Then, while the orchestra played a lively march, the Juniors, led by Dr. Tall and Miss Neunsinger, took their places in the auditorium. They were followed by Miss Keys and the fifteen members of her Senior Class who looked particularly dignified and distinguished in their caps and gowns. After the singing of class songs, the impressive rite by which the retiring presidents give over their offices to the newly elected presidents was held. Hopes and ideals soared high as new student officers were introduced and installed. Miss Jones, president of the Junior class, presented a gift to the school from the graduating members. Since this class is about to divide—one group to teach, the other to remain for further training, no definite gift could be made. However, a sum of one hundred twenty-five dollars was set aside for the Seniors of the next year to increase and then present as a gift on behalf of the class of 1938. With the stimulating words of faculty and student speakers echoing in our minds, we marched out of the auditorium, anticipating a fruitful year for the Maryland State Teachers College.

As we walked down the steps of the administration building, Mr. Walther was on hand with his motion picture camera to put us in the movies. At last the grand occasion of luncheon served by the faculty was at hand. The food, reminiscent of our class colors, disappeared with alarming rapidity, testifying to its goodness.

In less than an hour after lunch, a great change had taken place, No longer was the scene that of a modern campus, but rather that of a village green in Merrie old England. Gay villagers in gaudy costumes gamboled about while large crowds looked on. A wagon filled with flowers and children and driven by a gypsy, led the grand procession. Patsy followed, taking keen interest and delight in sniffing each flower that was dropped. Then, tiny children skipped gaily by and strewed flowers on the grass. But the climax was reached when the May Queen and her attendants, vying with nature in beauty, took their places. In keeping

with the coronation idea, the Queen knelt before the throne while a crown was placed upon her head by the President of the Student Council. A delightful program of folk dancing, tuneful music, and humor ensued, ending with the weaving of colorful streamers about the May Pole.

And thus concluded May Day, a day of sunshine and beauty for the eyes and hearts of all.

VIRGINIA HAGERTY, Jr. 1.



### Why Do We Have May Day?

One might answer—because it carries on tradition. The custom of May Day began with the celebration of the Romans in honor of their goddess Flora. Still later, the English on the day gathered garlands of flowers and danced around the gayly bedecked May Pole set up in the village green to observe the passing of winter. During the festivities, the most beautiful maiden was crowned Queen of the May. Through our May Day, we carry on some of the traditions of both the Romans and the English.

Another might answer—because the pageant is so beautiful. Who but the most callous is not thrilled by the May procession;—a parade of youth in all its purity and beauty! Can't you picture it? The new green grass, the throne banked in multi-colored flowers, the skipping flower bearers, the smiling attendants of the queen wearing crisp, filmy dresses caressed by the gentle spring breeze, and the May Queen herself face aglow with the beauty of spring as she kneels at the foot of the throne to be crowned!

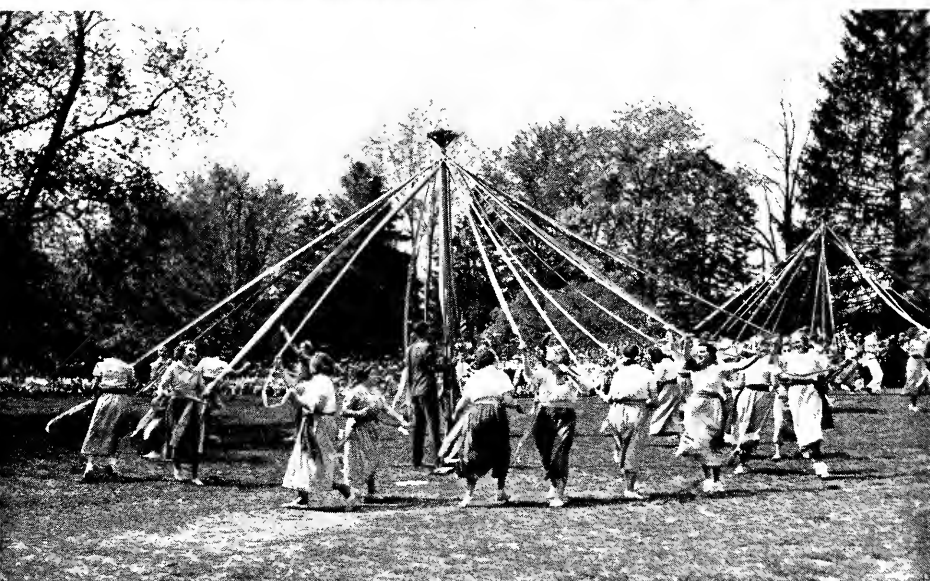
We may dance and sing and show the world that we are glad to be alive. We, as well as nature, are blossoming forth into new life and vigor. Civilization too often makes us repress, if not destroy, our spontaneous expression of the love for life and nature.

Don't let the ceremony of May Day be the extent of your Maying. Remember the things for which May Day stands:—faith—faith in the renewal of life, joy, and happiness.

WALTER UBERSAX.

*THE TOWER LIGHT*

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MAY POLE DANCERS

## Seniors to Freshmen

Being of sound (heh, heh) mind and in full possession of our (non) senses, we the Seniors (O boy, do we feel good) do hereby and herewith, forthehereinafter and forevermore, bequeath to the Freshman the following:

a college—nice place to spend “4 long years.”

a campus—very nice place to spend “4 long years” and uh-uh-hrump evenings.

a glen—the death knell hath sounded here for many a roasted canine, and marshmallows, and—oh, other things.

Richmond Hall Parlor—they do say ’twas a time when ’twas said “six lights at all times in the evening please.”

a pool room—“Who’s gonna fix the cues?”

a ping-pong table—slightly used by one of ours—with the help of one of yours.

a Glee Club—now, stu-u-u-dents!

an orchestra—such lovely chords in tuning up.

a faculty—very effectual.

Mr. Walther—’pun my soul, we reserve part interest.

sundry tennis courts—lend us a racket, will ya?

Girl’s Demonstration night—you, too, can lose your voices.

Men’s Revue—drama, music, art, peanuts, popcorn, n’everything.

one Towson Nursery—the azaleas are very beautiful.

Old English ChristmasDinner—(plus several doses of bicarb for ye who over indulge).

May Day—who’s going to be the queen? —now girls don’t be that way.

Play Day—Here we go looby loo!

units and term papers—the pleasure is all yours.

assemblies—“Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and having just finished a hearty meal, I wish to say—” gr-r-r.

various fruit trees on the campus—oh them pear, oh them apple, oh them cherry, oh my stomach.

dances—Miss—may I present Miss—, I’m so-o-oh glad to know you.

Tower Light—the Tower Light has no respect for the spoken word—write, write, write, WRITE!

No. 8 Towson car—kindly (?) move forward in the car please!

lateness excuses—engine trouble, street car, held up.

Saturday afternoons at Pratt—yes, I came down to do some work, too.

Commencement—finally rid of the Seniors.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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Witnessed, as to wit the Tower Clock, our hands and seals (not feet), on this day, the first of June, 1937 for hence and forevermore, hold your peace.

R. I. P.



### Moods

Darkness  
All around me,  
Can there be no sunshine?  
A little gleam would be a joy  
Just one.  
Twilight  
Settles o'er us  
As day draws to a close.  
And a quiet shadow descends  
O'er all.

Listen—  
Quick steps approach.  
They hasten toward us.  
Why do they come so swiftly here?  
Tell me.

IRENE SHANK.



### I Know

I know  
That the bright sun,  
And the golden moonbeams,  
And the stars reveal the great glory  
Of God.

M. HOLLAND, Sr.

# THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of  
the State Teachers College at Towson*

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

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"A school is a habit, a striving, a way of thinking, an ideal to be accomplished. It is a mirror reflecting what is best in current thought and aspiration. It is a prophecy, a hope, a forward look."



## Auf Wiedersehen

Slowly the sun sank behind the Tower. Hesitatingly, as though loath to go, it touched the topmost pinnacle and receded caressingly. The showers visibly lengthened and threw into relief the guarding gargoyles. It was symbol close at hand for the graduates of 1937, that all too small group, to whose tread these halls will no longer reverberate. Day at the college is over, night beckons swiftly to the stars.

Those of us who leave not to return, this time, find strange solace in lingering, as the sun, these days keeping tryst with old memories. With a strange morbidity we preface the casual remark with "Do you remember" and would recall lost moments of pleasure. At this time of departing we would weld old bonds more firmly, dreading the loosening of these ties suddenly deemed so dear.

There should not be such an air of finality in our minds for those of us who have watched the onset of night have no fear that day will fail to come again. Does one view the constant beauty of the stars as the unending token of banished daylight? Night is rather the interim, the brief, healing break from one day to another. A new morn awaits the dawn!

MARION CUNNINGHAM.



## To A Tiger Lily

She sways more stately in her slender grace  
Than some proud beauty conscious of her pow'r  
To charm and to enchant for one brief hour;  
But oh, too soon to fade and leave the place  
Of her abiding but a barren space:  
The cool, sweet corner where her height did tow'r  
O'er all the simpler, humbler grass and flow'r  
That bows in homage to her lovely face.

It seems she caught some brilliance from the sun;  
Some velvet smoothness from the summer night,  
Refreshing perfume from the fragrant sod.  
She lifts her head as soon as day's begun,  
Distracts a butterfly on his first flight,  
And offers up her radiant praise to God.

M. McBRIDE, Sr.

THE STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
at Towson, Maryland

Commencement Activities, June 10th to 15th, 1937

PROGRAM

*Thursday, June 10*

Visiting High School teams arrive (our guests at Newell Hall)

6:00 P. M.—Dinner in Newell Hall

7:00 P. M.—Senior Class Step Singing

*Friday, June 11*

9:00 A. M.—State Volley Ball Meet (Stadium Athletic Field)

6:00 P. M.—Supper on Campus

*Saturday, June 12—Alumni Day*

2:30- 4:00 P. M.—Class Reunions

4:00- 5:00 P. M.—Business Meeting

6:00- 8:30 P. M.—Dinner, Testimonial to Miss Scarborough

9:00-12:00 P. M.—Reception and Dancing

*Sunday, June 13*

4:00 P. M.—Baccalaureate Service, Auditorium of the College

Sermon by Dr. Fred G. Holloway, President of Western  
Maryland College, Westminster, Maryland

*Monday, June 14—Class Day*

6:00 P. M.—Campus Supper and Class Night

*Tuesday, June 15—Commencement Day*

10:30 A. M.—The Procession of Guests, Faculty and Students will form

11:00 A. M.—Commencement—Campus (weather permitting)

Speaker: Dr. Frank W. Wright, Youth Survey Com-  
mission

Topic: "A Changing School in a Changing World"



The Treasure

I put you away as an outmoded tune  
And some day when I take you down,  
Dusty and old,  
To hear your notes ring out,  
I shall remember and think you sound well:  
But I shall put you back and forget,  
Perhaps, forever.



THE GLEN — SHELTER AND ARBOR

## The Library—At Your Service

### The Library

The Library ("At Your Service") has had a busy year. In the early days of May the records showed that approximately 110,000 books—not to mention 11,600 magazines, pictures, and pamphlets—had been circulated since last September. A library of 38,000 volumes might become vain about its popularity as well as about the size of its collection when attention is called to the fact that more than 240 books were borrowed by *each* "average" member of is eligible public during the first eight months of the college year. And these figures reveal nothing of the number of books, general and reference, used by that public in the library reading rooms!

Of the 690 books added to the Library from September to the first of May, 30 are outstandingly fine ones making up a collection on general subjects which was the gift of the Class of 1936. As reviews in the TOWER LIGHT have demonstrated, the library of the College provides many books suitable for leisure reading as well as 150 current periodicals and professional books suitable for the curriculum of a teachers college. In addition to those in professional and scientific fields, many important books in drama, poetry, biography, and fiction are included in the Library's comprehensive collection. Indeed, during this year readers have found that the Library offers a "dukedom large" for those who "get the right good from a book . . . its beauty and salt of truth"—whether or not it is required reading.



### The Illustrated London News

On May 12, "Hollywood and Broadway took a back seat" while London produced the greatest pageant the world had seen since 1911. To those viewing the coronation from afar, it may seem no more than a beautiful medieval display; to the English it is a reverent ceremony fraught with great feeling and meaning. An appreciation of the full significance of this event gives a fairly accurate insight into the heart, emotions, and history of the English people. This understanding is essential to the person who would teach about England.

Such a comprehension is aided by the coronation number of "The Illustrated London News". The News gives a detailed, accurate description of the entire program. More than this, it explains the historical legends behind each part of the ceremony. Besides, the human side of the

service is related, revealing why it is so deeply rooted in the affections of the people.

The large colored pictures are invaluable. It is impossible to imagine the brilliance and grandeur of the pageant without the aid of these photographs and paintings. All the regalia and robes are illustrated in beautiful colors, and official sketches have been made of the main parts of the rites.

The whole magazine is worthy of the event which it covers. If you could not attend the coronation, read the "London News."

M. MCBRIDE, Sr.



### New Books For Our Young Readers

THE children of the elementary school are delighted with seventy-one new books which have been added to their library. These books cover a wide range of interests in reading: namely, fiction, music, transportation, folklore, science, useful arts, poetry, biography, travel and history.

It is rather difficult at this time to tell which books are the favorites. It is, however, interesting to note that although these books have been in the library for only five weeks some have already been charged out five times for a period of a week.

Some of the books included in this list are:

Scacheri, Mario and Mabel—"Indians Today"—New York, Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936.

Tommy, in the sixth grade, says, "This book is about the life of the Indians of today. My advice is to read the preface before you read the book so that you understand the story better." This book contains an unusual number of fine photographs showing the life of the Indians of the Southwest.

Stong, Phil—"Honk the Moose"—New York, Dodd, Mead—1936.

Although this book is primarily written for young readers many of the sixth grade children enjoyed reading about Honk the mischievous moose who is continually getting into "scrapes".

Flack, Marjorie—"Humphrey"—Garden City, N. Y.—Doubleday Doran—1934.

Another book by the author who helped to make the Scottie popular among children with her Angus books. This time, however, the main character is a little box turtle hatched beside a pond in a New England woodland. He travels far but returns to his woodland home again and again. Always he finds changes, first the railroad, then telegraph poles,

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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the highway and last but most appalling to Humphrey, busses and motor cars zooming over his head.

Floherly, John J.—"Guardsmen of the Coast"—Garden City, N. Y. Doubleday Doran, 1935.

Bill, an eleven year old boy recommends this book for boys and girls because it is "packed full of action". It tells how the coast guardsmen are trained for the hazardous work they are called on to do. There are so many fine photographs in this book that it might be called a picture book too.

Edited by Kunitz, Stanley J. and Haycraft, Howard—"The Junior Book of Authors", New York—H. W. Wilson—1935.

So often children ask, "Why did the author write this story?" or "Is it true?" Here is a collection of biographical and autobiographical sketches of writers and illustrators for younger readers to help answer these questions. This book is written simply enough for the children in the intermediate grades.

Of course, the reviews above are only a glimpse of the many new adventures and experiences that lie before the young readers of the elementary school.

HILDA KESTNER.



GIBBS, A. HAMILTON, *The Need We Have*, Boston, Little Brown and Co., 1936, 306 pp., \$2.50.

In "The Need We Have" Mr. Gibbs takes us across the ocean to Athmel, a quaint old village in Ireland. Here he sets the scene for a story of real life, charged with forcefulness and human feeling.

Movia O'Hara has married into a life of set routine prescribed by old Mrs. O'Hara who still looks upon her son, Jim, as "her past and the height of her womanhood." In such a situation Movia, as the unwanted daughter-in-law, finds only unhappiness. Day after day she helplessly watches the breach between herself and her husband widen, until it reaches a definite gulf of silence and restraint. Gone is the carefree youth who had wooed her and with whom she had planned her future life. Gone, too, are her own hopes for a joyous existence,—all wiped out by a jealous old woman.

The crucial moment occurs when Moiva, unjustly accused of an affair with Tim Sheahan, a local garageman, seeks to break down the barriers between Jim and herself and is, in turn, coldly rebuked. To continue life as before with all pretense now removed is impossible for Moiva. Accompanied by Dinny, Jim's younger brother, she sets out in Tim's automobile. With no definite destination in mind she aimlessly travels until at Tighmarogue she is befriended by an old doctor, a recluse,

who has also run away from the world. Recognizing in the girl the same symptoms of hopelessness that once caused him to seek a life apart from others, the doctor offers Moiva and Dinny a home with him. Moiva, serving in her capacity as housekeeper, finds relief from her thoughts and Dinny, as a druggist's helper realizes a new aim in life. A fresh start is thus made by the two, and the doctor, at peace once more, enjoys a restful existence with his devoted proteges.

Unexpected action takes place in the form of Tim Sheahan who succeeds in following Moiva and Dinny to Tighmarogue. Here he informs Moiva of her husband's desertion and offers her a start with him across the sea—in America. He receives Moiva's blunt refusal in a frenzy and rushes madly back to Athmel. In Athmel he meets Jim and the two men give vent to their feelings in a battle, the result of which sends them both off to seek Moiva.

In Tighmarogue husband and wife are reunited and through the doctor's assistance embark on a new and different life—one of realization such as they had planned for themselves.

Tim Sheahan carries out his plan of going to America, and Mother O'Hara is reconciled to her loss by the birth of a grandson.

The story leaves one well satisfied with the outcome and with a deep understanding of the need we have—the need to find through love or suffering, some happiness on earth.

C. NAOMI WARMBOLD, Jr. 3.



## **Solution**

**(with apologies to Christopher Billopp)**

She tells you she can't decide what to do about Johnny and Mary's room, so would you please help her. So you cast aside all thoughts of a peaceful hour and follow her upstairs;

arriving at Johnny's room, she points out the many articles of furniture and tells you that there is too much in the room and some of it will have to be taken out;

with many back-rendering shoves you move the bed to the other side and the table in front, and then shove the chair and lamp to the other wall;

and seeing that this does not satisfy, you again move the bed and the chairs and the table and the bureau;

but a sudden shout of exhilaration tells you that she is possessed with

(Continued on Page 80)



## The Great Brotherhood of the “If” Society

There seems to be a new society in this college and not a few members in the outside world. The password of membership is simply prefacing each sentence with “If only I were” and supplementing each sentence with some good rationalization. For example here is what our local representatives say:



Freshman:—“If only I were a Senior—  
think of graduating this year!”



Sophomore:—“If only I were a Junior—  
they never seem to work!”



Junior:—“If only I were a Sophomore—  
I'd do my work and not be so far  
behind as now.”



Senior:—“If only I were a Freshman—  
I'd like to start all over again.”

P.S. That's a crocodile weeping.



## Teachers College Record Assemblies

April 19—Reverend Abernethy

Reverend Abernethy, minister of a large Baptist Church in Washington, D. C., opened Peace Week at the College with a very stirring talk on the futility of war. "War", he stated, "is due to the letting loose of the baser passions." It is wrong for it is against the teachings of Christ. Its terrific cost and absolute futility also make it wrong. The prevention of war lies, not in increasing armaments nor in signing meaningless pacts, but in the active sentiments of the public. "Misunderstanding," Reverend Abernethy said, "is the root of war." It is now up to the youth of each nation to prevent conflict by seeking to understand the viewpoints of other nations. "Only by thought and consideration for others can we hope to make the world free from war," Reverend Abernethy stated in closing his talk.

April 26—Miss Scott

According to Miss Scott, a native of Texas, Texans boast about their state and are perfectly justified in doing this. "Did you know", she said, "that Texas is the largest state in the Union, ranking fifth in population; that recently it took first place from New York in exporting products that originate in the state; that it has a fine educational system made up of public schools, state colleges, and universities; that it really has beautiful pine forests; that it produces more than 90% of the sulphur of the United States; and is richly endowed with petroleum and natural gas; that it leads all other states in the production of oil; that it is now faced with the great problem of conserving the natural resources of oil and gas that have been its source of wealth for many years."

May 3

On May 3rd, Miss Betty Straining and Miss Ruth Hunter collaborated to give us the origin and various ways of celebrating May Day. It seems, according to Miss Straining, that May Day comes down to us from the Roman festival to the goddess of Flowers, Flora. This ancient celebration lasted from the twenty-eighth of April to the third of May. In time, this custom was carried over to England with some slight additions. The English added the following tradition: if any young lady would arise early May Day morning and wash her face with dew, she would have a much improved complexion. (For the sake of the girls at M.S.T.C., I might add that this theory was disproved quite a number of years ago.) When this custom of May Day was introduced into the colonies, it was frowned upon by the Puritans.

Miss Hunter proceeded to give us the program for May Day which is followed by other colleges of Maryland, including Bryn Mawr, Goucher, Western Maryland, and the University of Maryland. It is interesting to note that the Queen of the May is usually chosen by popular vote of the entire student body, and each class (Freshman and Sophomore included) is represented in the May Court. Not so at M.S.T.C.

May 4

The Open Forum was called to order on May 4th, 1937 at 11:50 A. M. with Chairman Charles Leef presiding. When the census was taken, it was observed that there were twenty people present (Four faculty members). This appalling situation shows one of two things: (a) the body *en masse* has no interest in social problems; e.g. low I.Q., or, (b) the forums are bad. However, to get on with the program, Mr. Leef asked Mr. Novey to preside over the meeting, which was to discuss the question, "Do colonies solve a country's economic problems?" The discussion was carried on by only a few. Mr. Leef remarked, "Only the industrialists, not the people, derive any benefit from the colonies." Could it have been possible that Mr. Leef meant to infer that industrialists, e.g. Captains of Industry, are not people? The trend of the discussion was made evident and well-brought-out by Miss Van Bibber when she dismissed the assembly with, "Disband, ye rebels!"

May 6

We were privileged to hear on May 6th the Reverend E. Pierce Hayes. Rev. Hayes has lived with his family in China for the past sixteen years as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is here on a year's furlough, planning to return to China in August to continue his work. The immense size of China and its great population (450,000,000) were impressed upon us by many unique illustrations. Rev. Hayes spoke of China as a "sleeping giant, which when thoroughly awakened, would rock the world." "China is at a crossroad," added the speaker, "one road leads to Christianity; the other, to communism. China must decide. The two definitely will not mix!"

Rev. Hayes was one of the most interesting speakers of the year, thus far. We, the students, salute Dr. Dowell for bringing Rev. Hayes to us.

Monday, May 10—Dr. Fagin

Satirical humor that went straight to the point, combined with a real interest in Little Theatres, made our students take an interest in this movement which Dr. Fagin so heartily endorses. He helped us realize the fact that not only have Little Theatres contributed some of Broadway's finest actors, such as Alfred Lunt and Katherine Cornell, but that they perform definite functions in social life today. Because of their wise choice of labor, using their own members, the Little Theatre can bring good plays to the public at reasonable prices; they provide real worth-

while entertainment. Little Theatres have been of definite social value in keeping good plays, both modern and classic, alive. They have definite theatres and equipment, collaborate with persons having an academic point of view, and ones who have the ability to select and present plays they love. So Dr. Fagin urged us not to sneer at these amateurs, but to benefit both ourselves and society by supporting these projects.

Friday, May 14

Dr. Phelps, the President of Winthrop College in South Carolina, spoke to us on teacher education. He feels that teacher education is at the turning point of its history, since training formerly emphasized actual methods of teaching as ways of presenting knowledge, rather than the present aim to develop the teacher both methodically and personally. Our speaker further presented ideas saying that he believed one of the important aids in preserving representative democracy was the teaching of social studies. He advocated broad, general, cultural education for teachers today as more ideal since we study children and their actions scientifically, and more intensely emphasize idealism.

RUTH BRUENING, Fr. 2.

NORRIS WEIS, Fr. 4.

SARAH STRUMSKY, JR., 8.



### Faculty "Futures"

Dr. Abercrombie and Dr. John will leave the middle of June for a stay in Europe of several months. A large portion of their time abroad will be spent in Paris, where the International Medical Exposition will be in session.

Miss Bader will join her sister in Ann Arbor, Michigan and later go to a cottage on Lake Michigan.

Murray Bay, Canada, a beauty spot near the Laurentian Mountains and on the St. Lawrence River, will be the playground of Miss Barclay and Miss Cook for two months. Golf, swimming, tennis and motoring will constitute a large part of their play activities.

Miss Scott will teach at the University of Maine. Sounds cool.

Miss Birdsong says she is going to spend the warm months under her big oak trees in her "out-door" living room.

Sunflowers were growing lustily in Kansas last November and Miss Prickett is going back to see if they grow there now.

Miss Weyforth will occupy her summer vacation keeping an eagle eye on the builders of her new home in Pinehurst. Nothing will be wrong with

the job when she moves into her pretty stone cottage on Thicket Road. Isn't that a fascinating name?

Miss Bersch is looking forward to a trip to Mexico.

Miss Munn seldom divulges her summer plans, but we suspect she will be motoring north during the dog days.

That cottage in Maine and the one on Lake Erie will be home and recreation centers to Miss Woodward and Miss Blood. Miss Woodward's cottage is in Wiscasset.

Dr. Crabtree will give up her trip to Japan to become a bookworm. It is said that she will stay at home and rewrite her readers.

Hopkins students in great numbers will sit at the feet of Mr. Walther and Mrs. Brouwer at the summer session of the University.

Mrs. Stapleton will not "do anything big." She plans trips to "The Farm" and her cottage on Bush River. Bathing, boating, fishing, reading, and resting will make for her an enjoyable summer.

Mr. Minnegan and Miss Daniels always go to camp somewhere in the New England States.

Rumor has it that Miss Steele will join her sister, Miss Roxana Steele, of the State Teachers College, Kalamazoo, Michigan, somewhere, sometime, somehow for their usual happy time together.

Miss Tansil always starts the summer months taking up the loose ends and preparing for the Fall opening. Only after that does she take her well earned rest, probably in Tennessee.

Dr. Tall never can leave until she has studied the sins of omission and commission of all of us. Then she settles back in a steamer chair, resting happily until she reaches that oft visited European city where she forgets that she is a President of a college.

Miss Roach says she hasn't planned anything, but we know wherever she is, there will be fun and excitement.

THE IDLE REPORTER.



## Ho-Hum

So it's come to this—and even the would-be witty writers of this futile column find that their terms have expired and that no longer a "nose for news" will be needed. Touched by the close surrender of office we would serve you a brief repast of campus gossip.

For our dear departing bachelors have we made a list of names twisting the initials to ingenious uses (sometimes badly distorted.)

1. Amorous Boy.
2. Everybody's Enlightening Beam

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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3. Be more Careful.
4. Always Hustling.
5. Most Hennything.
6. Really Helpful.
7. Much after June.
8. Lot'so Knowledge.
9. Better Notsayit. (Syllabify, please)
10. Going Before Reasoning.
11. Best Snooper.
12. Inviting Society.
13. Heavy Wind.
14. Marry Woozy.
15. Most Meek.

And the Juniors: a "Can you guess" column.

1. Who is Billy May Pres?
2. Who plays the drums in the orchestra?
3. Who is Horace?
4. Where we went after the Junior Dance?
5. What time the Junior Four boys got home after "the Dance"?
6. What was the "old" "new" couple at the Junior Dance Perhaps our May King could tell you.
7. Who is the best punster?
8. Why Baltimore City has such an array of beauties?
9. Who serves a silent volley ball? The month is "June", too.
10. Why Virginia likes to play volley ball on her knees?
11. Whose father is principal of Jarettsville High School?
12. That five Juniors helped the P.A.L. at their track meet?
13. Why Hyman Cohen didn't come to more dances. He can certainly "swing it."
14. How Mr. Schreiber learned two new steps?
15. How Mr. Seeman got over his limp. Do you use "Sloans"?
16. Who will have two Nathans in one family?
17. Who has prize units in Jr. 5?
18. What Jr. 4 gentlemen has gone Spanish on us?
19. Who Bob likes?
20. Whose other half is known as "Russell".
21. Who runs to the window to watch fire engines? Initials are J. O.
22. Who got in at 3:45 A.M. after taking care of children? Did you enjoy it?
23. Who will be chief marshal next year?
24. Who tripped a mean "sugar foot" at the Junior Dance?
25. Who is the new president of the Day Student Council?
26. Who will be a Tower Light Editor? (We don't either.)

27. What two Jr. lasses take turns pushing each other around in the foyer?
28. Who is the shortest man in the school?
29. What caused Dorothy Strohecker to fall down the steps?
30. Why Doris Burtnett took a prize for arranging things?
31. Why we'll miss the city Juniors?



## Alumni Notes

The role call of Jimmy Dugan's class (to be remembered by Seniors) may include Jo Perugino and Mildred Coppage present at the County Chorus, lending their voices to Shortin' bread, Nightfall (Liebestraum) and other selections. Dorothy Hendrix sports a new Plymouth to carry her from Edmondston hither and yon. Sophie Emerick who teaches second grade at Hyattsville may be seen about town. A remnant of the '34 May Day Court is as lovely as ever—Polly Gwynn Benbow at the "professional meetings" and Gretha White at chorus rehearsals. (Gene, Polly's husband is in the county, too.)

May Day of their first year for the Junior conjures a picture of their dark-haired Queen, Betty Goodhand. She and Claire Piehler execute Ace of Diamonds at music meeting in such a way as would warm Miss Daniel's heart. (Transfer of training!) Rosalie Jacobsen has been in evidence when she could "break away" from her sixth grade. As efficient as ever, Margaret Anne Taylor is present at meetings every once in a while, and Eleanor Bounds, who teaches at Laurel, attends our gatherings of note. "Chick" Parker and Bernie, were at Hyattsville to hear the discussion of the World of Music Series at the last meeting.

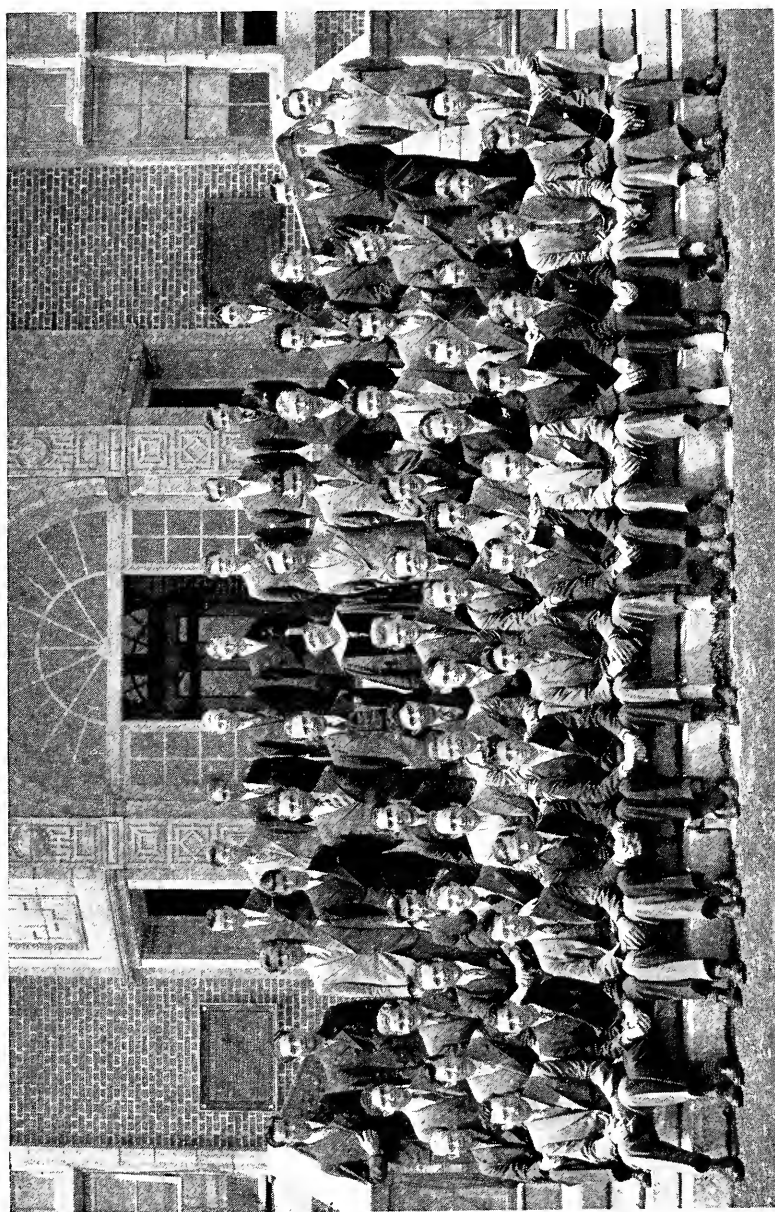
The "latest out" have merry times at the meeting of this and that. Alice Dove looked very chic when we met her "downtown" the other weekend. Louise Jones has had a "tough break" this year, losing time and appendix but she returned to her post of duty in April. Charlotte lives with Gretha.

You may know, too, that unlimited telephone exchanges have taken on a new utility value; your correspondents even learn fourth grade dances over the wires, "step, brush, brush, hop."

So it is that the meetings of Prince George's teachers take on a highly social aspect for M. S. T. C. alumni.

Your correspondents,

"DEE AND ELLE" '36.



A GROUP OF S. T. C. MEN

## Daily Duds

### MONDAY—

It's coming, Diary dear, and I can hardly realize it. The end is coming, the end of another year's work for college students, the end of another year's pleasure. College students have such a variety of things to dress for that it has been interesting work. Their clothes are sensible, simple, sophisticated, sweet, and with some of the do-dads even silly by turns, but they suit their moods as well as the occasions.

### TUESDAY—

Pictures were taken for the last issue of the Tower Light today. The Seniors in the dorm dashed from room to room pinning on white collars and giving advice on hair arrangement. The widow's-peak effect of the cap is really becoming to most of them. The Juniors had their pictures taken, too. I noticed how the hair of some of the girls shone in the sunlight. I'm sure the camera picked up the highlights on the smooth waves of these heads. A picture shows those straggling, fuzzy ends so clearly that the girls and even the fellows took special pains to look well. If the "candid camera man" snapped pictures of the backs of many heads during classes he'd have a collection of unkempt heads, I fear. Don't blame your permanent girls—a permanent helps only those who help themselves.

### WEDNESDAY—

The Junior-Senior luncheon on May Day was excellent and most attractively arranged. The colors of the dresses in the May procession added to the beauty of the program. Miss Healy, with such black hair, in a yellow marquisette dress and her partner Miss Simpson, with such blond hair, in a dress of the same pattern in hyacinth blue made a striking couple. The green in Miss Hagerty's dress helped to bring out the slightly red shades of her hair. The olive skin of Miss Waters was a nice contrast to the peach of her dress. I overheard it said "Kay Parsley looks good enough to eat" and truly she did in a pink dress just matching her cheeks. I could continue endlessly describing such beauty as shown in the whole court but I must be about my other work.

### THURSDAY—

Preparation for the Prom. Shampoos, waves, sewing, trying on, matching—the Juniors and Seniors are actually becoming excited about the "big night".

### FRIDAY—

Soft lights and sweet music! The receiving line doesn't even recognize some of its students in such an array of evening clothes. Perhaps we should give the boys a break and mention them first. Didn't they look SWELL—especially the boys in Junior 4? What excitement they caused



as their flowers arrived! They were extremely considerate in matching the flowers to their "date's" dress. The girls looked lovely—perhaps that's why there weren't the usual decorations, they knew the decorations wouldn't be needed. Did you see "Mickey" in that lovely yellow chiffon redingote dress and the blue color of "Fleck's"? The pastel colors were prettier than usual because of the new materials. I can't mention these here; there were too many and I couldn't do justice to all of them. No wonder Helene White makes so many trips to the Naval Academy if she wears the aquamarine dress there that she wore at the Prom. Alma Taylor looked like an old-fashioned doll in her white dress with tiny roses in it. The girls in Junior 7 seemed to go sophisticated on us and offered a pleasing contrast to the pastels as did Libby Blumenthal in a black and white pique and Marge Kaiser in a dark blue dress piped in white. I'm too sleepy now to write more so I'll leave it to you to recall the others. This night is a grand thing to remember the year by, isn't it?

Goodbye, I hope I have some exciting new styles for you in the fall when I return from Paris

MADAME ROBERTA.

\*Note: Please don't criticize Madame Roberta for her work too severely and let her graduate and go to Paris in peace.

RUTH HUNTER.



### Chi Alpha Sigma Luncheon

The Chi Alpha Sigma luncheon was held at Dr. Tall's home, "Glen Esk" on Saturday, June fifth. New members were initiated into the Fraternity after which we adjourned to enjoy a delicious box luncheon. A short business meeting followed, and at the conclusion of this meeting two of our members now in the teaching field gave an interesting account of their particular work.



Miss M. Louise Schirmer of the class of '34 was married to Mr. William N. Hurtt, Jr., on March 25.

Miss Hilda R. Walker, '36 was married to Mr. James King on April 17.

THE TOWER LIGHT



S. T. C. ORCHESTRA

## An Interview with the Orchestra

Interviewer: "Miss Prickett, I wonder if it would be possible to get some statements from different members of your orchestra for the June issue of the TOWER LIGHT. I'll wait till some members arrive for rehearsal. Meanwhile I'd like to ask you some questions. This has been an unusually active year for the orchestra, hasn't it?"

Miss Prickett: "Yes, it has. The orchestra has participated in several events that have never been held here before, such as the In-and-About Club, Quota Club, and the Professional Business Women's Club. Then, we also gave a musical assembly, which was a new event for most of the members of the orchestra."

Interviewer: "The way you say that doesn't give us an idea of the amount of work that I am sure these programs needed. It certainly is evident that the orchestra undertook an ambitious program."

Miss Prickett: "Well, our performances have necessitated our learning more new pieces than we usually do. But as I have said before, we are very fortunate in having a wider instrumentation than we have ever had before: two clarinets, two 'cellos, an excellent violinist with many good assistants, an organ, an E-flat saxophone, trumpet, and tympani. All these have helped in arranging more varied programs."

Interviewer: "May I consider *that* as an appeal to bring in Freshman musicians?"

Miss Prickett: "If it will do any good, you certainly may."

Interviewer: "This year is nearly through, but I know that one of the most important things yet to come is—"

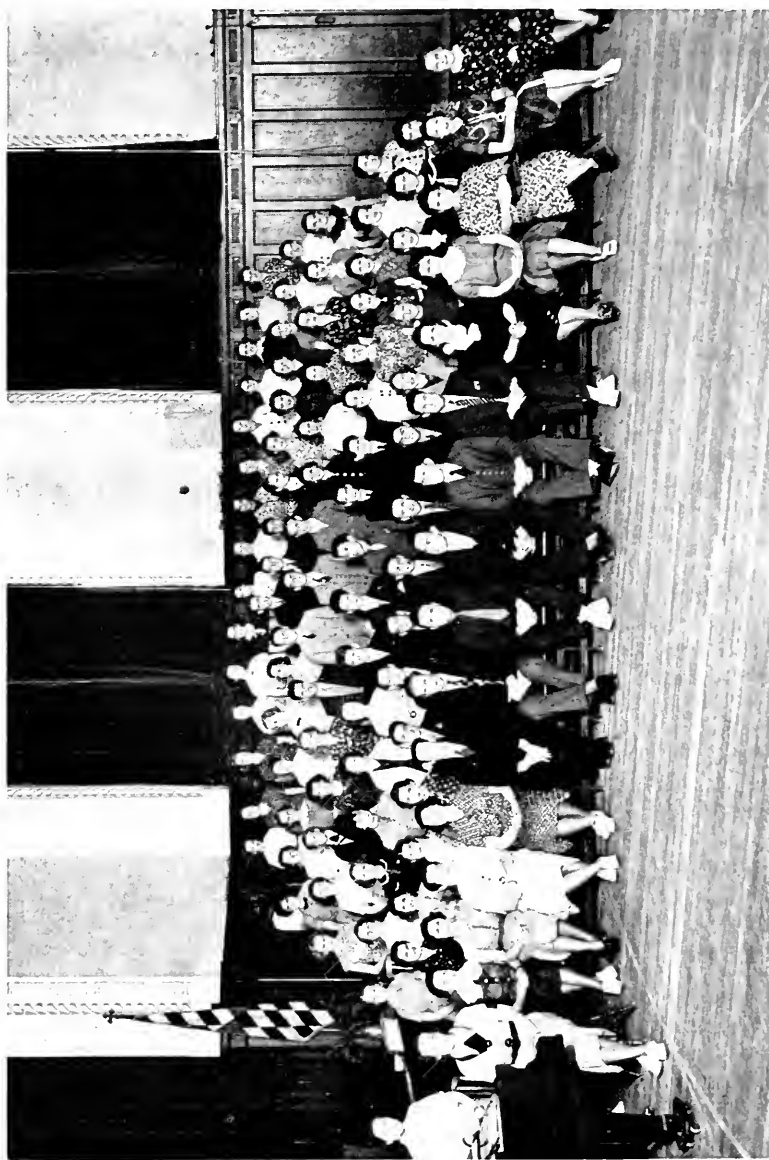
Miss Prickett: "Commencement, and with it, the Baccalaureate service. These two occasions are really the cap and gown of the year's performances. When they are successfully passed we may consider the year's work finished."

Interviewer: "That's fine, Miss Prickett. Oh—here comes Mr. Goldstein. I wonder if he can give us a *few* words about the orchestra. How about it, Mr. Goldstein?"

Mr. Goldstein: "I know Miss Prickett has said about all that has to be said. I'd just like to get a bit enthusiastic about the orchestra. It certainly has been a pleasure to work together, and it has made all of us feel proud when we've heard some of the nice things that have been said about us. I guess everyone in the orchestra hopes that next year's "bunch" will be as easy to work with as this year's has been. Are these few enough words?"

Interviewer: "Plenty few, thank you. I certainly want to thank Miss Prickett and you for your trouble. By the way, will you tell me what you are going to play at Commencement?"

Mr. Goldstein: "For that my friend, you'll have to wait until the orchestra commences."



THE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

## Glee Club Review

Let's turn back the leaves of the calendar and recall our work and fun together.

September:

1. Glee Club and Orchestra picnic.
2. Plans and work for Freshmen Mothers' Week-End.

October:

First outside engagement of the year—Songs for the State Teachers Association by the "Jeanie" group.

November:

Freshmen Mothers' Week-End with "Lauterbach" and "Three for Jack" by the Freshmen, as well as solos and quartets.

December:

1. Participation in the College Christmas exercises.
2. Concert for the teachers of Anne Arundel County, Glen Burnie, Maryland . . . Entire Glee Club.
3. Concert at the William S. Baer School . . . Entire Glee Club.

Program:

- "Lost in the Night"—Finnish Folk Song arranged by Christiansen
- "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"—Bach
- "Shepherds Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep"—Old French Carol
- "Lo How A Rose E'er Blooming"—Praetorius
- "The March of the Kings"—Old French Carol
- "Gloria in Excelsis Deo"—Old French Carol

January:

Regular Monday rehearsals.

February:

Meeting of the "National Capital In and About Music Club" at State Teachers College . . . Songs by the Entire Glee Club.

March:

1. Concert for the students in the assembly.
2. Commencement music started.

April:

1. Songs for the Maryland Federation of Women's Clubs . . . by "Jeanie" group and "Loo-loo" group.
2. Work on May Day Music.

May:

1. May Day with:
  - "Calm as the Night"—Mr. Williams and Mr. Woolf.
  - "Kerry Dance"—Entire school.
2. Concert at Cockeysville . . . Entire Glee Club.
3. Songs for the "Quota Club".
4. Broadcast from W.B.A.L.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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### Program:

- "Lost in the Night"—Finnish Folk Song arranged by Christiansen
- "The Lord's Prayer"—Marlotte Deis
- "The Heavens are Telling"—from "Creation"—Haydn
- "It Cannot Be a Strange Countree"—Repper
- "Oh Sweet Content"—  
arranged from "Romance-Sans-Paroles" of Rebikoff
- "Czecho-Slovakian Folk Song"
- "It's Me, O Lord"—Negro Spiritual.
- "Alma Mater"

And now to glimpse the future! !

### June:

#### 1. Baccalaureate service:

Contributions of the Glee Club:

- "Lost in the Night"—Christiansen
- "It's Me, O Lord"—Spiritual
- "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones"—

17th century German melody

#### 2. Commencement:

- "The Heavens are Telling"—from the "Creation"—Haydn
- "The Lord's Prayer"—Malotte Deis
- "It Cannot be a Strange Countree"—Repper
- "Wake Thee Now, Dearest"—

Czecho-Slovakian Folk Song arranged by Deems Taylor

And so another year has passed. Our membership is still one hundred fifteen, there having been very few withdrawals from the ranks during the year. Since eighty-one of us will be Juniors, Sophomores, and Seniors next year, we should be able to carry on the Glee Club work vigorously next fall.

DORIS BURNETT.



## Curtain

In the early days of October when the trees in the glen were preparing for winter, a group of upperclassmen and Freshmen at the shelter were getting acquainted over steaming tin teacups. These students, meeting on Monday afternoons, comprised for the most part the Mummies' League, under the guidance of Mrs. Stapleton.

The first evidence given the public that the Mummies were again functioning was at the Freshmen Mothers' Weekend. Here, in spite of hurried preparation and lack of staging, Freshmen Mummies creditably presented Wilde's *The Noble Lord*.

## THE TOWER LIGHT

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The club's next venture, producing *Gas, Air and Earl*, culminated on the afternoon of December 8, 1936. The audience not only had the pleasure of the play itself, but refreshments and opportunity for dancing as well.

In contrast to the comedies previously presented, the Mummers chose for their contribution to assembly programs the last act of *Winterset*. The performance, a difficult undertaking, received favorable comment.

Although an organization is usually recognized only by what it does publicly, the Mummers' League has accomplished more than is apparent to the non-member. At meetings members presented reports on current plays, notable playwrights, and dramatic techniques. They participated in studio productions of recent plays given in the "Little Theater" (Room 24).

The wish of the Mummers at the close of this year of happy associations is that the next year will be a little more full of successful achievement.

EVELYN A. FIEDLER.



May 1, 1937.

Dear Betty:

You certainly missed a grand time last night. The Sophomore dance was marvelous! I just had to write immediately to tell you about it.

The theme for the decorations must have been Spring because the auditorium was changed into a spring garden. There were huge flowers cropping up everywhere behind a darling little fence.

The orchestra sat on the stage bordered by a white picket fence and big yellow daffodils. You know they had Rudy Killian and His Kadets—don't you just love the way they play?

Please don't ask me to tell you who was there, I'd be writing forever! However, I memorized who came with who and what they had on, so that I could tell you.

I'll see you next weekend and you'll hear the rest.

Love,  
DOT.



### The Initial Meal

The May Day Breakfast for the graduating students in the dormitory meant more to us than ever before because after the morning of the fifth of May, we gave up the hope of our annual piece of deliciously fried chicken and fresh strawberries. But several days later our staff mothers gathered us around an attractively decorated table and fed us heartily.

As usual everybody (including the faculty) struggled with the knife, fork and fried chicken, until someone started the ol' conversation, "There's only one way to eat fried chicken . . ." Do you know the breakfast was over before the author reached the chicken? But let's have some criticism from outstanding personages present.

May Queen:

"A spring tonic; the season's best."

President of the Senior Class:

"One in a million."

Social Chairman of the Class:

"Definitely in the Grade A class"

President of the Y. W. C. A.

"Such a breakfast comes only once a year."

President of the A. A.

"Delicious, Delightful, Delovely."

Signed:

A SENIOR.



## The Last is the Best

The Junior-Senior Prom was a great success. The novelty of a dinner-dance in place of the banquet and dance pleased the escorts as well as the Juniors and Seniors. The informality added a touch of humor, since many couples, from force of habit, went through a receiving line which wasn't supposed to function. The melodious rhythms of Bob Craig's orchestra, the delicious supper planned by our "Miss Deef", and the lovely, lovely girls all combined to make this dance the best in the history of our social life at the Maryland State Teachers College.



## Rural Club Dinner

The annual Rural Club Dinner was held on Friday evening, May 7, 1937. Those who attended included members of the Rural Club, the Natural History Group, and the Camera Club. The program was a very enjoyable one. Mr. Harold Callowhill who is the Director of the Playground Athletic League was the guest speaker.



## The Fathers' and Sons' Banquet

On the afternoon of May nineteenth at the game between Teachers College and Kenwood the campus presented a strange appearance. The bleachers and sidelines were occupied with our Dads who really had an interest in that game because "Little Joe" was playing his "Pop's" favorite game. They seemed quite pleased with the results; well, so did we! After the game, we heard echoes of "Nice going, son"—and, now, we men would like to say, "Nice going, dads", and this is meant for the whole program.

After the game we all agreed we were ready for the picnic dinner which was served inside, but still tasted "picnicky." The only things missing were the bees, flies, leaves, and other usual attributes of an outdoor picnic.

Gathered in Newell Hall after supper, Dr. Tall, our hostess, welcomed us, making the gathering more conscious of the fellowship we all had sensed. After we had joined in the singing of America, the boys got their dads ready to sing by giving them a few of our favorites, one of which was the song we sing to the girls, "My Girl's A Hullabaloo." The dads responded with their old theme song, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." After these two numbers, we joined in some community singing of old numbers such as "Good Old Summer Time" and "Smiles." There were so many smiles we decided not to sing the word smiles, but just do what the song suggested. In this community singing fathers showed their ability so it was up to some of the boys to do something excellent. We were favored by a double-quartet, a tenor solo by Edward Johnson, and a violin solo by Sidney Baker. The dads who were not able to attend May Day, saw the pictures of the event, and those who had seen it, especially the fellows, got a great deal of enjoyment from this part of the program in seeing how funny they could be in pictures. We had a large number of "fathers" this year and hope that they will form the nucleus for more frequent visits to the college and one hundred percent attendance at the banquet next year.

BOSLEY ROYSTON, SR.



## "Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Thy Head"

"If you hear of any farmers suffering from a drought this summer, just notify Fr. 9. They'll plan a picnic!" So said Mrs. Brouwer as she came into the Glen, straw hat in hand. She had expected to find her section. There was a queer look of surprise on her face as she came upon a group of dripping girls wrapped in blankets. (from the scavenger hunt)

Everyone was eating apples, pickles, or "hot dogs" and laughing hilariously. The torrents of rain which had fallen seemed to pour something into the spirits of the girls.

"I feel just like a savage!" remarked one blanketed young lady as she thrust a sausage into the fire, which with a little encouragement burned just as brightly as the enthusiasm of the girls. Everyone laughed at everyone else simply because she could not see herself.



## "Down The Spillway,"

1936 - 1937

MARYLAND State Teachers College did the spilling! We spilled every college team in the state to become the Maryland Collegiate Soccer champions. Not content with this honor we again added Maryland and Hopkins to our next year's schedule.

Our team is to lose several regular players next year but with the same cooperation and spirit shown in the past we should have great chances of success. Our noteworthy opponents, Salisbury and Frostburg Teachers Colleges, are going to be very strong; but we are worrying little over this. Mentor Minnegan is trying to schedule Westchester Teachers College and Princeton.

The basketball team also did some spilling—winning ten out of eleven games in the small college class. It performed outstandingly against University of Baltimore, being one of the two teams which held its own in the first half of the game. University of Baltimore later defeated University of Tennessee, Southern Conference champions. Our best showing was at Wilson Teachers and will be long remembered as the type of game we *can* and *will* play. We held a 27-3 lead in the first half of the game and showed fine defensive and offensive form.

Next season we shall play all our former opponents except Mt. St. Marys and have arranged two games with John Hopkins University. What with these and games with Catholic University, Loyola College, University of Baltimore, Gallaudet, and American University, we shall have one of the strongest schedules in the intercollegiate ranks. This year's Freshman team developed some possible varsity material in Lou Cox, Jerry Jacobsen, Danny Austerlitz, Sol Cohen, "Pee-Wee" Goedeke, Sam Sokolow, and "Zip" Levin.

Baseball is the last M.S.T.C. sport to be raised to an all college level. All of the games played in the practice schedule were formerly the regular games. This team, like the Baltimore Orioles, have had a little difficulty

## THE TOWER LIGHT

---

getting started but now like the Orioles are displaying much improved catching, batting, and base running. From Freshmen ranks two promising pitchers—Austerlitz and Cox have come with Lauenstein, a catcher of unusual merit. And since the battery is 80% of a team's defense, the possibilities of a strong one are great.

The following players have shown much improvement after much hard work:—1st Baseman Goedeke, the boy with a reach like Gehrig—i.e. both are left-handed, and second baseman "Dizzy" Sokolow (the life of the team), Parker, Weis, Levin, Massicot, and Austerlitz also show definite infield progress. In the outfield, putting on a good show are Ubersax, Cox, Horn, "Heinz" Tiemeyer, and "King" Williams.

Our main need for next year will be reserve catchers and more pitching material in order to handle the teams of semi-pro calibre listed on our schedule. The team has been handicapped by the lack of practice but the steady progress made in Soccer and Basketball will soon be shown in Baseball. By next year, or the following one, M.S.T.C. will have a smooth, powerful, baseball team.

As we look over these performances of our teams, doesn't it seem that we've got something here! Well, I'll be seeing all 458 of you at the next big game—Stand up and cheer for Teachers College!

D. JETT Fr. 4.



## Under the Weathervane

As the last term of the year nears its end, the school events grow more numerous each day.

With the primary grades, excursions are popular even at this late date. The first grade visited the Fire Department and the Post Office. The second grade went to visit Curtis-Wright Airport to complete their study of air transportation. The third grade is going on imaginary journeys to foreign countries. They have been adventuring in Switzerland where they climbed the Alps with the aid of guides and alpenstocks, yodeled with the goat herders, made cheese, viewed glaciers and avalanches, and in their few spare moments wrote home to friends and relatives telling them about their experiences. They will soon fly across to Holland and they are looking forward to many pleasant times there. The fourth grade has learned to play small flutes and "sweetpotatoes." They have formed

a music club and later they will give a concert for the rest of the school.

There is a new pupil named Oscar in the fifth grade. He is very green, awfully tough, he has lots of teeth, and he eats raw meat. Incidentally he is a marvelous swimmer. Slater plans to give his little alligator to the college when the fifth grade has finished studying him, for he's too much trouble to feed. The college will have to teach him a few manners because he is a bad hisser when he's hungry.

The members of the seventh grade are making their own yearbooks in which they will put autographs and photographs of teachers and classmates.

For the first time in several years the Campus School Orchestra was able to help us honor the lovely May Queen and her court with our singing and dancing at the annual May Day celebration. Later in May the Campus School will have a gathering at which the families of the school will have a chance to get acquainted with one another in the Glen. Supper will be served and games will be played. Everyone is expected to have a gay time. If this first "Glen Day" is a success we shall have another next year.

This year has had its high points climaxing with closing exercises in June. All of these events we have tried to give you in our reports of what goes on under the weather vane. We hope the next seventh grade will continue this pleasant job next year.

SEVENTH GRADE.



### Raindrops

It was a very, very cloudy day,  
Up in the skies where the raindrops play,  
The raindrops took a ride  
With the very best of pride.  
There was not much space  
For the raindrops to race.  
The carriage gave way  
And, oh, what a spray—  
On leaf and on flower  
They danced by the hour,  
Chasing all cares and sadness away.

RUTH BOULTON, GRADE FIVE.

## Jokes

It's all very well to play badminton. In fact, they tell us it's a "fast game."

But we draw the line at getting "the bird".

---

"Excuse me, sir," said the charity worker to the smart young man in the roadster. "Would you care to help the Poor Girls Home?"

"I should say I would," was the eager reply. "Where are they?"

*Western Breeze*

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Chaperon: Girls, I have a man outside whom I want you to meet.

Athletic girl: What can he do?

Religious girl: What Church does he attend?

Literary girl: What does he read?

Chorus girl: How much money does he make?

College girl: Where is he?

---

*Junior Collegian*

---

An assignment at a mid-western University was to bring in a report of the Middle Ages. The professor received a review of "Life Begins At Forty."

*Swarthmore, Phoenix*

---

Mr. Walther (Seeing Miss—— coming out of the library with a certain magazine): Well, she's not hungry. She has her corn et (Coronet to you)

---

Mr. Walther (Meeting junior Special in the hall lunch time): I'll be a little late for class today. Class will be held in the visual Education room, and will meet and discuss these two topics until I arrive: (1) Your Operations, (2) The Faculty.

---

The teacher had asked her class to write a short composition on the subject "Water". One scholar seemed to be having difficulty, but finally turned in his paper, and here is what he wrote:

"Water is a light colored, wet liquid which turns dark when you wash in it."

---

Did you hear about the movie in Jamaica, N.Y. whose box office girl plays solitaire with the tickets and the ushers are all quitting because they are afraid to stay in the dark alone?

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(Continued from Page 53)

another idea, and away goes the bed and the tables and the bureau again; isn't it just like her to burn up and leave in a blaze when you tell her that the room is exactly as it was before she started?

H. G.

### Mining

A miner who mined in a mine  
One day put a sign in the mine  
To remind the mind  
That mined the mine  
To mind the mind it mined.

H. S.

From *The Columns* of Fairmont State Teachers College, West Virginia, comes more rules of conduct. This list is for men.

Don't make dates and then break them without sufficient reason; maybe you aren't the only fish in the pond.

Don't make the evening out your opportunity for a harangue about your achievements; you may be surprised, but she probably has a few herself.

Don't talk about her best girl friend as "some cute dame"; after all there are limits even to her heroic and self-sacrificing nature.

Don't ask her to "call you about seven"; she's your girl friend, not your prompter in a one-man show.

Don't clutch her like a drowning man when you're dancing with her; she's no life preserver.

When she tells you it's time to leave, don't insist on staying all night. Maybe she can't sleep all the next day.

If she looks particularly nice, don't forget to tell her about it; girls love it.



*Your cigarette line  
reads...  
They Satisfy*



*And there's a wealth of  
good taste in store for you*











S. T. C.  
COLLEC.

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M3 College. Towson  
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